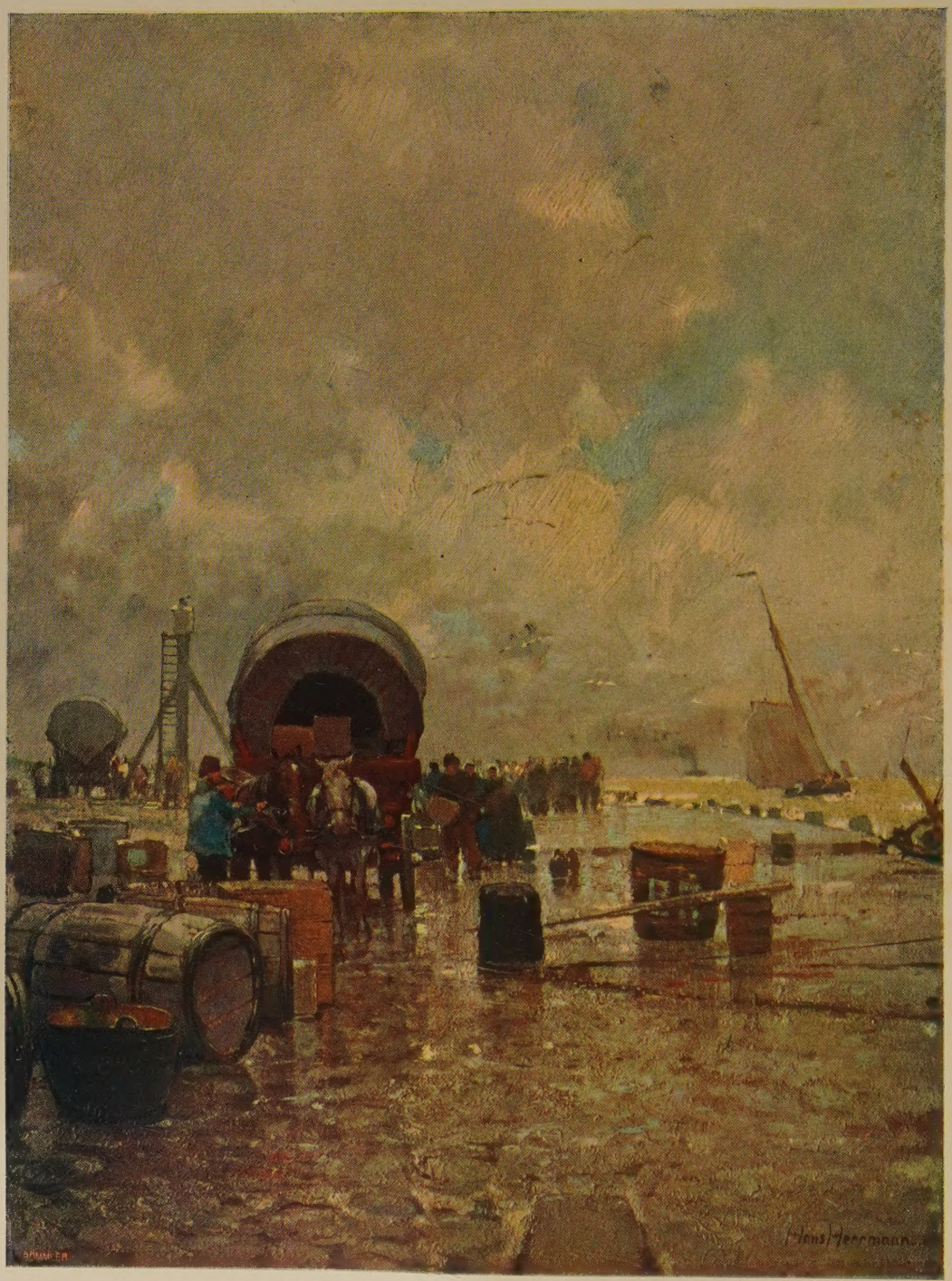
THE HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING



HERMANN

AT THE MOUTH OF THE SCHELDT

THE HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING

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OF BRESLAU

IN FOUR
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CHAPTER XXXVIII

WHISTLER AND THE SCOTCH ARTISTS

WHEN the English gallery in the Munich International Exhibition was opened in the summer of 1888 there hung a full-length portrait in the centre of the principal wall. The model was a tall and very slender woman ; she seemed in the act of stepping away from the spectator towards the background of the picture, and was seen in profile just as she turned her head, throwing back a last glance before vanishing. It was Lady Archibald Campbell, one of the most beautiful women in England. In this portrait she lived in all her charm, with her fragile figure, her blond hair, her aristocratic hands and deep eyes. Or, in better words, the likeness gave the essence of her haughty and distinguished beauty, what remains of a figure when the artist has eliminated from his impression everything which is not in the highest degree refined and exquisite. In the face of this sylph-like being as she floated away into the picture there was an expression of slight contempt, as if this beautiful woman had pity on all the plain crowd in the exhibition whom she would have to contemplate, or all the unfortunate, badly painted portraits hanging around. The whole figure stood out in grey against a black background, being only enlivened in a soft way by delicate greyish-blue and brownish-grey tones, with a little blond colour and a little rose-colour. Nevertheless the picture was full of air, a strangely soft harmonious air. It was felt that the model was living, walking, and moving. It was a great work of art, the work of a master, the work of *James M'Neill Whistler.*

The second of the pictures exhibited in Munich—a nocturne, " Black and Gold," in which everything had a dark sheen, broken by scattered golden stars—I did not understand at the time, but I learnt to understand it soon afterwards when I was on the way to England. It was a November day, and I stood upon the deck of the vessel and saw the evening sink over the sea. The calm, dark water, through which the steamer glided with steady strokes, melted into the blue of the sky. All lines vanished. A sad veil of greyish-black dusk floated before one's eyes. But suddenly to the right the radiance of a beacon flared unsteadily, a great yellow disc, orbed and beaming like a huge planet. Farther back there was another showing fainter, and then a third, and then others—a whole alley of lights, each one surrounded by a great blue circle of atmosphere. And in the far background the host of lights in the distant town. It was as though a fairy-garden floated in the air, with shining golden flowers which lived and moved, at times closing their cups

and disappearing, to blaze forth again the more vividly. The stars overhead were like glow-worms, at one moment shining brightly and the next vanishing in the night. And if one looked farther down, all might be seen mirrored in the water in a thousand gold and silver reflections : a harmony in black and gold—a Whistler.

The master who created these works, an artist by the grace of God, was by birth an American. His ancestors lived in Ireland, until in the beginning of the nineteenth century Major John Whistler migrated to America. His son was Major George Whistler, who went to Russia as an engineer, where he made the St. Petersburg and Moscow Railway, and occupied an influential post under the Emperor Nicholas. In America he had married a lady from Kentucky, and James M'Neill Whistler, their son, was born in Baltimore in 1834. He spent his childhood in Russia, and on his father's death returned with his mother to America, where he was educated at the military school at West Point. But having no taste for the profession of arms, in 1856 he entered Gleyre's studio in Paris, where he associated with Degas, Bracquemond, Fantin-Latour, Ribot, and Legros. In Paris he brought out in 1858 his first series of etchings, known to collectors by the title of " The Little French Set," and in 1859 he sent to the Salon some pictures, which were rejected. The same fate befell in 1863 his earliest work of eminence, the " Femme Blanche " (now known as the " Symphony in White No. 1 : The White Girl "), which was exhibited, however, in the *Salon des Refusés*, and made a great sensation in artist circles, as did the first pictures of Manet at the same time. The " White Girl " is standing, thrown out by a white curtain which covers the entire background. The whole picture is a combination of white tones, separated by the lines of a single figure, an arrangement in white. At the time this was not set forth in the title. But he supplemented the titles of the later pictures, exhibited in 1874 in London, as follows : " Portrait de ma Mère—Arrangement en noir et en gris " ; " Portrait de Thomas Carlyle—Arrangement en noir et en gris." And in both works figure and background were harmonised in a scale composed of black and grey.

With these pictures Whistler came to London, which from that time became his home, so far as such a restless man, appearing at one time in Paris, and then in Venice, and then in America, can be said to have had any home at all. He settled in Chelsea, a district which he discovered, in an artistic sense, as an etcher. During the following years he exhibited partly in Burlington House or the Grosvenor Gallery, and partly at a special place, 48 Pall Mall ; and by preference small pictures which he described as " notes, harmonies, and nocturnes," as arrangements in yellow and white, arrangements in flesh-colour and grey, arrangements in brown and gold, harmonies in grey and peach-colour, symphonies in blue and rose-colour, or variations in grey and green. The vignettes upon the invitation cards were likewise printed in yellow, grey, silver, etc., according to the prevailing note in the exhibition ; the floors and walls of the room were decorated yellow and

WHISTLER. (*By permission of the Artist.*) SYMPHONY IN WHITE, NO. 3. *Pagean*.

white, with grey and silver; and even the servants were liveried in colours to match. As a matter of course, the English public, accustomed to the painting of detail as practised by the pre-Raphaelites, and to having the picture explained for them by a piece of poetry in the catalogue, were not inclined to display much sympathy when they found themselves face to face with combinations of colour which needed to be looked at from a distance and had no interest of subject. Ruskin, the herald of the pre-Raphaelites, published a detailed sentence of condemnation; Whistler answered and brought an action against him for libel. Through these brochures, these trials, and more especially through the paradoxical lectures which he sometimes gave in his studio—not at five but at ten o'clock—before a distinguished gathering, he soon became a celebrity in London. The stories current about him were legion. His *vie de parade* was as much a subject of conversation as any of the great race-meetings. And wherever he showed himself he was as well known as the Prince of Wales, Gladstone, or Irving.

But to know Whistler, the artist, it was necessary to visit him in his home; here he was no longer the man of brusque ways and sarcastic features, with the jaunty white lock upon his forehead, and the long walking-stick which he carried with him, like a clanking cavalry sword, whenever he went the rounds upon the opening day of an exhibition. On the contrary, Whistler seemed like a hermit in his secluded house, like the monarch of a far kingdom, peopled only with his own thoughts — a realm where he

WHISTLER. MISS ALEXANDER.
(By permission of Messrs. Goupil & Co., the owners of the copyright.)

reigned in the midst of mysterious landscapes and grave and quiet men and women, who have stood near him in mind and spirit, and to whom his brush gave new life. The thoughtful eyes of women gazed upon you; fair hair, black and grey furs, pale, fading flowers, and grey felt hats with black feathers stood out from dusty canvases placed carelessly to one side, sometimes taking definite form, sometimes melting intangibly and indistinctly, as if seen through grey silky veils. The air which enveloped them was at the same time bright and dark; the atmosphere of this silent room, in which the painter saw his models, had a subdued and shrouded daylight, an old light, as it were, which had become harmonious like a faded Gobelin.

Whistler's art is the most refined quintessence of all that is finest in that which the most recent decades have offered the artistic *gourmet*. In London, where he passed the years of his youth, the feminine figures of Rossetti hovered around him, gazing at him with their thoughtful glance fixed upon the world beyond. The Parisian Impressionists gave him softness and fluency of modelling and the feeling for atmosphere; the Japanese, the bright harmony of their tone, the taste for fantastic decorations, and the surprises of detail brought in here and there in an entirely wayward fashion; Diego Velasquez, the great line, the black and grey backgrounds, and the refined black and silver-grey tone-values in costumes. From the quaint and bizarre union of all these elements he formed his exquisite and entirely personal style, which combines the acquisitions of Impressionism with the Gobelin-like beauties of tone belonging to the old painters. The chalky daylight of Manet, even the dazzling splendour of lights and the piquant and pungent effects of fire with which Besnard works, would have been an offence to him. His eye was

habituated to delicate, tender, monotonous colours. It rejoiced only in the soft grey dreamy tones which filled his studio as if with mysterious atmospheric harmonies. Everything glaring is subdued, everything flows into dusky shadows, everything white passes into grey and black. The appearances of the dusk take shape, misty forms grow denser, and there arise those works which give a mere résumé, which contain only the poetry of nature.

In his brochures Whistler has himself written with brilliancy upon this view of art. The antithesis to art is in his eyes every sort of painting which is placed at the service of philistinism through mere interest of subject. That man alone is " painter " who draws the motives for his harmonies from the accord of coloured masses. For this reason he is decisively an opponent to the movement which Ruskin called Realism. The uncompromising reproduction of the model, without selection or attempt at embellishment, from the idea that nature is always beautiful, is the theme of his fine mockery. " Nature, indeed," he writes, " contains the elements in colour and form of all pictures, as the keyboard contains the notes of all music. But the artist is born to pick and choose and group with science these elements, that the result may be beautiful — as the musician gathers his notes, and forms chords, until he brings forth from chaos glorious harmony." The sharply outlined distinctness of the pre-Raphaelite landscape is cited as an example of the inartistic character of prosaic delineation of nature. " And when the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry, as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairy-land is before us—then the wayfarer hastens home; the working man and the cultured one, the wise man and the one of pleasure, cease to understand, as they have ceased to see, and Nature, who for once has sung in tune,

WHISTLER. LADY MEUX.

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sings her exquisite song to the artist alone, her son and her master—her son in that he loves her, her master in that he knows her. To him her secrets are unfolded, to him her lessons have become gradually clear. He looks at her flower, not with the enlarging lens, that he may gather facts for the botanist, but with the light of the one who sees in her choice selection of brilliant tones and delicate tints suggestions of future harmonies."

Everything that Whistler has produced, his portraits as well as his landscapes, emanate from this aristocratic sentiment of art. Millais is different from Bonnat, Bonnat from Wauters, and Wauters again from Lenbach, but they have all one element in common: in portraits they depict men and women in all their massive, corporeal heaviness. They place their models straight before them, and there is not a wrinkle or a hair that escapes their remorseless vision. Whistler's figures, also, have a convincing air of life; the drawing and modelling are correct, and infinitely soft and delicate. But they never have the look of being uncanny doubles of nature. They are like dreamy visions passing before one's fancy. Millais knew nothing of selection, and copied the model; but the whole art of Japan lies in the principle of selection, and it taught Whistler to select. His drawing never dwelt upon what is subordinate or anecdotic; he was engrossed with the decisive lines which characterise a gesture and lend it rhythm. Moreover, the piquant *froufrou* of modern toilettes, to which Besnard and Sargent owe their successes, were no affair of his. Although the costume belongs to the present day, it is simplified and transposed into the grand style, as Verrochio simplified when he executed the armour of Colleoni. And as he despised coquettish, rustling folds of drapery, he avoided all pronounced colours. The mysterious redness of a rose upon the soft black of a dress and the white patch of a picture upon a wall are his only brighter attractions of colour. Amongst portrait painters of the present time Whistler stands as Millet does amongst the painters of the peasantry. There is style in all his work, and it is all simple, earnest, and grandiose. Even the subdued light enveloping his figures like a veil serves, in the first place, a purpose of style—enables him to avoid everything indifferent, and to bring into his picture only the principal values, the great lines, the "living points." In this way there is produced in his works an effect in the highest sense decorative, and at the same time mysterious. Divested of everything paltry or material, his figures seem like phantoms. They have lost their shadows: shadows indeed themselves, they live in a delicate ashen-grey *milieu*; they are almost immaterial, as if set free from the weight of the body; they hover between earth and heaven, like a breath that has been compressed and will soon dissolve once more as swiftly as it took shape. They remind the spectator of what is told of spiritualistic *séances*: spaces in the air are seen to compress themselves; the spirit is materialised and takes bodily shape, and stands before us infinitely calm, a reflective being with a meditative or a gravely self-conscious mien, just like a human being, but divested of all substance.

Hanfstaengl.

WHISTLER. THOMAS CARLYLE.

(*By permission of the Corporation of Glasgow, the owners of the picture.*)

WHISTLER. HARMONY IN GREY AND GREEN: THE OCEAN.

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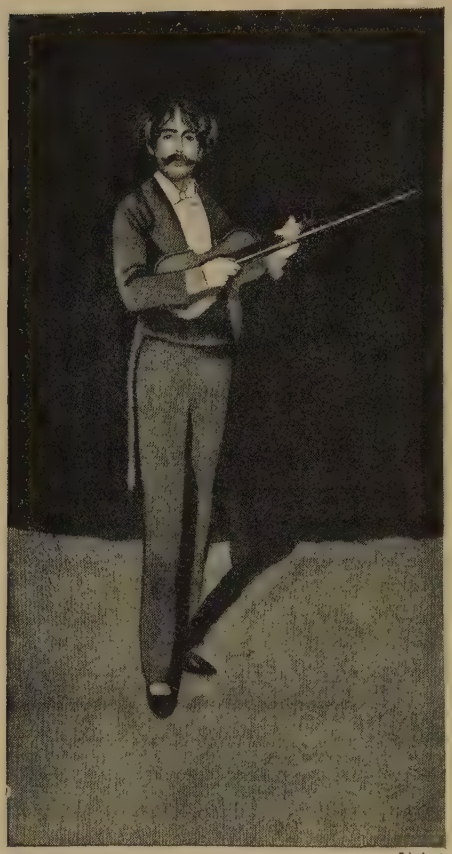
The portrait of little Miss Alexander was one of his earliest and most characteristic works. The fair-haired girl, dressed as a Spanish infanta, advances towards the spectator, with a large hat in her hand. Her costume runs through the entire gamut of Velasquez' grey, and certain details of the toilette merely serve to keep these shades apart or accentuate them more sharply—for instance, the black shoes, the black feather in her hat, and the black scarf of her dress—whilst her blond hair, falling lightly down, is likewise bound by a black ribbon in the manner of Velasquez. But the spray of white marguerites in the corner of the room is Japanese in its effect, and the wall-paper Japanese, and the white kerchief embroidered with gold which lies upon the floor, standing out against the wall.

In his portrait of his mother, taken in profile, she is sitting in a black gown, motionless and dreamy, in that tranquillity common with old people, which seems so calm, and which yet holds such a throng of memories. Her face is pale, and no gesture, no loud word, disturbs the repose of her thoughts. A few black and grey silvery tones achieve an enigmatical and almost mystical effect. At the same time, there is a simplicity in the tones, a harmony and a largeness, such as only the greatest artists have displayed.

Thomas Carlyle, also, he has painted in profile against a grey wall, and



L'Art.
WHISTLER. PABLO SARASATE.

made such an arrangement of colour-values that the spectator seems to hear a funeral march, played in a minor key. The chair on which he is sitting is black; and so are the hat upon his knee, the roomy coat falling into creases, and the glove which he wears on his right hand. There is an air of lassitude in the whole outline: the body is buried in the thick clothes; and the legs, crossed one over the other, are hidden beneath a great-coat lying across them. His head, which has a corpse-like pallor, inclines wearily towards the left shoulder. The untrimmed beard and the long hair are grey, the eyes half-closed, half-watchful, the features grave and resigned, although touched with a bitter trace of melancholy. The atmosphere enveloping the tall, spare figure is in harmony with this effect: it has not that yellowish-green which appears in the portrait of Miss Alexander; on the contrary, the day is dark and dreary, like the mists rising from the Thames; it is a wintry London day, at the hour of gathering dusk, when life fades, and the night lowers its shadowy pinions upon the earth. An engraving hangs on the wall in a black frame, like an announcement of a death surrounded by a black border.

The portrait of Théodore Duret was an arrangement in black and red. The well-known *critique d'avant-garde* is standing dressed for a ball, in correct and fashionable garb, with a rose-coloured domino with black lace upon his arm and a fiery red fan in his gloved hand. In the portrait of Pablo Sarasate, painted in 1885, the violinist emerges out of misty greyish-black darkness, holding his violin in one hand and his bow in the other. He is in evening clothes, entirely in black except for his shirt and tie, and in the dark atmosphere his expressive hands acquire a sensitive, phantom-like animation. His figure looks as though it were floating into another world or coming from a far distance beyond. The usual distinctness of objects is entirely banished from these portraits.

And in Whistler's landscapes, too, the eyes are hardly led in a greater degree to rest upon the form of things. It might be said that he liberates beings and objects from the opaque garment in which their spirit is imprisoned,

penetrating by the intuition of genius to their pure essence, to that which is alone worthy of being retained. And just as he conceives the people whom he depicts rather as groups of colour than arrangements in line, aiming at effect of tone without troubling himself about indifferent details of draughtsmanship, so in his landscapes the bodily presence of nature is merely the necessary condition of a mood which is felt with astonishing refinement.

The impression which the artist desires to arrest is, for instance, that of moonshine upon a clear night. He takes the bank of a river as his subject, because he needs some sort of motive as a vehicle for colour, but the motive in itself has no signification whatever, and for this reason the lines are scarcely distinguishable. What attracts him is merely the combination of colours—a combination in black and gold, in blue and gold, or in silver and blue, which is only intended to render a general impression of the transparency and poetry of nature. And merely through presenting such pictorial ideas—pictorial in the purest sense of the word—painting, according to Whistler, is as free an art as music. The final consummation, the highest summit of this art, will be reached, as he believes, when there is a public which will make no demand for definite subjects, but be content with tones and harmonious combinations of colour. There will be no longer figures or landscapes, but merely notes of colour, just as in Wagnerian music harmonious tone, apart from all melodious form, has an independent organic life of its own. And this is why he borrows the titles of his pictures from music, describing them as Op. 1, etc., like a composer. If the "motive" of a picture consists of the combination of two or more dominant colours, arranged in a melodious system, he calls it a "harmony" or "arrangement" of the tones which form the most important part of the scale. But where a single colour gives the ground-tone, the motive is called a note in

WHISTLER. NOCTURNE IN BLACK AND GOLD: THE FALLING ROCKET.

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orange, a little note in grey, a note in blue and opal. The "note" is, as it were, the key in which the other tones are harmonised.

The mystical shrouds of night, dissolving all contours, so that only tones are recognisable, have naturally a special part to play in these symphonies. No one has gazed with a more reverent tremor of awe into the infinite darkness than Whistler; no one has looked with more overwhelming sentiment at the silent stars eternally rolling through the pale firmament and girdling our little world. He paints the boundless expanse of the sea, the ships that rock there helplessly, the rhythm of the long waves, and the soft blue light flooding the sonorous silence of the world like a breath from beyond the grave. He celebrates the blue, transparent dusk which rests over the earth immediately before sunrise or sunset, the wavering lights of sleeping towns, and the measureless expanse of sombre mist, where human forms are seen to emerge for a moment. But he has also occupied himself a great deal with artificial effects of light, especially displays of fireworks: rockets mounting in long lines and turning high overhead into serpents, which rise into the sky to burst with a crash; or bodies of light, trembling in the air like great, dim spheres, and sinking slowly in a crown of many-coloured stars, like a soft and spherical shower of gold. All Whistler's landscapes are harmonies and symphonies of this sort—whether in green, in red, in grey, in blue and silver, in blue and gold, in silver and violet, in violet and rose-colour, in rose-colour and black, in mallow-colour and silver, or in black and gold. He saw them wherever he was led by his restless spirit, in Holland, Dieppe, Jersey, Havre, Honfleur, Liverpool, London, especially Chelsea, Paris, and Venice—above all in Venice, the phantom city, the Venice of dreamland, where his harmonious art had its special home, and his brush and etching-pen were familiar with all the streets, canals, and barks.

Etching, as Rembrandt showed, permits the artist to create a dreamy world of sentiment, light, and poetry far more readily than painting. It was not by chance, therefore, that Whistler, the great composer of symphonic tones, made it his medium also, and became a master of etching with whom no other artist of the present age can be compared. His first plates, views of Venice and the Thames, date back to 1850, and even then he used all technical resources indiscriminately in giving form to his visions. His work in etching, according to the catalogue published by Frederick Wedmore, comprises two hundred and fourteen plates, and four larger series—"The Little French Set" of 1858, "The Thames Set" of 1871, "Venice," executed in 1880, and "Venice, Second Series," in 1887. More or less, excepting the masterpieces of Seymour Haden, these plates are the finest and most original work that modern etching has to show. The last views from Venice, in particular, perhaps excel all his other works in flexibility and intimate feeling for nature. Since Rembrandt, no artist has attempted to render so much with so little work—or what seems so little—and such little means. Here also he is engrossed only with what is expressive and characteristic, which

MONTICELLI. AN ITALIAN FESTIVAL.

with him means what is subtle, fleeting, delicate, and veiled as though by night.

Like the Japanese landscapes, those of Whistler are places of dreamland, landscapes of the mind, summoned with closed eyes, and set free from everything coarse and material, breathed upon the picture and encompassed with mysteries. Like the Japanese, but with brilliant refinements such as never occurred even to the greatest painters, this wonderful harmonist has the art of simplifying and rendering all things spiritual, whilst he retains the mere essence of forms, and of colours only what is transient, subtle, and musical.

Most interesting results were also compassed by Whistler when he transferred these principles to decorative painting. He has decorated with such arrangements of colour various houses in London ; while in Paris the music-room of his friend Sarasate is one of his earliest creations—an arrangement in white and clove-coloured yellow, which is extended to all the furniture. In Mr. Leyland's house in London, that famous mansion where the most beautiful works of the pre-Raphaelites were gathered together with those of their predecessors from the fifteenth century, the " peacock-room " is his work : at the narrower ends of the room two large peacocks, spreading out their tails and prepared to fight, are represented, first in blue upon a gold ground and then in gold upon a blue ground ; the decoration of the longer sides of the room is also a harmony in blue and gold, the motive of which is composed by the blue tail-feathers and the iridescent golden plumage around the necks of peacocks. And a delightful, musical, and luxuriously

pictorial effect is achieved without the assistance of any kind of definite subject-matter. This effect is of necessity the culminating point of Whistler's work, for all his efforts were directed towards the creation of symphonies of tone-values.

Whistler's aims were for a long time shared by Monticelli of Marseilles, that magician in colour ; his aims, but certainly not his methods, for Whistler used a delicate, graduated scale which seeks harmony in the agreement of complementary colours, whereas Monticelli only worked with pure, sharply defined hues, standing in opposition and mutually intensifying one another to reach ultimately a higher effect. But in the most essential point they were at one, for both agreed that only problems of chromatic harmony should hold sway in painting, and that the literary element, as it is called, should be thrown altogether on one side.

Sainte-Beuve long cherished the idea of erecting a temple to the neglected and misunderstood—"*aux artistes qui n'ont pas brillé, aux amants qui n'ont pas aimé, à cette élite infinie que ne visitèrent jamais l'occasion, le bonheur ou la gloire.*" *Adolphe Monticelli* would be accorded one of the first places amongst them. Born on 14th October 1824, in Marseilles, whither his family had migrated from Italy, he had been trained in the school of art belonging to that town, and betook himself to Paris in the middle of the forties. There his friendship with Diaz was of assistance to him, as it brought him quickly into connection with picture-dealers and purchasers. He had no need to fight for his existence, worked with facility, and sold many of his pictures. In the attractive studio which he built for himself he had a fancy for living like an old Venetian, dressing in splendid velvet costumes, and wearing a large grey Rubens hat. Towards the close of the Second Empire he was on the road to fame. His painting was prized in England and America. Napoleon III bought pictures from him. Daubigny, Troyon, and even Delacroix gave vent to their astonishment at the liquid splendour of his colour ; and great things were expected of him amongst painters. Then came the events of 1870. To avoid the agitation of the siege Monticelli repaired to his native town, and, once there, he remained in Marseilles until his death in 1886. The efforts of his friends to persuade him to return to Paris were of no avail. He had no ambition, never troubled his head about critics or exhibitions, and the thought of fame attracted him no longer. Every evening he might be seen walking through the town with a dignified air, holding in each hand a small wooden panel covered with colours, which he disposed of to a dealer at a moderate price. His whole establishment consisted of one room, with a bed, an easel, and two chairs. The only thing he valued was the large red silk curtain over the window, which served to bathe the whole room in purple, the colour which the old painter specially loved. His conversation was quaint, and so studded with phrases which he made up for his own personal employment that, on account of his strange and often unintelligible idioms, his neighbours used to regard him as quite mad. One of his manias was that he

HARVEY. THE COVENANTERS PREACHING.

(By permission of the Corporation of Glasgow, the owners of the picture.)

had once lived in Venice at the time of Titian; and if he was in any society where the name of Delacroix chanced to be mentioned, he invariably took off his hat with a reverent expression. Music sent him quite wild with delight, especially that of the gipsies; and if he went to a concert where it was played he always rushed home at once, lit all the candles, and painted as long as he could hold the brush. In appearance he is said to have been a handsome old man, walking with a large impressive stride, and having a grave, majestic countenance, thick white hair, and a long flowing beard.

Monticelli's pictures are gipsy music transposed into the medium of paint. In his first period he possessed a very keen sense of observation. There are landscape studies of his in which he reproduced accurately the simplest impressions of nature. He painted the country in its workaday garb: lonely farms where hens are pecking or donkeys seem absorbed in philosophic contemplation before the manger. Yet such studies from nature, together with a few portraits, are rare exceptions in his work. His leading quality is the creation of a marvellously luxuriant fantasia of colours, a most decorative command of effect. The simplest sensation is transformed in his brain into a brilliant spectacle. A landscape, a sheaf of sunbeams, a reflection, a patch

of variegated cloth, acted upon him like hasheesh, and was followed by visions of colour which soared like a rocket. When walking, he is said to have been often beside himself with excitement over a flower, or the stem of a tree upon

Brothers, photo.

ALEXANDER NASMYTH. LANDSCAPE.

(*By permission of the Corporation of Manchester, the owners of the picture.*)

which the sun was playing. At the commencement of his career he came under the influence of the art of the time ; the brown bituminous tone in which he harmonised everything betrays his allegiance to the Romantic school. But in later days, when he left Paris, his colour became fresh, liquid, and pure. The drawing is confined to summary suggestions. The figures have lost their lines and are simply used as masses. They merely serve to separate the exuberant colours, and compose glittering combinations of tone through their grouping. Yet it is just in these compositions, which seem half chaotic to the mind, that he has displayed all the astonishing witchery of his colours, rearing the most wonderful and fabulous structures with plants, clouds, costumes, and human beings.

Upon a fantastic stage, whence a dazzling light casts its radiance far and wide, little figures in green, blue, red, and yellow dresses are seen to move. Young pages wave gay banners or trail huge wreaths. Musicians hold their instruments in their hands. Gay and gorgeous lamps painted with birds and flowers shed a reddish light. In the foreground upon the mosaic floor lie variegated carpets, and ladies robed in purple silk are seated upon banks of moss, smiling as they watch the spectacle. Or a triumphal

arch rises in a dark glade of the forest. Roses, lilies, and pinks grow luxuriantly around the black socles on which stand youths cast in bronze holding burning torches in their uplifted hands; while from the left approaches a splendid chariot drawn by black horses. In it sits a haughty female figure, whose cherry-coloured mantle flutters high in the air. Cavaliers in puffed velvet curvet proudly behind. Or at the foot of a mountain decorated for a festivity large bonfires are being set ablaze. The flames mount wildly through the mist. Yellow and violet clouds chase each other restlessly across the firmament. In the background a rosy shining fortress, with battlements and spires, is visible upon a huge black cone; in the foreground girls have trooped together—some of them naked, and others clad in garments of brick-red silk—while they carry on their sports in a varied medley of colour, or stand motionless, gazing in open-mouthed wonder at the blazing flames. Or else a gorgeous bark glides over a lake. Great swans splash in the water near it, their splendid pinions shining in the sunlight. At the side a white marble flight of steps, washed by the dark blue waves, leads to a polished pavement, where ladies and cavaliers move to and fro in conversation, served by pages in black embroidered with silver. Or the sky is lowering. A blue dusk pours like moonlight over the earth. Glow-worms, butterflies, and strange birds with glittering gold plumage hover mysteriously through the night. In the foreground are girls treading a gay measure upon the emerald meadow. They have wound tendrils round neck and breast, placed crowns of blossom upon their fair rippling hair, and wave long fans of palm before them.

In all these works Monticelli appears as an *artiste incomplet*. The majority of the figures which give animation to his scenes are clumsily drawn. They are not planted well upon their feet, and move automatically like awkward marionnettes. But the suggestive power of his painting is very great. Everywhere there are swelling chords of colour, which move the spirit before the theme of the picture has been recognised.

Portfolio.

PETTIE. "DOST KNOW THIS WATER-FLY?"

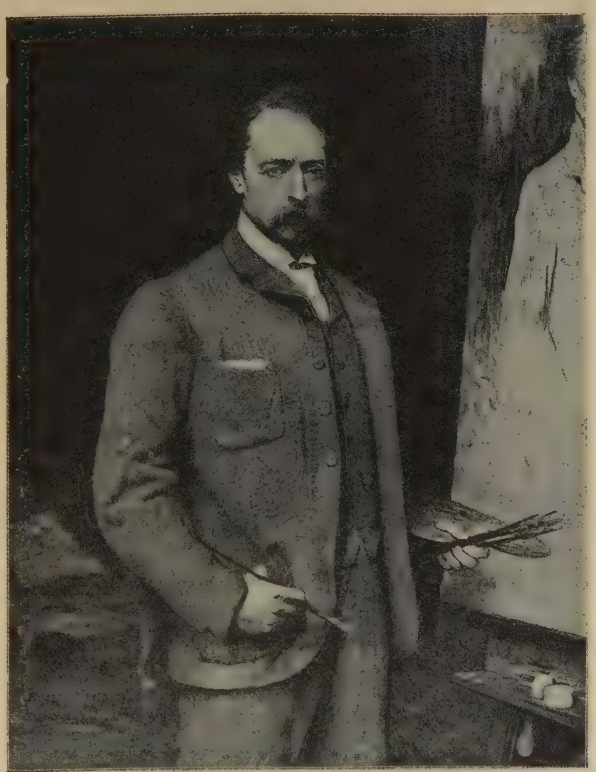
Cassell & Co.

ORCHARDSON. (*By permission of the Artist.*) THE QUEEN OF SWORDS.

He revels in the festal adornments of Veronese and the rich garments of Titian with the carelessness of a child. The whole universe he bathes in a deep glow. Through the sheer suggestiveness of colour, and without any kind of geographical or archæological researches, he has the secret of conjuring up a landscape, a bygone century, an era of civilisation : the East or the Italy of Petrarch, the Provençal courts of love or the *fêtes galantes* of the eighteenth century. He has a wonderful feeling for the secret threads which connect certain colours with certain phases of sentiment. He unites deep blue robes, emerald lakes, rosy skies, and purple mountains in combinations sparkling with colour. He saw everything in a gorgeous dream of colour. Amongst his sober contemporaries he has the effect of a brilliant patch of colour, a shining abnormity, a palette over which the most glaring colours are spread broadcast. Yet a new beauty lay implicit in his works. No one before him had so boldly announced the absolutism of colour.

In his lifetime Monticelli exerted no influence ; his pictures were too grotesque for critics and too incomplete for amateurs. It was only made evident a short time ago that his efforts were not without consequences, and that a whole band of artists, possessing an astonishingly forceful individuality, had based themselves upon the same principles, and done so with such inherent power and audacity that Monticelli's works seemed almost like diffident experiments in comparison with theirs. Mingle Whistler's refinement with Monticelli's glow of colour, and his wayward Japanese method and the Boys of Glasgow are the result.

Since the year 1729, when the Guild of St. Luke was founded in Edinburgh, Scotland has formed an independent province in British painting; and it is only due to the remoteness of the country that the artists who laboured during the following years on the far side of the forest of the Picts did not attain the same European celebrity as their English comrades. *Allan Ramsay*, one of the very founders of this guild, was a masterly portrait painter who had learnt much from Rembrandt, and comes close to Reynolds in the fresh tone of his portraits. It must be admitted that his follower, *David Allan*, began in Rome with an "Invention of Drawing"—now in the Edinburgh National Gallery—which looks like a Rotari laboured at with a view to style, but when he returned home he emancipated himself from the classical school. He illustrated Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*, became absorbed in Scotch ballad poetry, and beheld the grave, solemn forms of the Scotch Highland mountains with the eye of a Romanticist. The two brothers *Alexander* and *John Runciman* are more or less of a parallel to Henry Fuseli, and illustrated Shakespeare and Homer after his fashion. Their pictures have a tempestuous force of imagination, and are painted in deep brown and dark blue tones. *William Allan* became celebrated in St. Petersburg, and in later years attracted so much attention in his own country by his "grand art" that he was elected President of the Scotch Academy in 1838. In *Henry Raeburn* Edinburgh possessed the boldest and most virile of all British portrait painters, a master of great plastic power, and an impressiveness suggesting Velasquez. While Reynolds composed his pictures in refined tones, reminiscent of the old masters, Raeburn painted his models under a trenchant light from above. The most glaring hues of red official robes, green Highland bodices, and gowns of more than one colour are placed beside one another firmly, quietly, and confidently without grada-



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W. Q. ORCHARDSON. PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

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tion, and at the same time brought into harmony. That admirable genre painter *David Wilkie* soon afterwards acquired a European name. While *John* and *Thomas Faed* continued Wilkie's innocent art, bringing it down to the present time; *Erskine Nicol* applied Ostade's golden tone to incidents of Irish life; and *Sir George Harvey*, President of the Edinburgh Academy from 1854, became a Scotch Defregger, and one whose pictures were widely circulated in copper engraving.

Landscape painting began with *Alexander Nasmyth*, who goes, more or less, upon parallel lines with Old Crome, the English Hobbema. His son, *Patrick Nasmyth*, became more celebrated, and is, indeed, a painter for lovers of art, and one whose pictures hold their ground by the side of good old Dutch paintings. *Edmund Thornton Crawford* took a step in advance, like Constable in England. His works, which are pungent in execution, although grave in sentiment, are the first to show emancipation from the tone of the old masters, the earliest which displayed vigorous observation of the nature of the atmosphere. *Horatio Macculloch* awakened an enthusiasm for the Scotch mountain landscape, which he was the first to render in its marvellous depth of tone. The effort to attain a vivid scale of light has often led him, however, into empty *bravura* painting. His clouds have a greater intensity of steel-blue

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ORCHARDSON. THE FIRST DANCE.

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and his lakes are more purple than is, as a matter of fact, the case even in rich-toned Scotland. Yet because later artists followed his tendency towards richness of tone with more earnestness and a greater love of truth, he has certainly fulfilled the part of an initiator of importance.

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ORCHARDSON. NAPOLEON ON BOARD THE BELLEROPHON.

(*By permission of the Artist.*)

With *John Phillip* this local isolation of Scotch art came to an end. Just as in the previous generation Wilkie, who was a Scotchman, had stood at the head of British *genre* painting, Phillip, who was also a Scotchman, put an end to this narrative *genre* painting, after he had once acquired a pictorial sense of vision in the Museo del Prado. The tone of his pictures is deep, the colour luminous, the method of painting broad and virile, betraying the influence of Velasquez. *Robert Scott Lauder*, who was a teacher at the Academy from 1850, added a knowledge of Delacroix to that of Velasquez. He had been five years upon the Continent, had seen Titian and Giorgione in Italy and Rubens in Munich, and when he returned through Paris in 1838, upon his way to Scotland, Delacroix had just finished the pictures of the Luxembourg. Lauder communicated the great Frenchman's secrets of colour to his fellow-countrymen, who named him the Scotch Delacroix in gratitude. But so high a reputation is not confirmed by Lauder's pictures. His leading works in the Edinburgh Gallery, "Christ walking on the Sea" and "Christ teaches Humility," certainly betray the intention of resembling the brilliant Romanticist by their deep symphonies of tone, but Delacroix's spirit is not there. Lauder has only been the Scotch Piloty, and he shared with Piloty the quality of being an excellent teacher. Almost all the Scotch painters who have arisen since the seventies may be derived from him and from Phillip. Deep chromatic harmony was the device they inscribed upon their banner under

the influence of Lauder, while John Phillip directed their glance to chivalrous Spain.

John Pettie, who was born in Edinburgh in 1839, and worked in London from 1862 until his death in 1893, painted secluded corners where cavaliers of the seventeenth century are duelling, rapiers, foils, and sabres; and in other pictures he shows the cause of these affairs: modish beauties dressed in the costume of the period of Frans Hals walk between two gentlemen, pressing the hand of one while they smile upon the other. There is always a difference between new clothes and those which have hung in a museum, and lost their life the while, as completely as the people to whom they once belonged. But in Pettie these anachronisms are but little obvious, because he combines with his archæological knowledge an astonishing pictorial faculty and a notable feeling for life and movement. Everything he produced is liquid and blooming, appetising and animated. His "Body-Guard," painted in 1884 and now in the South Kensington Museum, and "Edward VI signing a Death-Warrant," belonging to the Hamburg Kunsthalle, are both, in particular, works with a sonorous glow of colour which would have delighted Tintoret. In other works he has not despised the attraction of cool, silver tones, and has then sometimes produced masterpieces of the delicacy of Terborg. Such, for instance, is his "Challenge," in which the bearer of the cartel, a young man dressed in yellow silk, delivers the message to a gentleman in silver-grey: in point of colour this is perhaps the most delicate work produced in England since Gainsborough's "Blue Boy."

In contradistinction from Pettie, who has a preference for the costumes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, *William Orchardson* usually borrows his subjects from the French Directoire period, which, in its faintness of colour, is most favourable to his peculiar method of painting. That luminous combination of light grey and delicate yellow, which Pettie only attempted in certain pictures, became Orchardson's favourite scale. He, too, is an accomplished student of the history of manners, and an ardent admirer of old costumes. But these dresses are only the means by which he attains a finely calculated *ensemble* of colours. All his hues have a distinction and delicacy which have not been seen since Watteau, and all his figures have a confidence of gesture which bears witness to the painter's own refinement.

His picture of Napoleon as a prisoner upon the *Bellerophon*—a work which is now in the South Kensington Museum—is perhaps the only instance in which he has treated a scene in the open air. All is over: the triumphs of Tilsit, the theatrical representations with the parterre of queens, the great days of Austerlitz, Jena, and Wagram. Napoleon's generals are dead, and his old grenadiers sleep beneath the sands of the desert or the icy plains of Russia. Orchardson has represented in his picture, simply and without vehemence, that impressive moment in French history when Napoleon beheld the last point of the French coast vanish from his gaze.

Otherwise his scenes are almost always laid in a salon furnished in the

ORCHARDSON. (*By permission of Sir Cuthbert Quilter, Bart., the owner of the picture.*) *Cassell & Co.*

THE CHALLENGE.

Annan, photo.
DOUGLAS. THE BIBLIOMANIAC.

Empire style, and peopled with that elegant and yet dignified society which lived in the beginning of the century. The theme of his picture " The Queen of Swords," which excited a great deal of admiration at the Paris World Exhibition of 1878, was a picturesque dance of the chivalrous age of Werther, and the costume, so trivial in trivial hands, makes a chivalrous and noble appearance in his. There is a high-bred dignity, something like unapproachable pride, in the entire figure of this girl, who is stepping beneath the last pair of crossed and sparkling swords. In his next picture, " Hard Hit," four gentlemen in the costume of 1790 have been playing cards, and one who has lost everything has just left his seat. A picture exhibited in 1883, and now in the Hamburg Kunsthalle, treated the scene which Carlyle has given in his *History of Frederick the Great*, the scene in which Voltaire, as the guest of the Duc de Sully, fell a victim to the stratagem of the Duc de Rohan, who, being stung by Voltaire's sarcasms, had him summoned from the dinner and beaten by lackeys outside. In the exhibition of 1885 appeared " The Salon of Madame Récamier." The actress, dressed entirely in white, is seated upon a sofa, amid a circle of her adorers, including Foucher, Prince Lucien Bonaparte, Bernadotte, and the Duc de Montmorency. Farther away Talleyrand and Brillat-Savarin stand in conversation with Madame de Staël. In all these pictures Orchardson understood how to satisfy the great public by an accurately narrated anecdote, and give delight to the critical spectator by his severe harmonies of white and brown tones.

Sometimes, however, he has a fancy for placing modern men in evening clothes, or ladies dressed for a ball, in his fine salons with their brown polished floors and their stiff and ceremonious Empire furniture. " The First Cloud "

may be specially mentioned as a work of this description, as well as the two counterparts "Mariage de Convenance" and "Alone"; and in all these pictures he has treated a little chapter from a novel *à la* Sardou or Dumas, with great distinction. Often his pictures have nothing except a light brown background, against which some very dark object painted in warm colours, such as a piano or an organ, stands out with considerable effect.

With Orchardson and Pettie may be associated other interesting painters, who were only less known upon the Continent because they left the far North less frequently. One of the most refined pupils of Lauder was *William Fettes Douglas*, for a long time President of the Scotch Academy, an artist whose works—"The Alchemist," "The Bibliomaniac," "The Magician," etc.—may be most readily compared with those of Diaz, so calm they are, so pure, so readily recalling the old masters, so full of gleaming luminous tone.

The landscape painters are very dissimilar in the effect they produce. *Robert Macgregor* devotes himself to the observation of the Scotch fishing-folk. His pictures—for instance, "The Shrimp-Fishers," in the Edinburgh Gallery—contain, as a rule, merely a group of two or three seamen, with the strand, the sky, and a strip of distant sea. *Peter Graham*, in whose works the breath of the Highlands is most felt, loves Macculloch's deep and grave tones: the rough crags of North Britain, in the wildest and most tempestuous weather, half-shrouded by misty clouds lashed by the storm; the shores of the Highland lakes; and raging Highland streams, which dash foaming over their stony beds. "Wandering Shadows" and "The Haunt of the Sea-Mew" are characteristic titles of his pictures. A fine lyricist, *Thomas Graham*, revels in all gradations of grey, paints the full, heavy brown of the heath, the dark bare mountain slopes, and the rich play of colour in the darkling sky. In the pictures of *Hugh Cameron* expression is given to a more delicate side of Scotch art. He loves best to paint children playing by the verge of clear lakes—things such as Israels painted, but different in sentiment and in the

Annan, photo.

CAMERON. GOING TO THE HAY.

(*By permission of the Edinburgh Board of Manufactures.*)

harmony of colour. In the Dutchman the clouds are usually grey and sombre, and the mist rising from the sea is damp and heavy; whereas everything is light, full of colour, and silvery in Cameron's sunny painting. In the works of Israels the spectator feels that the atmosphere is bitterly cold, and that the little ones are shivering; but Cameron's world is an abode of happiness. *Denovan Adam* paints deer, in a straightforward style which has no special peculiarity. In such pictures as "The Potato Harvest" and "The Sheepshearing" *Robert Macbeth* showed a slight leaning towards that Greek rhythm of form peculiar to the school of Walker, but in later years devoted himself chiefly to etching, and is now the most superior reproductive etcher in England, being held there in the same estimation as Charles Waltner is in France, In the beginning *John MacWhirter* was an energetic follower of Turner, the great painter of light, and was long celebrated for his power of producing the most magnificent pictures by the slightest means. Highland storms, and silver birches with graceful quivering foliage, he had a special love of painting; but afterwards, when in Italy, he made a transition to a smooth sugary style. The triumphal arch of Titus and the Colosseum in Rome, the ports of Genoa, Constantinople, and Florence, and the temple of Girgenti are his principal motives. The works of *George Paul Chalmers* might be mistaken for pictures of the same type by Israels. The sea painter *Hamilton Macallum* recalls the soft, beautiful fulness of colour belonging to the old Venetians. And *Sir George Reid*, President of the Royal Scottish Academy since the death of Douglas, and not to be confused with a namesake who is more English in manner, paints landscapes like a refined Dutch master of the following of Mauve, and is a worthy contemporary of Orchardson as a portraitist.

MACWHIRTER. A GLIMPSE OF LOCH KATRINE.
(*By permission of Messrs. Dowdeswell & Dowdeswells, the owners of the copyright.*)

In reviewing its course of development, the distinction between Scotch painting and English is easily recognisable. Whilst the latter was paltry and motley in the beginning, and at length achieved a delicate refinement reminis-

cent of water-colour painting, Scotch art had always something deep and sonorous, and a preference for full and swelling chords. The English artists made spiritual profundity and graceful poetry the aim of their pictures. The Scotch are painters. They instituted a worship of colour such as had not been known since the days of Titian. And as they were the greatest painters, so they possessed in David Scott, Noël Paton, and others some of the greatest visionaries of the century. To their love of home, and of their valleys and mountains, they united a romantic faculty for burying themselves in the past of old Scotland. Edinburgh, however, was not the spot for the development of all the gems which nature had implanted in the Scotch temperament. It has been happily described as the Northern Athens. Its principal buildings are classic, and possess porticoes, friezes, and pediments. The numerous memorials to Scotch poets are imitated from the graceful round temple of Lysicrates and other buildings in the Tripod street in Athens. And the national monument on Calton Hill is a reproduction of the ruins of the Parthenon.

Glasgow, on the other hand, is a modern town where there is nothing to recall the past. It is only as a town for the manufacture of steamships that it plays any part in the civilisation of the nineteenth century. James Watt was born here; in 1814 the first steam paddles ploughed up the waves, and

CHALMERS. *Annan, photo.*
THE LEGEND.

almost all the great steamers which cross the ocean from Europe are built in Glasgow. For the rest it is chimney-stacks, cotton manufactories, and glass works that give the town its character.

SIR GEORGE REID, P.R.S.A. *Cassell & Co.*

Yet this place was destined to represent the modern element in art in opposition to conservative Edinburgh. In the latter town the character of the inhabitants is predominantly Anglo-Saxon, and the teaching of Leighton prevails in the Academy. Glasgow has no academy, and its population is Gaelic. An old kinship or race associates these aboriginal Scotch with France. The most modern of all modern schools, that of Fontainebleau, was the beginning of art for the young Scotch painters.

The outward circumstance which led the Glasgow school of painting into these lines was an exhibition held in the year 1886. At his own cost an enthusiast for art brought together in Glasgow a collection of French and Dutch pictures. Millet, Corot, Diaz, Israels, Maris, Bosboom, and Mesdag were seen for the first time. And Whistler's symphonies of colour were also there. Monticelli's pictures were shown to the public, and many of them were bought. The young painters discovered congenial elements in these masters. And it became their aim to follow them, and do as they did. But when they had satiated themselves with these foreign ideas, the peculiar character of their own country was the cause of their recasting them in a curious way, so that they reproduced them almost as if they were something entirely novel.

Little picturesque as Glasgow may be in itself, it is well known as the town through which one enters the Highlands, the most romantic of all places in the world. Desolate glens alternate with wild, sombre valleys, gloomy lakes, and dark lonely shores. Oaks and beeches bend their boughs from the rocky verge deep into the still water. The outlines of the mountains are bold and wild, but crumbled, torn, and beaten by the storm, as though their outlines had been drawn by a hand trembling with age. Fragrant heather, where millions of bees and butterflies are humming and fluttering, intoxicated with its aroma, covers the ground with a reddish carpet. The sky is almost

always clouded, and the clouds hang low on the mountains, and whatever rises between earth and sky seems as though it were wrapped in a soft veil, which connects the very strongest hues by a quantity of delicate gradations. While the clear, transparent air in Norway emphasises in fresh colours all peculiarities with an almost brutal reality, it seems in Scotland as if great and profound mystery lay over the whole of nature. In the hours of dusk, when the sky is like a deep purple dome, and the aged rocks glow as if consumed by inward fire, everything joins to form a symphony of tones. With strange dreaminess the ripples spread over the bosom of the still, gloomy lakes; while on the heathy slopes the sheep graze here and there, looking like phantoms, or the hoarse cry of the gulls wails through the air in famished complaint.

This sombre, melancholy country seems naturally to have become the birthplace of romantic legend and poetry. Scotland is the land of second sight, the land of dreams and presentiments. Sad and plaintive are the songs which hoary old musicians sing, or play upon the bagpipes, the national instrument. Tales and legends are associated with every jutting crag and every wooded glen. According to popular superstition, a white horse, known as a kelpie, dwells in every lake, and the shepherd sitting upon the brink of a cliff sees it, now grazing by the shore, now whinnying and snorting as it tramples the water. Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Burns, Campbell, and many others, gave upon this soil poetic fragrance to their works. Here dwelt the Lady of the Lake, and there Rob Roy, and there Wordsworth's Highland Girl. Here arose the "Songs of Ossian," with which Scotland struck so

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SIR GEORGE REID. (*By permission of the Artist.*) THE PEAT GATHERERS.

deep a chord in the poetry of European nations more than a hundred years ago.

At that time, when all the literary world did sacrifice to the gods of Hellas,

MELVILLE. THE SNAKE CHARMERS.

(By permission of Mrs. Melville, the widow of the Artist.)

the Scotch heroic poems were characterised by a gloom of sentiment and the might of richly coloured tones, in contradistinction from those ideal figures of Hellenic beauty, bathed, as they were, in light. Ossian took the place of Homer, and led the literature of the " storm and stress " period into new lines. In *Die Horen* Herder published his profound study *Homer und Ossian.* " Homer," he writes, " is purely objective, purely epical ; Ossian is purely

MELVILLE. CHRISTMAS EVE.

(*By permission of Mrs. Melville, the widow of the Artist.*)

subjective and lyrical. In Homer everything is seen in vigorous life and plastic amplitude, while in Ossian there is only a foreboding. In Homer all is sunny and as bright as day ; in Ossian everything is shrouded in grey twilight." Classicism rested upon the Homeric method of thought and representation, upon sharply defined drawing and plastic severity of form ; but the modern gospel of colour with tone, indistinct outline, and depth of temperament was announced by " Ossian." The scenery he loves is the heath and the dark rock, against which the sea breaks booming as it rolls ; the silver stream dashes from the moss-grown mountains, the waves plunge, and the howling storm chases the mist and the clouds. The sun sheds its parting rays in the

West, here and there the stars twinkle, and the light of the moon seldom shines in full brightness, but is shrouded and obscured. The waving grass rustles and "the beard of the thistle" is swayed by the wind. Everything is grey or black—rocks, streams, trees, moss, and clouds. Homer's epithet for a ship is "rosy-cheeked," but Ossian calls it "black-breasted." "Spirits in the garment of the mist" pass over the heath. Heroes fall and great clans perish, and grey bards sing their dirge. "Thus," writes Goethe in *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, "Ossian had lured us to Ultima Thule, and roaming there upon the grey, limitless heath, amid moss-grown tombs rising abruptly from the earth, we saw the grass around us agitated by a chilling wind and the sky heavily clouded above our heads. But in the moonshine this Caledonian night was turned into day: fallen heroes and faded maidens hovered round, until at last we fancied that we really beheld the spirit of Loda in its awful form."

The Boys of Glasgow now accomplished in the realm of painting what "Ossian" had done a century before in that of literature: in their works personal mood is set in the place of form, and tone-value in that of pencilled outline, far more boldly and abruptly than in Corot, Whistler, and Monticelli. And the powerful effect which was made when the Scotch gallery was opened in the summer of 1890 at the annual exhibition in Munich is remembered still. All the world was then under the spell of Manet, and recognised the highest aim of art in faithful and objective reproduction of an impression of nature. But here there burst out a style of painting which took its origin altogether from decorative harmony, and the rhythm of forms and masses of colour. Some there were who rendered audacious and sonorous fantasies of colour, whilst others interpreted the poetic dreams of a wild world of legend which they had conjured up. But it was all the expression of a powerfully excited mood of feeling through the medium of hues, a mood such as the lyric poet reveals by the rhythmical dance of words or the musician by tones.

LAVERY. PÈRE ET FILLE.
(*By permission of the Artist.*)

None of them followed Bastien-Lepage in the sharpness of his "bright painting." The chords of colour which they struck were full, swelling, deep, and round, like the sound of an organ surging through a church at the close of a service. They cared most to seek nature in the hours when distinct forms vanish out of sight and the landscape becomes a vision of colour,—above all, in the hours when the clouds, crimson with the sunken sun, cast a purple veil over everything, softening all contrasts and awakening reveries. Solitary maidens were seen standing in the evening sunshine upon the crest of a hill; and there were deep golden suns sinking below the horizon and gilding the heath with their last rays, and dark forests flecked with fiery red patches of sunlight and clothed with shining bronze-brown foliage. One associated his fantasies with the play of the waves and the clouds, with the rustling of leaves and the murmur of springs of water; another watched the miracles of light in the early dawn upon lonely mountain paths. And upon all there rested that mysterious sombre poetry of nature which runs so sadly through the old ballads.

LAVERY. LADY IN BLUE AND GREY.
(By permission of the Artist.)

But it was not merely the glow and the sombre sensuousness of nature which appealed to the Scotch; for they were also attracted by sport and merriment, by waywardness and by whim. Amongst the landscapes there hung joyous masses of colour with figures in them — pictures of the palette which the spectator was forced to regard much as Polonius did the cloud in *Hamlet*—

"*Ham.* Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?
"*Pol.* By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.
"*Ham.* Methinks it is like a weasel.
"*Pol.* It is backed like a weasel.
"*Ham.* Or like a whale?
"*Pol.* Very like a whale."

They recalled that passage about Leonardo da Vinci where he tells the young painters that extraordinary fabulous creatures may be discovered in clouds and weather-beaten masonry : " If you have to invent a situation, you can see things there which are like the loveliest landscapes, clothed with mountains, rivers, rocks, trees, great plains, and hills and valleys. You can see there all manner of battles, vivid attitudes, curiously strange figures, faces, and costumes. In looking at such walls, or at any medley of objects, the same thing happens as when one hears the chime of bells ; for then you can recognise in the strokes any name or any word you have imagined." In this world one floated between heaven and earth, in a land of dream ; figures dissolved like fantastic forms of cloud, which billow and heave and change their shapes.

LAVERY. A GIRL IN WHITE.
(*By permission of the Artist.*)

And the wonder increased when, in the following year, the Glasgow Boys came forward with other performances, and those of a far more positive character. On this occasion they exhibited portraits which cast into the background almost everything exhibited by the English. They rendered old towns of story where the chime of bells, the peal of the organ, and the tones of the mandoline vibrate in the air, while glittering trains festally decked with gold and colours surge through the broad streets. They displayed soft or terrible representations from old-world tales, which really breathed that true legendary atmosphere for which we were so pining, since it seemed to have vanished out of art for ever. They brought water-colours of amazing ability, vivid and sparkling in technique, and bold to audacity. Almost all of them seemed to be born colourists who had been gifted with their talent in the cradle.

Arthur Melville, known by the Boys as King Arthur, went to Paris at the end of the seventies, and then to Tangier. He had something of the sparkling colouring of Fortuny, though it was freshened

By permission of the Artist

LAVERY

SUMMER

SIR JAMES GUTHRIE. IN THE ORCHARD.

(*By permission of the Artist.*)

by Impressionism, and is free from the stippling "little painting" of the Spaniard.

By preference he used water-colours as a medium, and in 1891 he fascinated the public at the exhibition by a series of scenes from Eastern towns. The richly hued confusion of a crowd numbering thousands of people in the open market-place was rendered with the same virtuosity as were the separate groups of Arabs, adorned with turbans and enveloped in burnouses, who rode through festal arches into the courts of houses surrounded by galleries, or the cowering figures of old beggars acting as snake-charmers. Every picture made a gleaming combination of colours, a flexible mass of bright luminous tones, but a soft atmosphere was there to reconcile and harmonise everything. The picture "Audrey and her Goats" was entirely Scotch in its bold manner of placing sharp, unblended colours beside each other. In the midst of a purple autumn landscape stands the red-haired Audrey, with a reddish-brown goat, before a reddish tree—a problem of colours which seems barbaric, and one which the Japanese alone had previously solved in an equally tasteful manner.

Melville's comrade in Paris and Tangier, *John Lavery*, inclines rather to

the vaporous, melting style of Khnopff and Whistler. His " Tennis Party," a charming illustration of English social life, made a striking effect by its softness and superiority of tone, even before the works of the other Scots were known in Germany; while his " Ariadne," a life-size pastel, showed that he had an understanding of the tender, melting, ideal figures of the great George Frederick Watts. Besides these, Lavery produced pictures which had a genuinely Scotch gloom, and which were like strophes of Ossian rendered through the medium of pigments. In his " Mary Queen of Scots on the Morning after the Battle of Langside " the historical event was glorified until it took the hues of poetry, and a mysterious legendary atmosphere rested over all. And this same dreamer painted pictures of ceremonies, such as " The Reception of Queen Victoria at the Glasgow Jubilee Exhibition of 1887," in which he showed that such prosaic matters as reception halls, raspberry coloured carpets, uniforms, and black coats could result in something different from a mere picture sheet.

James Guthrie, the son of a Scotch preacher, is as powerful as Lavery is delicate. When his parents lived in London he was schooled there by Pettie, and was then for some time in Paris; he freed himself from Pettie's piquant, golden colouring, recalling the old masters, when he worked in the summer of 1888 in the little Scotch village of Cockburnspath. Here he produced his broad and substantially painted work " In the Orchard," by which he introduced himself at the Munich Exhibition of 1890. The figures he paints are not like ornamental trinkets, nor does he court favour by delicate colours. But Frans Hals would rejoice at the bold breadth, freshness, and naturalness with which he paints everything. His likeness of the Rev. Dr. Gardner is great in its simplicity. And a life-size equestrian portrait from his brush has a touch of real monumental grandeur. Beside these pictures he exhibited a series of pastels rejoicing in colour, pictures of social and popular life from the tumult of the city and the peace of the village : beautiful white-robed women dreaming in the twilight, slender tennis-playing maidens upon the fragrant lawn, girls at the piano with the soft light of the lamp pouring over them, puffing railway trains, the shrill whistle of which echoes through the peace of nature.

When Guthrie worked in 1888 in Cockburnspath, which has since become the Scotch Dachau, he was joined by those two inseparable comrades *George Henry* and *Edward Hornell,* two other forceful personalities belonging to the young school. Brought up amid the steam and smoke of a manufacturing town, Henry was all the more sensitive to the radiant wonders of light when he arrived in the country, and he became the greatest poet in colour that Scotland had seen since the days of Scott Lauder. In 1891 he produced a melancholy picture called " A Galloway Landscape," with a deep blue river swerving here and there as it flowed down the steep mountains glowing in colour, trees with variegated foliage, and white clouds hastening like phantoms through the greenish sky. Another profoundly imaginative landscape he

ROCHE. (*By permission of the Artist.*) BETTY.

PATERSON. (*By permission of the Artist.*) EDINBURGH'S PLAYGROUND.

called "Cinderella." The eye was met by dark, mysteriously dim and rich tones. It was only slowly that a dark slope in the forest seemed to rise into view, and upon it moved the figures of children dancing. The dark mood of something mysterious and fantastically real—the mood of something "fey," as the Scotch call it in their own dialect—brooded over the whole. In a third picture a girl was putting mushrooms into a basket, and her charming profile stood in broad, cool tones against the yellow disc of a rising moon. Collaborating with Hornell, he painted a remarkable picture, "The Druids," a luminous tapestry of colours, as one might say, a luminous tapestry in which the sensuous, imaginative colouring of the Scots found, perhaps, its most powerful and ebullient expression. The picture glowed and sparkled in deep, warm, swelling tones. Impressionism was united with the Japanese painting, and Monticelli's splendour of colour, where it is most luxuriant, with a flat drawing of outline, while everything seemed to have been painted off with a heavy brush.

A further attempt to apply the Scotch dreaminess to the province of legendary painting was made by *Alexander Roche* in his moving picture "Good King Wenceslaus." A shivering lad searching for firewood is stepping lightly through the deep snow after good King Wenceslaus, who, crowned with his halo, has made steps for him. The picture was so plain and cordial, so full of Schwind's innocence and of the dreamy mood of a fairy tale, that it made the appeal of an illustration to some German folk-legend. In the picture of the stiff playing-card "kings," and the "knaves" who tried to win their ladies from them, Roche appeared as a bold improviser after the Japanese fashion.

WALTON. THE GIRL IN BROWN.
(*By permission of the Artist.*)

In such purely decorative sports of colour some of the Glasgow Boys were especially strong, and their confession of faith, as it has been formulated in this matter by *James Paterson*, is pretty much the same as that of Monticelli and Whistler. Art, as he has written, is not imitation, but interpretation. Of course, one must paint what one *sees*, but whether the result is art entirely depends upon *what* one sees. The most devout study of nature maintained through a whole lifetime will not make an artist. For art is not nature, but something more; it is nature reflected, coloured, and interpreted by a human soul, and a feeling for nature which is penetrative and not merely passive. The decorative element, as it is called, is an essential element of every real work of art. And, for this reason, in almost all the great triumphs of landscape painting there may be seen a considerable deviation from the actual facts of nature, an intentional and necessary deviation, not one that is the result of chance or defect.

Paterson himself seemed in his landscapes to have the greatest sense of adjustment in this group of Scotch painters. In a picture entitled "In the Evening" he rendered the poetry of gathering dusk in jubilant hues. Upon a green meadow entirely dipped in shadow there gleamed bright masses with soft melting outlines: houses with fine blue smoke curling from their chimneys into the dark atmosphere. And compact masses of cloud, touched with a dull glow by the setting sun, covered the sky like huge phantoms. Brown, green, and blue were the only ground-tones, and the whole was harmonised in grey and black. But within this darkness there was life and movement: above in the row of houses, and beneath in a flock of sheep which slowly mounted a hill in a wide train. In a picture exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1893, great masses of cloud, the remnants of a heavy storm, sped over a distant range of hills, the far summits of which were glowing in the sunset. Nature was still quivering as if in fever, the last drops of rain descended

glistening like tears, and the whole landscape wept at the farewell of the parting sun.

Morning and the first mysterious dawn of nature present the most alluring effects of colour for *Grosvenor Thomas*. And so, equipped with his paint-box, he roams out before six o'clock beyond the limits of the smoky town, amid fields and low heights with scant foliage, along the banks of the Clyde, upon dusty, beaten roads, where he meets no one but a peasant driving his cart or a man on the tow-path with his strong horses. The pictures of dawn which he has exhibited are grave and elegiac, and have a solemn Ossianic depth of feeling.

William Kennedy delights in spring, and has painted it in modern pastorals which are excessively Impressionistic in technique and marvellously delicate in effect. In one of his pictures, an apple-tree in blossom spread its crooked and motley branches against the bright sky. The young and tender green of the meadows in spring grew lush around, and little rosy clouds floated across the firmament. In the distance there wound a river like a narrow dark blue ribbon, and lying upon his back in the foreground, with a bristly wolf-dog at his side, a red-haired shepherd boy stretched himself lazily as he looked into the deep blue sky.

Edward Arthur Walton seems more under the influence of Whistler or the Dutch painters Israels and Mesdag. His landscapes, which are quieter in tone than those of his compatriots, are bathed in a fine and sombre grey. Heavy clouds of mist sweep over the brown heath, or a vaporous dusk effacing all colours rests upon the lonely fields. And his refined portrait of a girl with brown hair entirely enveloped in grey and black is quite after the manner of Whistler.

Merely wayward and decorative in his effects is *David Gauld*, for whom the highest aim of art is to subdue to his hand, by force if necessary, though with taste and talent, a lavish opulence of conflicting colours and wild forms. Some of his pictures with cloud effects were not inappositely compared with the glass mosaic of leaded cathedral windows. Black and green or green and blue were his favourite combinations. Closely associated with Guthrie, *T. Austen Brown*, who lives in Edinburgh, indulged in blue and green harmonies after the fashion of the Japanese. *James Whitelaw Hamilton* painted landscapes in which cold green was boldly placed upon glowing red and light yellow upon a deep brown-green. *Joseph Crawhall* appeared as a gifted artist in water-colours who painted horses, parrots, camels, ducks, and bulls, and, as a rule, with but a few energetic tones. Of rounded pictorial effect it was impossible to speak. Like Hokusai, he gave only the "vivid points," but these he rendered with all the sureness of the Japanese. In particular there was a picture, "At the Duck Pond," where the animation of the ducks oaring their way swiftly through the water was expressed with such astonishing truth that the spectator fancied he could see their movements every moment. From his love of moonlight effects *Macaulay Stevenson* is named

" the moon-lighter " by the Glasgow Boys. The enterprising *P. Macgregor Wilson,* who, in the cause of art, extended his travels to Persia, and there painted the Shah and his Ministers ; *R. M. G. Coventry,* whose pictures are generally no more than symphonies of shades in blue; *Thomas Corsan Morton, Alexander Frew, Harry Spence, Harrington Mann, J. M. Dow, A. B. Docherty, Pirie, Park, D. Y. Cameron,* and *J. Reid Murray,* are all, as Cornelius Gurlitt has ably described them in *Westermann's Monatsheft,* thoroughly Scotch artists of high rank, every one of whom lives in his own world of fancy, every one of whom casts his ardent temperament into the mould of artistic forms, which are entirely individual in character.

As the Scotch have made an annual appearance at German exhibitions since their first great success, the clamorous enthusiasm which greeted them in 1890 has become a little cooler. It was noticed that the works which had been so striking on the first occasion were not brought together so entirely by chance, but were the extract of the best that the Glasgow school had to show. And in regard to their average performances, it could not be concealed that they had a certain outward industrial character, and this, raised to a principle of creation, led too easily to something stereotyped. The art of the Continent is deeper and more serious, and the union between temperament and nature to be found in it is more spiritual. With their decorative palette pictures this Scotch art approaches the border where painting ends and the Persian carpet begins. For all that, it has had a quickening influence upon the art of the Continent. After an epoch of one-sided " bright-painting " it taught the painter to feel once more the witchery of mood with its full and sonorous harmonies of colour.

CHAPTER XXXIX

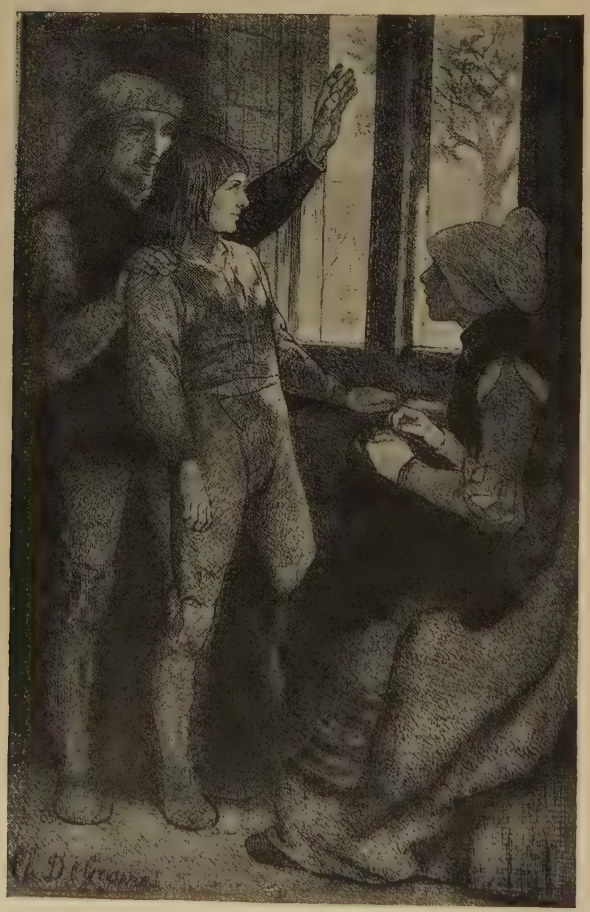
BELGIUM

BELGIAN painting differs from English as a fat Flemish matron from an ethereal young lady. In England refuge is taken in grace and poetry, objects are divested of their earthy heaviness, everything is subtle and mysterious and of a melancholy tenderness; even the painting of peasants is a bucolic art which only breathes the spirit of rustic life without having any of its rude materiality. Painters wander through nature like sensitive poets, finding flowers everywhere, and it is pleasant to breathe the perfume of the charming bouquets into which they have the secret of binding them with so much skill. But the Belgians are true Flemish masters, exceedingly material, not in the least refined, and sacrificing nothing to grace. They go their way like oxen at the plough, without growing weary, but without any trace of poetry; they are exclusively interested in reality—in poor folks and in rich and prosperous interiors, in scenes from peasant life and from the streets, in fat, heavy women, land and sea, in everything that has life, colour, and character. A somewhat material weight and a prosaic sincerity, an unctuous Flemish health, is expressed in everything. It is as if Jacob Jordaens were again upon his walks in Flanders.

This revolution of Belgian painting dates from 1850. As David was at the head of Belgian painting from 1800, and Delaroche from 1830, Courbet held sway over it from 1850 to 1870. The historical picture, along with everything mythological and religious, allegorical and fantastic, was forsaken. The rosy insipidity, the conventional, blooming palette-tone of Wappers and Gallait, made way for a ruthless truth of colouring. Courbet, who himself was a descendant of Jacob Jordaens, helped the Belgians to become conscious of their old Flemish stock once more. When his "Stonebreakers" was exhibited in Brussels in 1852, it was at first greeted with the same cry of indignation by which it had been received in France. But this howl of indignation did not hinder Courbet's realism from triumphing a few years afterwards with De Groux, who reflected it in a species of brutal sentimentalism.

Charles de Groux is a remarkable artist. Hendrik Leys had already painted poverty. Yet he did not see it in the reality, but only in old pictures. The wealthy and refined painter had a long way to go from his own princely mansion to the narrow alleys of old Antwerp where these modern dramas were played. Charles de Groux himself passed an indigent life in an out-of-

the-way quarter, always surrounded by the pallid and famished faces of the poor. A deep compassion led him to the world of the miserable and heavy-laden. He transferred to them the melancholy from which he suffered himself, lived their life with them, and his heart bled when he saw them suffer. Artist and man were identical with each other in him. He became the painter of the unfortunate because he was himself a poor, unfortunate, and hard-featured man ; it was through the same necessity of nature by which handsome and fortunate artists have been the poets of laughter and grace in every age. He mingles with his painting neither sarcasm nor complaints, but simply paints the reality as he feels it, with his whole heart, though without dogmatising or preaching as a social democrat. The strife between labour and capital does not affect him ; he does not trouble himself about the relation between workmen and employers ; he never utters the war-cry of the popular tribune, like Eugène de Block. In a real and earnest spirit he introduced the democracy into art, and gave it that baptismal certificate which it received in France through Courbet. In other respects he does not resemble the Frenchman. Courbet was a robust painter with a broad *bravura*, an artist who harmonised everything in the brown tones of the Bolognese. De Groux seems meagre and tortured beside him ; shrill tones break through the sooty harmony of his pictures. Courbet regarded humanity with a broad and healthy Rabelaisian laugh, whereas poor De Groux, who suffered himself and was weak and sickly, has always introduced into his dramas the profound sentiment of death. In Courbet there are healthy human beings standing out in all their rusticity, while in De Groux there are spare figures with hollow cheeks and weak lungs, consumptive beings who in their very birth have already fallen the victims of mortality. This preference for



DE GROUX. ROB NEITHER MAN NOR BEAST OF LIBERTY.

DE GROUX. HIS LAST WORK.

disease, unsightliness, and human decay gives a terrible uniformity to the works of De Groux. His pictures are disconsolate and cheerless. The leaden gloom of rainy weather, the melancholy of low houses with their roofs buried under dirty snow, and the heavy atmosphere of sad autumnal days are what he most loves. In his pictures one does not see the spring, nor song-birds, nor sportive butterflies; scarcely does a strip of green enliven the sooty uniformity of his colouring, which is as gloomy as the life of the poor. Mournful reality reigns over everything in his work. It is like a hospital filled with sick people, preordained in their cradles to a famished and shivering existence. As mercilessly as a surgeon operating upon a diseased limb has De Groux drawn his art from the hospital, and it is often brutal where he touches the deepest sores of modern civilisation. His ideal never goes beyond the threshold of cellars and attics. There are in his pictures nothing but poor, broken furniture, stitched rags, and pale faces, on which famine and toil have early left their mark. He paints the sorrows and the wretchedness of the artisan, the utter degeneration of men in need of light and air, with a terrible sincerity known to none before him. Even Tassaert, the Béranger of the garret, only depicted little grisettes destroying themselves by the fumes of charcoal with a pallid smile upon their lips. He never displayed the barren nudity of the attic where old men die of starvation beneath their filthy bedclothes. A thoroughly

DE BRAEKELEER. THE KITCHEN GARDEN (ETCHING).

French grace softened the mournfulness of his works. De Groux went to the bitter end ; he painted *l'assommoir* before it was made a subject for fiction : the drunkard reeling heavily to his house, ruined men lingering over the brandy glass in grimy taverns, and, as a lugubrious reverse to the picture, shivering children crouching cold and hungry in a fireless room, pale women who have cried their eyes out sewing in the dingy light penetrating through dirty windows, and broken old cradles where little children are lying dead. Even where he touches a softer note he recognises only the regularity of toil or the bitter distress of life : poor women in the dusk of a gloomy afternoon darning the torn clothes of their husbands or their children, beggars who stand shivering at the street corner, the half-frozen poor passing with a faint heart by the brazier of a man selling coffee, vagabonds drawing a brandy-flask from their pockets at the street corner, little children slinking pale and bare-footed over the rough stones, mothers praying for a dying baby. De Groux knew what a close bond unites the outcasts of society with religion, and therefore he sometimes represented—and it is the only variation in his work—the priest at the altar amid the smoke of the candles, or upon the high-road bear-

ing the last consolation to the dying. He painted the poor as if he had lived amongst them himself and shared their want, their renunciation, and their superstition ; and the priest and religious worship he painted like a man of the humble class who himself believed in them.

Charles de Groux left no school behind him, but the principle of his art survived. A heightened feeling for reality came into the Belgian school with him, and determined its further development. Painters looked no longer backwards but around them, as did their great predecessors in the seventeenth century. And by painting the men who lived about them, as these older masters had done, they revelled once more in the warm juicy colour which was characteristic of Flemish painting in the days of Jordaens.

Henri de Braekeleer, nephew of Leys and son of Ferdinand de Braekeleer, whose *genre* pictures had such a great reputation sixty years ago, became the Belgian Pieter de Hoogh of the nineteenth century. To some extent he closed the tradition of Leys, and clothed his efforts with a rational and definite formula. Leys, who did not stand independent of the old masters, painted the people of Antwerp who lived in their time ; Henri de Braekeleer painted those whom he saw himself. Like all towns which have a past, Antwerp falls into two sharply divided districts. One of these is formed by the new town, with its straight and broad streets and stone mansions, through the high windows of which a clear grey light falls upon fine and comfortable apartments; the other is formed by the old quarter of the town, with its dingy little houses, its picturesque courts, its tortuous alleys illuminated only by a scanty strip of grey sky, and its old Flemish population, who live now exactly as their forefathers did two hundred years ago. A painter, brought

BAUGNIET. PORTRAIT OF J. B. DE JONGHE.

up in the school of Leys, and, like him, paying honour to the old Dutch colourists, would necessarily feel himself drawn towards these old nooks, with beams of light stealing into sequestered chambers through little windows and playing upon brightly polished pewter and copper vessels. Here it was still possible to revel in the Dutch clare-obscure, and that was what De Braekeleer did. He did not paint the noisy life of the streets of Antwerp, the heavy tread of the horses dragging loaded waggons over the rough paved roads, nor the smoke and steam of chimney-stacks and manufactories. But he painted the quiet and loneliness of a sleeping town, the red roofs of little houses bathed dreamily in the dull light of the sky, little courts where old people sat and sunned themselves upon a bench. He painted men who were vegetating—men whose life flowed by with a somnolent monotony, or men in the regular business of their calling: cordwainers, tailors, and shoemakers, old men reading or geographers bending over their maps, meagre gardens with sooty flowers, and dim interiors with little leaded windows. He is himself described as a quiet, dreamy man, and he felt himself as much at home amid these quiet people and quiet houses as Groux did amongst the poor. In the matter of technique he soon deserted the old German style of Leys, approaching all the nearer to Van der Meer of Delft and Pieter de Hoogh. De Hoogh gave him the warm red general tone; in that painter he saw the sunbeams glancing sportively over table-covers, boards, chests, and copper vessels, the light which from a brighter opening at the side penetrates a dark ante-chamber like a golden column of dust. From De Hoogh he learnt to seize boldly many charming problems of light, solving them with the refinement of an old Dutch master.

After Charles de Groux had painted the poor and Henri de Braekeleer the people of Antwerp, *Constantin Meunier* went into the forges and represented great virile bodies, naked to the waist, in heroic attitudes. In 1880 he settled in the Borinage district, the black-country near Mons. There, amid the smoke of factory chimneys and the grime of pit villages, he found his true vocation. From his studio he had an outlook over a wide, black country, like a huge, solitary block of coal—a terrible battle-field for industry. All the air is darkened with smoke; the plain is covered with chimneys, high as obelisks, and long rows of lofty buildings of red, monotonous brick stand there like busy beehives. Glowing blast furnaces flare through the fog—those iron-foundries where the machinery of the empire is made, rollers and fly-wheels, the pillars of bridges and the axles of steam-engines. Workmen—a species of peaceable giants—are busy at the steam-hammer with red glowing shafts. To depict the life-story of these men—the miners, factory hands, and pit workers—became from that time onwards the end and aim of his existence. Whether as a sculptor, applying the gloomy naturalism of Zola's *Germinal* to plastic art, or as a painter, he is equally convincing and austere, a little brutal indeed, but sincere and simple. His landscapes reek of coal and iron,

FOURMOIS. GUTENFELS.

and his pit-men are terrible, sooty figures, bearing the stamp of great truthfulness, whether they stare into the fire of the blast furnace with a dull gaze or rest brooding gloomily, tired out with their work. Through him Belgium has become the land of workmen, the country of factories and coal mines, the homeland of modern pictures of toil. At times, too, he exhibits scenes of martyrdom which are Belgian counterparts to those painted in France by Ribot under the influence of the Spanish naturalists. In place of the boudoir saints of the earlier generation, one sees nude figures which have been marvellously painted, half-mouldered corpses with sanguinary wounds.

On account of this attempt to place religious painting upon a realistic basis, *Charles Verlat* ought not to be passed over. During a residence in Palestine he had prepared numerous figure and landscape studies, which he put together in religious pictures after his return. The result was a trivial though massive realism, as it is in most of the biblical Eastern painters; but in Verlat it has the more crude effect, as he had no eye for landscape whatever. Everything is petrified, the persons, the air, and the light. He did nothing for the progress of religious painting, but his primitive realism was so far stimulating that it enabled him to put an end to conventional sacred painting in Belgium; and by a fresher study of nature he attached himself to the general movement. By his Eastern pictures, as well as his landscapes and animals, many a younger artist had his eyes opened to the life of nature.

Louis Dubois is, perhaps, the most exuberant in power of all this group influenced by Courbet. His first broad and juicily painted portraits recall old Pourbus. Later he turned, with the large *bravura* and oily red-brown method of painting characteristic of Courbet, to the figure-picture, still-life, and landscape. When he painted nude women they were exuberant in health and strength. He delighted in fat shoulders and sinewy necks, the gleam of the skin under lamplight, the coats of roes and hares, the iridescent glitter of carp and cod; in fact, he was a robust workman like Gustave Courbet, and clasped matter in all its unctuous and luxuriant health with a voluptuous satisfaction.

Equally full-blooded, *Jan Stobbaerts* painted artisan pictures, landscapes, and still-life in dark-brown studio tones, and with brutal force. He peculiarly sought out subjects of a repellent triviality: cowhouses in warm yellow-greenish light alternate with dark and dirty interiors, kitchens where decaying vegetables are strewn about, barbers' rooms where old men are being shaved. Jan Stobbaerts, in fact, is an unwieldy Flemish bear, robust, of a healthy human understanding and of colossal hideousness.

At the time when he began to paint in Antwerp an artist made his appearance in Brussels who was not quite so exuberant in power, but also had a virile and energetic talent—*Leopold Speekaert*. His first picture, in 1860, was a nymph taken by surprise, a healthy piece of naked flesh, painted with that broad and robust technique by which Courbet's nude women impressed the Belgians. After that he also turned to the painting of the poor, depicting

beggars, drunkards, women of the people—pictures from which later generations will receive a terrifying representation of Brussels in the sixties.

Alfred Stevens, who also began with beggarwomen and vagabonds, introduced a certain nervous restlessness—even if it was not profound—into Flemish healthiness. Women, seas and flowers, silk and satin, everything rich in *nuances* and rendering delicate reflections possible, busied his dexterous brush. His pictures are at once refined and solid, graceful and strong, healthy and yet full of nervous vibration, Flemish and Parisian. It almost seems, indeed, as though they were too Flemish to count as true representations of the *Parisienne*. Stevens, when sixty-eight years of age, looked like the retired colonel of a cavalry regiment. Even the rude blows of fate failed to bow his broad-shouldered and gigantic frame with its massive back and great muscular hands. And these muscular hands have given something of their own strength to the tender lines of *Parisiennes*, and made such beings healthier and more full-blooded than they really are. The heaviness of Jordaens lies in his blood. Like all these Flemish artists, he is a painter of still-life. His pretty women, whether bathing or looking at bouquets, Japanese masks and statuettes, in an attitude which permits the spectator to study their rich toilettes and their tasteful household surroundings, seem themselves like puppets set amid these knick-knacks. The capacity for grasping the atmosphere of life in its quivering movement, the poetry of what is psychical, is lacking in his art.

The successes of Stevens led De Jonghe, Baugniet, and the brothers Verhas into the same course. Beneath the hands of *De Jonghe* the *Parisienne* becomes a tender, languishing being, stretching at full length upon a soft velvet sofa. He, too, knows nothing of passion and spiritual life. All the interest lies in the coquetry of the toilette, which, however, is always confined within the limits of conventional decency. All De Jonghe's women look as innocent as if they had just left a boarding-school. They sit over their work-basket or have a novel resting upon their knees. A slight fit of sulks or an impatient expectancy is the only thing that now and then disturbs their placid serenity. *Baugniet* and the brothers *Jan* and *Frans Verhas* opened the gate upon the world of childhood in painting their women, and thus the part played by women became different. The modern Eve of Stevens and the beautiful, indifferent being of De Jonghe were transformed into quiet and happy mothers, blissfully watching the little one playing upon their lap. Frans and Jan Verhas have painted a whole series of such family scenes, in which the fresh ring of children's voices may be heard. They are the first Belgians who have seized the grace of well-bred children with a fine comprehension. A mixture of English graciousness and Parisian refinement underlies their pictures.

Charles Hermans brought art into the streets. His great picture of 1875, "In the Dawn," was certainly by no means a delicate work, and it has an old-fashioned look in the Musée Moderne of Brussels. A profligate is reeling from a fashionable restaurant with his hat on the back of his head and a smart-looking girl upon each arm, whilst workpeople, who are just setting

BOULENGER. MORNING, NEAR TERVUEREN.

forth to their day's toil, are passing down the street. There was a trace of Hogarth in this forced opposition between vice and virtue, pleasure and duty, luxury and poverty. There was a far-fetched, vulgar antithesis, suggestive of *genre*, in this division of the picture into two groups: on the one side creatures of pleasure, a *frou-frou* of silken clothes and a loud tipsy cry; upon the other, artisans, earnest and melancholy, with the resigned mien of martyrs. For the painter himself the above work was his only lucky hit. Even his "Conscripts" of 1878 and the "Masked Ball" of 1880 did not achieve anything like the same success, and later he only painted smaller pictures of women in the style of Alfred Stevens, which are not far removed from the same sort of thing now produced in Paris. Nevertheless Hermans' "In the Dawn" gives a date in the history of Belgian painting. It was in Belgium the first modern picture with life-size figures, the first representation of a street scene upon the scale of an historical picture, and it communicated to the Belgians the principles of Manet's view of colour.

All those elder painters who gathered round Dubois and Braekeleer were rich, oily, and Flemish, or else quiet, phlegmatic, and Dutch. They all loved sauce, the dark-brown backgrounds, the brown flesh-tint and red shadows. In the history of Belgian painting they occupy a position similar to that of Courbet and Ribot in French. When Hermans exhibited his picture in the middle of the seventies, Belgian art issued from this Courbet phase, and, like

the French, sacrificed warm, bituminous tones to a painting which set the exact study of tone-values in the first place. And here also the revolution was begun by the landscape painters. By their unbroken intercourse with nature they were the first to notice how little this unctuous fashion of painting after the manner of Courbet was really adapted for grasping the bloom and tenderness of the physical world.

The gradual development of this landscape painting, in which Belgian art so far shows its chief power, dates from 1830. At that time Ruysdael had been first discovered. Artists were in a melancholy frame of mind, and produced a mass of waterfalls and rocks, and Alpine views and cascades, the elegiac mournfulness of which belonged to the past as much as did their bad colouring. *Van Assche*, *Verstappen*, and *Marneffe* had a preference for the "sublime"—that is to say, for the exact opposite of the simple districts which they saw around them. Frequent journeys to Italy had created in them a sickly enthusiasm for large, imposing lines. It was only after the forties that painters made a gradual return to Belgium, and no longer toiled to seek at a distance after materials for the preparation of artificially composed stage-scenes. Landscape then became as accurate a rendering as was possible of the woods and waters of their native land, though it needed yet another generation to reach the simplicity and refinement of modern feeling for nature. The panoramic prospects from the Ardennes of *De Jonghe*, the ruins of *Lauters*, and the lakes and fjords of *Jacob-Jacobs* form a parallel to that arid painting of views from mountain districts which was carried on in Germany by Kameke, old Count Kalkreuth, and others.

Kindermans, who made his first appearance in the Salon of 1854, indicated an advance beyond this prosaic or falsely tempered sobriety. He painted wide green meadows with an elevated horizon, isolated groups of trees, windmills, and peasants' hovels. As yet he did not love nature in all her revelations, but only when the season was beautiful and gave an opportunity for artistic compositions. Nevertheless he forgot the town and the studio, lived amid the Walloon hills, heard the leaves rustle and the wind sigh, and was filled with the consciousness of nature. A moist air began to blow through landscapes, and announced, although diffidently, the progress which was made by the next generation.

Fourmois, who laboured at the same time, painted, like Hobbema, large and fine groups of trees, behind which a windmill or a peasant's cottage may be seen emerging, and little footpaths leading to the skirts of a forest. He stood upon the shoulders of the old Dutchman, had no delicate eye for the subtleties of atmosphere, never yielded to dreaminess, and yet he was a good worker and a forcible painter.

For his representations of Belgian flat landscape *Edmond de Schampheleer* became well known. Having lived a long time in Munich during the fifties, he enjoyed a special fame in Germany also. From 1856 the chief elements of his pictures, which have been felt in a fresh and healthy if also in an un-

CLAYS. ON THE SCHELDE.

interesting manner, are meadows covered with luxuriant grass, or fields overgrown with waving grain; straight canals, where the water is smooth and quiet like a mirror, or still streams bounded by low banks and ruffled by the wind that brings the rain; alleys of willow, isolated strips of wood, windmills, church spires, or the chimneys of manufactories here and there rise above these plains, the broad pastures are animated by majestic cattle grazing over them, and a dull sky, covered by grey rain-clouds, lowers over all. *Roelofs*, a Dutchman living in Brussels, made an attentive study of the play of light upon the lush Flemish meadows. *Lamorinière* made an appearance with his tall tree-stems, carefully and smoothly painted. He had a pious veneration for nature, and believed that he could compass her most readily by a petty stippling, by means of which he painted every strip of bark with exactness—a process which certainly would not fail in its effect, if the forest really impressed upon the beholder that it was his first and most necessary duty to verify the number of trees which it possessed at the given moment, counting one there, and there another, and there a third. Artists were still diffident and timid in the presence of mighty nature; painting had a leaning towards what was petty, pretty, and pleasing, a strained poetry made up of artificially harmonised tones. *Alfred de Knyff*, trained in the school of Rousseau, Dupré, Paul Huet, and Cabat, seems to have first brought the genuine programme of the masters of Fontainebleau into Belgium, and, because he painted "green," the Belgian critics shook their heads over him in disapprobation, as the French critics had done over Rousseau. In the succeeding years, however, the conscientious landscape of the studio gave way, more and more, to the fresh picture from nature. The miracles of light and atmosphere became in Belgium likewise the landscape painter's chief object of study.

In the history of art *Hippolyte Boulenger* is to be honoured as the Belgian Corot. He also had served in the ranks, and been a painter of household decoration before he devoted himself to landscape. He lived in those days in an attic immediately below the roof ; every morning when he rose, and every evening when he returned home, he looked straight into the sky. He noted with curiosity the earliest rays of the sun which streamed into his room, and observed the last quivering of the evening light. In this way there were born in him thoughts and emotions to which he felt the need of giving pictorial expression. Being too poor, he was unable to go to the Academy, and was forced to content himself with selling, when he could, one of the copies of the old masters which he made in the Brussels Museum. But one Sunday morning the sunbeams glanced in his attic in a manner which was too enticing. He seized his canvas and his brush and went into the town, took the old coach-road fringed with great limes, and passed by the meadows, cultivated fields, and woodlands until he came to the field of Waterloo. In an old village inn behind the Bois de la Cambre he took lodgings, and from that moment he found his true calling. He began to study light, different as it is at every hour of the day, and shedding different *nuances* of colour upon the green of the leaves, the grey of the earth, and the blue of the sky—apparently capricious in its workings, yet obedient to a logical regularity of action. He sought to fathom the mystery of the eternal changes of light, to trace, as it were, the hourly course of the sunbeams. Millet, the mighty herald of the great Pan, was at that time his ideal. He, too, wished to paint man and the soil, and to devote himself, like Millet, to the worship of old Cybele. So he soon left the Bois de la Cambre, which was already becoming something too much of a park, and beginning to resemble the Bois de Boulogne ; first he went to Ruysbroeck, the Dachau of Brussels, and then to Anderghem, on the road to Tervueren. Tervueren was his last halting-place, and through him it has become the cradle of Belgian landscape painting. All the day long he roamed about in the wood, and sat of an evening with the peasants in the smoky tavern.

The Brussels Salon of 1863 contained his first picture, that of 1866 was the birthplace of his celebrity, and from 1866 to 1873 one masterpiece followed the other. Tervueren became his Barbizon. Here he busied himself, and was never weary of painting the silence of the wood, the clear light resting upon the rich meadows of Brabant, and the fine rain falling upon the thirsty cornfields. No one before him had shown so much power in painting the monotony of the heath, with the dull grey wintry clouds lowering above it ; no one had hearkened with more attention to the wind moaning its complaint amid the melancholy thickets of the forest. These pictures directly recall Millet, with their broad surfaces and the great and boldly simplified outline of the Flemish peasant standing out so gravely against the evening sky. But after no long time Boulenger's manner underwent a transformation, and when " The View of Bastière " appeared in the Brussels Salon of 1870, this Millet reeking of the earth had acquired the sentiment of Elysium like a Corot. A

rainbow softly spans the sky; a thin, drizzling rain comes dripping down, changed into fluid gold by the rays of the sun. Rosy as mystical flowers stand the clouds in the sky, and below they are reflected in the azure of the ocean. What was at first heavy, hard, and material became more and more delicate and refined. A golden bloom lies glittering in the latest pictures of Boulenger. Now he sought only the most judicious harmonies, only a veiled clarity of tones. He fluttered more boldly around the light, as if with a presentiment that he would soon see it no more. And he was but seven-and-thirty when he died in Brussels in the July of 1874. His death was a terrible blow to Belgian painting. But, short as his life was, he left behind him traces not to be forgotten. Not "the school of Tervueren" alone, that forcible *École en plein vent*, but all the newest art in Belgium may be traced to him though his life's work was so soon ended. The Flemish heaviness, the intelligent practice of the studio, made way for a delicate system of observation, calculated to meet particular cases, a system which endeavoured to note with fine exactness the impressions made by the season and the hour.

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WAUTERS. LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GOFFINET.

At the suggestion of Boulenger, a circle of artists was formed in 1868, the Société Libre des Beaux-Arts, which gradually came to include all the young Belgians of talent. The most notable French and Dutch artists—Corot, Millet, Daumier, Courbet, Daubigny, Alfred Stevens, Bonvin, Willem Maris, and others—accepted honorary membership. In 1870 the first exhibition of the society was arranged; in 1871 was founded the journal *Art Libre*, in which the young painters themselves defended their ideas with the pen: they wanted to paint nature as they saw it, with all possible renunciation of arrangement and forced system. They wanted to study the relations of tone-values, and to look rather to the rightness than to the brilliancy of colour. Manet and the Fontainebleau masters had shown the way which Belgian painting had to

follow. And before long the doors of museums and private galleries were thrown open to admit their works, as a short time before they had been opened to the Parisian *Independants*.

Of them all *Théodore Baron* was best fitted to replace Boulenger, who had died so young. He introduced a grave and sombre note into Belgian landscape. His woodlands dream beneath a heavy and rainy sky, withered autumn leaves whirl around, frost and rime cover the ground. The localities themselves are usually very simple : a strip of heath, a patch of field, a straight road, a boulder of cliff beneath a sad sky ; no more than these are needed to create an impression of great loneliness, an earnest and austere phase of thought. For Baron there was no mild lisping breeze, no fresh budding spring and brooding summer. Cold winter, the melancholy of gloomy November days, and the earth in widow's weeds were what most attracted him. He discovered such moods of nature in the Ardennes. The heath of Coudroy, the steep banks of the Meuse, little mountain villages upon parched moorland, he likewise took delight in painting. But most of all he loved the Walloon soil—not its wide plains and far horizons, but its deep valleys and the gnarled lines of isolated trees, rising ghostlike from a lonely heath. As Boulenger might be compared with Corot, Baron might be compared with Rousseau. His method is broad, solid, robust, and sound. He has none of the fragrant grace of Boulenger ; he does not seek after tender moods of light, but, like Rousseau, loves cold day, builds up his landscape in a geological fashion, and would give a sense of the structure and stratification of the earth ; and finally, he went aground upon the same reef on which Rousseau foundered. He went into particularities more and more. He wished to render everything plastically in its full bodily shape, the levels of the earth as well as the clouds and the leaves. And thus his pictures acquired the appearance of something laboured and built up. In his effort to catch the common tone of day with all possible fidelity he fell into a hard and cold grey. Like Rousseau, Baron was, in truth, a spirit ever searching and never contented. His art is the very opposite to what is facile, spirited, and ready in improvisation. It has something heavy, severe, and tough, a Flemish honesty and a rich odour of the earth.

Jacques Rosseels, who had great influence as a teacher, worked upon the same principles, although a brighter and paler light is diffused over the sky of his landscapes. His art is freer and more cheerful, his colouring softer and more flattering. The red roofs, green meadows, and rich yellow Flemish cornfields have a blither note. Great plains, with little villages and clattering windmills, were also favourite subjects for his brush ; and his works would have yet a more cordial effect had he not, like his predecessors of the seventeenth century, had such a love for such large canvases.

To Boulenger, the Belgian Corot, and Baron, the Belgian Rousseau, *Joseph Heymans* must be added as the Belgian Millet. His first appearance was likewise made in the year 1860. His field of observation is the whole Flemish

land. Besides the sandy dunes and broad cultivated fields, he painted the forests, meadows, and slumbering pools, the heath, the long straight avenues, horizons stretching into boundless space, and tiny footpaths leading through idyllic woodlands. He loves light, though he also paints dark thunderclouds, dusk spread over the fields, and night wrapping everything in its mystic veil. And with him nature is ever the seat of human toil. Like Millet, he places in his landscapes the rustic moving behind his plough, weeding, mowing or striding across the field scattering seed with a grandeur of movement; the day labourer trudging heavily to his work in the early morning; the shepherd in his blue cloak standing motionless beside his grazing flocks. Like Millet, too, he has a fine feeling for quiet, rhythmical movement. The ploughman, the shepherd, the sower have in his pictures also something gravely sacerdotal in their large gestures. The silence of the heath in the heart of the night, with the great figure of the shepherd leaning on his staff and the white sheep melting into the darkness, he has rendered entirely in Millet's spirit. It is only the softness and the aerial appearance of Millet's pastels that he has not reached. His solid, pasty handling deprived objects of lightness; water, as he paints it, looks almost like ice, and his leaves hang motionless upon the boughs. In the presence of his pictures one receives the notion of a region where no wind can ever blow and no bird dwell. His sincere and serious art was unable to arrest the tremor of life, the heart-beat of nature.

Contemporaneously with Boulenger, *Coosemans* and *Asselbergs* settled in the forest of Tervueren, whence they often turned their gaze towards Fontainebleau. *Jules Goethals*, who appeared somewhat later, in 1866, with his phases of rainy weather, inclines rather to the minute painting of De la Berge; he regarded landscape with the eyes of a primitive artist, seeking to render trees, fields, and blades of grass in all their details.

As in Fontainebleau, animal painting came to flourish hand-in-hand with landscape, though, until 1860, it too had stood upon a very modest level. The respectable and inexhaustible *Verboeckhoven* at that time enjoyed especial celebrity, although his animals had only a distant resemblance to those of real life. They were always in an elegiac frame of mind, and seemed, in their melancholy, like fallen angels, to have remembrance of a better and more human condition, and still to preserve, even as animals, a decent behaviour and cleanliness. His little lambs were always as pretty as an "agnus Dei" and beneath their broad foreheads his oxen revolved profound philosophical ideas. Thin little trees and white little clouds he loved like his predecessor *Ommeganck*, and like him, too, he was long the favourite of all collectors who value mathematical conscientiousness of drawing and smoothness of execution. His pupils *Louis Robbe* and *Charles Tschaggeny* devoted themselves also to painting sheep, and in Belgian painting occupy the place held by Brascassat in France. Landscapes were filled up with animals, or else animal pictures were provided with an arbitrary background of landscape. But animals and landscapes were never united in any complete representation of

natural life. It was only after a new way of studying of nature had been rendered possible by the landscape painters of the Tervueren school that animal painters adopted a fresh method. *Alfred Verwee,* who first distinguished himself with his "Oxen Grazing" of 1863, stands to the followers of Ommeganck as Troyon to those of Brascassat. He is the specialist of rich Flemish meadows, upon which well-nourished, powerful animals are grazing, and over which there arches a soft and misty sky. All his pictures are treated with a heavy and pasty handling, and the air and clouds are usually of a dull and mournful grey. His works are wanting in lightness and transparency, but they have an inborn strength. His oxen seem quite at home in the luxuriant meadows where they sink deep in the high ripe grass; and in their dull, brooding ponderousness they aim at being no more than animals, whether they lie chewing the cud upon the meadows or clumsily tread the ground beneath the yoke. Amongst his pupils *Parmentier, Lambrichs, De Greef, Frans van Leemputten,* and *Léon Massaux* became known. *Marie Collaert,* the Flemish Rosa Bonheur, and from 1866 the muse of Belgian landscape, has a position by herself with her intimate pictures of country life, works in which a masculine and powerful handling is united with discreet and tender feminine sentiment. In Verwee there may be found yokes of oxen at their labour, the odour of fertile earth streaming from the broken soil, and grey clouds heavily shifting across the firmament; in Marie Collaert quiet nooks beneath a clear sky, green stretches of grass, where the cows are at pasture in idyllic peace. In the one there is the battle with the soil, and in the other the cheery freshness of country life.

The painting of the sea began with *Paul Jean Clays*—in external matters, at least—to enter upon the stage of intimate art. He broke with the tradition of depicting great storms (the golden age of which coincided with the raptures of the historical picture), and painted quiet expanses of water, the regular movement of the tide, the normal condition of the sea. Whereas the earlier generation loved what was exaggerated and tempestuous, Clays sought—though in later years he may have done so very artificially and by routine—to grasp the simple, mysterious poetry of the peaceful sea, and to render with faithfulness the tones of the waves, just as the landscape painters, when they had once overcome the temptation to rhetorical exaggeration, searched out still and quiet corners, which receive their "mood" from the atmosphere alone. The magical charm of morning, the golden brilliancy of the evening twilight, the infinite variety of tones which light produces upon the waves, became the ideal of sea-painters after Clays.

A. Bouvier, over whose pictures there hovers, as a rule, a monotonous grey, took more delight in the splashing of the waves and rainy sky than in the glittering and sparkling repose of the sea. In *Leemans* there is still a certain echo of Romanticism and a weak reminiscence of the moonlight nights of Van der Neer. In recent exhibitions *A. Baertsoen* has attracted notice by seas of impressive breadth and a grave and sombre character. *Louis Artan,*

LEEMPUTTEN

ON THE HEATH

who made his appearance in 1866 with "Dunes upon the Shores of the North Sea," was probably the most refined and subtle colourist amongst the Belgian sea painters. Like Clays, he scarcely leaves the shore, or, at any rate, does not forget, when he goes upon the high sea, to render the faint line of the dunes fringing the far horizon. His colouring is very delicate: he seeks pale, blended tones, light blue, soft green, pallid rose-colour. His pictures have something tender and caressing. Like Boulenger, as a landscape painter he is more sensitive to the fleeting tender play of light than is commonly the case with Belgian painters. Both had in their veins a mixture of Flemish and French blood, and it gives their paintings a peculiar physiognomy, an attractive mingling of strength and grace, of Flemish heaviness and French ease.

For even now, when Belgian painting has got beyond the Courbet phase, there is no doubt that a certain earthy ponderousness and an unctuous compactness, the very opposite of Impressionism, still remain, despite the acceptance of bright tone. There are in Belgium at present many, indeed very many, good painters; and Belgian art is a conscientious and honest art. Wherever it appears it makes a striking effect by its soundness, its robust strength, and its animal warmth. But its essential importance lies in a rather external and workmanlike *bravura*. To use colour as the expression of a subtle emotion, to pursue the study of light to its most refined results, is not the business of the Belgian artists. Their painting is rich and broad, and they work without effort, but they have few surprises. Blamelessly good as are their productions, their scenes from popular life, portraits, landscapes, and still-life, they seldom give occasion for discussion in reference to their position in the history of art.

J. de la Hoese, *Meerts*, and *Ravet* represented the street-life of Brussels. *Josse Impens*, faithful to old Flemish habits, entered the workshops of tailors and shoemakers. In Paris *Jan van Beers* paints matters which verge on the indecorous. At first his pungent and adroitly painted pictures are seductive and piquant, and then one sees their intention and is put out of humour. *Alfred Hubert* handles military scenes and scenes from society, and *Hoeteriks* the picturesque thronging of great masses of people. *Xavier Mellery* discovered much that is pretty in interiors upon the island of Marken. At first a pupil of Gérôme and Bouguereau, *Carl Nys*, in such pictures as "The Orphans," "The Lady with the Parasol," "The Lady with the Monkey," followed the path prescribed by Alfred Stevens. In his triptych, "A Day from the Life of Chalk-Sellers," *Léon Frédéric* appeared as a representative of the painting of the poor, which amongst Belgians at that time frequently assumed the character of art with a revolutionary purpose. And *Felix Ter Linden* was probably more than the rest a pupil of the French, and rose above the heavy grey painting of the others, as a genuine Impressionist and refined *charmeur*, by a rapid and animated treatment, and a touch of improvisation and subtlety.

Henri Evenepoel too, cut off so young, in the flower of his genius, allowed

the style of Manet to influence him considerably. To start at the beginning—Henri Evenepoel was born in Nizza in 1872, and died in Paris in 1900, at the early age of 28. His portrait of himself, now in the Brussels Museum, shows him a tall, loose-limbed, fair young man dressed in a light red tennis suit, and standing on the lawn. This tall young stripling produced in the short span allotted to him by fate a whole number of works that come within easy reach of Manet; not Manet the Impressionist, but Manet as he was previous to 1870, at the time when he studied Velasquez. Evenepoel has just the same indescribable light-blue, the same white, the same silvery brown grey, the same soft deep red. His "Spaniard before the Moulin-rouge," now in the Ghent Museum, was one of the never-to-be-forgotten pictures in the Paris Exhibition of 1900; and since then we have learnt what other legacies he left behind him.

Whether Evenepoel paints portraits, still-life, scenes from café concerts, or little rooms with sofas covered with gay draperies, he shows himself in all of them an artist who feels with the gusto of an epicure the sensuous delights of painting, the inexpressible, spiritual charm that therein lies, beautiful soft colours interwoven in mingling and melting harmonies. He is to be honoured as one of the greatest painters of our time, in the specific meaning of the word. But this is merely an exception to the general rule. Flemish—the very word exactly describes the character of Flemish painting to-day, painting in which a healthy straightforwardness of treatment is united with robust strength.

Émile Wauters, for example, a thoroughly characteristic Flemish painter, is to be highly respected on all points, although it is impossible to feel enthusiasm for him. He was barely thirty when he received the medal of honour at the Paris World Exhibition of 1878 for a couple of historical pictures from the life of Mary of Burgundy and of Hugo van der Goes. The admirers of historical painting at that time believed that they had found in him the Messiah of a grand art resuscitated, one who would continue the old traditions of Wappers and Gallait. His works were, as a matter of fact, good historical pictures, very judiciously composed, and containing characters developed in a convincing fashion. Moreover, Wauters was entirely free from the washed-out and hollow exaggeration of the ideal of beauty favoured by the older school, and he rendered with simplicity the portraits of living men who seemed to him to have a resemblance to heroes of the episodes he wished to represent. The monk endeavouring to soothe poor Hugo van der Goes by music is an exceedingly vivid likeness, while the children, choristers, and singers are painted very naturally and well, and altogether to the purpose. Even the mad painter is not posing. Wauters has thoroughly studied the symptoms of madness in an insane person, and at the same time he has tactfully observed the distinction between painting and medical analysis. Even now the picture has a forcible effect in the Brussels Museum, and after the lapse of twenty years there are not many historical works which will bear scrutiny.

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THE MADNESS OF HUGO VAN DER GOES.

His Eastern pictures are equally good and judicious. Having set out in 1870 to witness the opening of the Suez Canal, he visited Alexandria, Port Said, Ismailia, and Cairo ; and he repeated this Egyptian journey in 1880, accompanying the Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria, while in connection with it he executed various North African scenes, in which he noted the kaleidoscopic medley of colour of Oriental towns, the vibrating life of the streets of Cairo and Boulac, with the conscientiousness of an ethnographical student. One takes him at his word when he puts upon canvas a strip of African ground in large dimensions in his panorama " Cairo and the Banks of the Nile." Nor does one doubt that his portraits, which in recent years achieved for him his greatest successes, are uncommonly like their originals : Madame Somzée in dark blue silk dress, standing in a fashionable room with dark decorations ; young M. Cosmé Somzée, also dressed in blue, and riding on his pony through the dunes ; and Lieutenant-General Goffinet, a portrait which won the gold medal at the Munich Exhibition of 1890. Émile Wauters rises above the vigorous group of Belgian portrait painters, *Liévin de Winne*, *Agneesens*, *Lambrichs*, *De Gonckel*, *Nisen*, and others, as the most natural and energetic. All his portraits are powerful in characterisation, colour, and exposition ; they have been seen in an unusually impressive manner, and placed before the spectator in a broad, manly, and full-blooded style of painting. Wauters knew all that was to be known, and in his judicious loyalty he is one of the soundest painters of the present time. Only temperament and warmth of feeling are not to be sought for in his works. That is what distinguishes him from Lenbach, for instance, though in other respects he shares with the latter the oiliness of his pictures and their want of atmosphere. Lenbach allows the eyes alone to shine from a dark scale of tone artistically imitated from the old masters, and out of this he elaborates intellectual character. Wauters places his figures in all their massive corporeality against a light grey background. In the one there is a spiritual individuality, a momentary impression of quivering psychical life ; in the other a robust counterpart of nature, colour and canvas, phlegmatic constitution, and Flemish heaviness.

Verstraete may probably be reckoned the most refined of the Belgian landscape painters who have made an impression in the exhibitions of recent years. There were to be seen by him summer-pieces with bright green, luminous, and luxuriant stretches of grass, girlish figures dressed in bluish-white, and gaily blooming fruit-trees touched by the sunbeams. Also he paints night-pieces : peasant couples, who stand at evening by a hedge in the village. The sky sparkles with stars, and the magic of silent night reposes over this poetic idyll which has been felt in such a homely way. There is expressed in his works a creative faculty, joyous and spontaneous, sympathetic and replete with the freshness of youth. Potato harvests, with buxom girls, are painted by *Claus* in a fine and delicate grey which recalls Émile Barau. And *Frans Courtens* is specially at his ease with autumnal woods, when the leaves fall from the tree-tops, yellow, red, and grey, and a thin rain drips

through the open network of foliage. Or else he seats himself before the sombre and majestic sea in the evening, when the moon rises and touches the waves with glittering lines of silver. Both in the autumn pictures and in the seascapes the confusion of yellow and green colours is dazzling, and is only felt to be a little theatrical when one thinks how much more profoundly Jacob Maris would have penetrated into the same scenes. Like the Flemish landscapists of the seventeenth century, Courtens loves great spaces of canvas and great gold frames, but he likewise shares with them the qualities of a *bravura* painter, somewhat addicted to outward show. His pictures are more the result of technical refinement than of intimate emotion. He renders the materiality of forms, as also the phenomena of light, with astonishing sureness, and he has a large and strong-handed method of treatment, much local truth, brilliant colour, and great sincerity, but he never rids himself of a certain prosaic manner of conception, which is wanting in the deeper kind of intimate sympathy. His painting is solid, but unsuggestive prose rather than that lyric painting, so rich in feeling, which was peculiar to the French painter-poets. And in this, too, he proclaims himself a true son of his country.

Belgian naturalism is like a vigorous body fed upon solid nourishment ; but in this physical contentment the capacity for enthusiasm and tenderness of feeling has been to some extent lost. The pictures look as though they had been painted throughout, painted in oil, and painted in a peculiarly Belgian way. The painters rejoice in their fertile tracts of land, their fat herds, and the healthy smell of the cowhouse, yet about finer feelings they trouble themselves but little. Everywhere there predominates a firm and even technique, and but little particular intimacy and freshness. They have not yet come to paint the fine perfume of things, nor to render the softness of their tone-values ; they have no feeling for the light tremor of the atmosphere and the tender poetic dallying of light. Material heaviness and full-bloodedness are expressed in everything—the racial characteristics which Flemish painting possessed even in the seventeenth century.

But Belgian art is not always in perfect accord with this general tone of *fécondité* and vigorous health. On the contrary, Belgium has also produced some masters who, compared with their healthy, prosperous compatriots, seem to be of quite a different race. Take, for example, Félicien Rops.

" You have set in the heaven of art a beam from the kingdom of death. You have created a new shudder." It was thus that Victor Hugo wrote to Baudelaire when the latter published his *Fleurs du Mal,* and this *note macabre* was uttered in plastic art for the first time by a Belgian, *Félicien Rops.* It is venturesome to speak of Rops in a book intended for general reading, because his works are not of a character to be exhibited under a glass case in a cabinet of engravings. They are catalogued there under the heading *secreta,* like the famous " free " works of Giulio Romano, Marc Anton, and Annibale Carracci, like some of the works of Fragonard, Boucher, and Bau-

COURTENS. GOLDEN RAIN.

douin, like many of Rowlandson's and the majority of Japanese picture-books. However, the "Hermaphrodite" of the Vatican and the "Symplegma" of the Florentine Tribuna are also indecorous, though they cannot be struck out of the history of Grecian art.

FÉLICIEN ROPS. *Cassell & Co.*

Rops is one of the greatest etchers of the present age. That he is different from his Belgian fellow-countrymen is probably to be accounted for by the fact that he had in his veins no drop of purely Flemish blood. His ancestors were Magyars, and his grandfather migrated from Hungary to Belgium, where he married a Walloon; and Félicien was born in 1833 at Namur. After studying at the University in Brussels he lost his father, and was master of an inheritance of his own. But within a few years this fortune had slipped through his fingers. He was to be seen at one time in Norway, then in England or at Monte Carlo, then at the fashionable watering-places in his native country, where he had always a yacht ready for his own use. Having wasted his substance, he began to work, illustrated jokes for a small Brussels paper known as *The Crocodile*, founded the *Uylenspiegel* after the model of the Parisian *Charivari*, and instituted an International Etching Club; but these were all ventures which speedily perished. From sheer necessity he was forced to earn a livelihood by the illustration of novels. It was only when he went to Paris in 1875 that he found more extensive employment for his talents. According to the catalogue published by Ramiro, his etchings now comprise about six hundred plates, to which must be added over three hundred lithographs—works which in the matter of technique place him upon a level with the first masters in these delicate branches of art. Rops was not content with the ordinary methods of etching; he rejuvenated and widened them, and combined new expedients with the zeal of an alchemist. Each one of his plates may be at once recognised by the spirited emphasis of the drawing, the breadth of treatment, the solidity of the contours, and a curious union of grace and power. His style, which is always broad, nervous, and full of concentration, has also something measured, correct, and classic. Few men dash off a sketch with such an air of improvisation, and yet few have the same degree of capacity for bringing a plate to the utmost perfection. He is as sure and metallic in his drawing as Ingres, as scrupulously exact in detail as Meissonier, and as large and broad in movement as Millet.

Many of these Parisian works are also illustrations—for example, those executed for Lemerre's edition of *Les Diaboliques* of Barbey d'Aurévilly, *Le Vice Suprême* of Joseph Péladan, and so forth. But in later years, when he no longer needed to work for his living, the illustrator gave way to the creative artist.

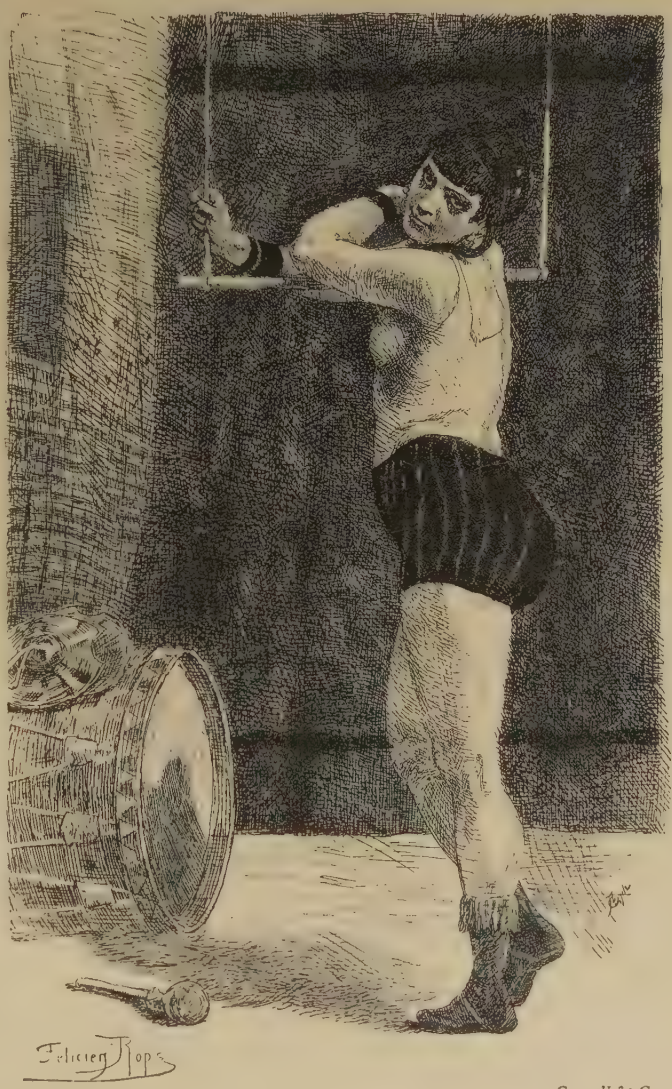
Baudelaire, in a poem called *Don Juan aux Enfers*, has treated the scene where the gates of hell close behind Don Juan, that artist in the pleasures of life, and a wild, heart-rending wail rises from the lips of countless women and strikes the ear of him who has had a contempt for woman and her sorrows. Rops shows the reverse of the medal. Woman is the mistress who alone rules over his world. She is to him what Venus was to the Greeks and the Madonna to the painters of the Renaissance. No one has drawn the feminine form with the same sureness, no one so attentively followed woman through all stages of development. His entire work is a song of songs upon the grace and delicacy and degeneration of the feminine body, as modern civilisation has made it. Yet in spite of the truth of gestures, the realism of his types, and of the modern costume, in spite of all his stockings, corsets, and lace petticoats, which do not deny their origin from the Moulin-rouge, there is at the same time something which transcends nature in Rops' figures of women. They are like supernatural beings, nymphs, dryads, bacchantes, strange goddesses of a contemporary mythology, whose secret saturnalia has been the discovery of the artist. There arise gilded altars, the flames of sacrifice flare upwards to the sky, and pilgrims draw near from all quarters of the world, laying their crowns at the feet of all-powerful Eros.

Woman is for Rops the demoniacal incarnation of pleasure, the daughter of darkness, the servant of the devil, the vampire who sucks the blood of the universe. "Prostitution as Mistress of the World"—a woman footed like a goat, standing upon the globe, naked to the hips, and contorting her wasted face with provocative laughter—might serve as the title-page to all his works. Here a nude girl sprawls upon the back of a sphinx, clasping the neck of the creature and imploring it to reveal to her the secret of new and unknown sensations with which she may goad the wearied nerves of men. There she has embraced a statue of Hermes, and contemplates it with a consuming, sensuous gaze. The luxuriant body of a woman is being transformed into a decaying horse, and before this carcase, covered by a swarm of flies, Satan stands grinning in secret enjoyment. Or Venus, as a skeleton in ball toilette, holding in one gloved and bony hand the train of her dress and in the other a fan, coquets with a man in evening clothes with his breast covered with orders, who bows before her in the most correct style, holding his head under his arm instead of an opera-hat. One of his finest pictures reveals the darkness of night. A sower with one foot upon Notre-Dame and the other upon the Sorbonne stands high above sleeping Paris, his huge outline standing in relief against the sky. Upon his arm he holds a large leather apron filled with crawling women larva, and with a majestic movement scatters the seed of

the Evil One over the silent city. By the end of his beard and the form of his hat he resembles a Quaker : that which he sows is the wedding gift which the New World has brought the Old.

In the fashion in which he treats such subjects Rops stands in the history of art without a predecessor. The men of old time since Solomon, Aristophanes, Catullus, Ovid, and Martial did not hold aloof in any prudish way from erotic themes. But Giulio Romano and Annibale Carracci are merely lascivious, and Fragonard and Baudouin toy with such subjects in a frivolous manner. The obscenities of Rubens and Rembrandt are inherently coarse, and the horribly sensuous inventions of the Japanese are hysterical and distorted. But new and lofty tones echo through the work of Rops. Many of his plates are like epics at once religious and mystical. His dance of death of the body is, as it were, the last form that the old dances of death, those venerable Catholic legends, assume in the hands of a modern artist. Baudelaire, Barbey d'Aurévilly, and Edgar Allan Poe alone have found notes like these for the secret omnipotence of pleasure.

Rops, as an etcher, cannot be said to belong to the Belgian school, and similarly there are one or two painters who stand outside the borders of Belgian art. Over



Cassell & Co.

ROPS. THE WOMAN WITH A TRAPEZE.

against those who paint life just as it is with all its clangour and din stand a few others, who, in a rather dilettante way, take up their position, not in the present but in the artistic past of their country. Standing before the vigorous works of Pieter Brueghel in the Brussels Museum, one cannot help being strangely impressed by this old master, who, in his powerful, stylistic pictures, approaches so closely the decorative efforts of our own time. *Eugène Laermans* especially has most zealously studied these paintings. Whether he paints drunken men staggering along a lonely country road, or a blind man, led by a little girl, groping his way across a bridge, he has the vigorous outline that Brueghel gives his figures, as well as the simplicity of the colours set one beside another in broad masses. Moreover, the pictures of the old masters have for us an impenetrable, mysterious witchery. Look at a head of a woman by Leonardo or Crivelli, Borgognone or Memlinc, does it not seem as if these figures are not really dead at all, as if they still possess a preternatural kind of existence, as if there were something in their hearts still to confess, as if their mute lips would fain whisper to us the secrets that they hold. In France and England Moreau and Rossetti have felt deeply this preternatural power of existence possessed by the beings created by the old masters. In Belgium *Fernand Khnopff*, travelling on parallel lines with Maeterlinck, has in a similar manner lain in wait for these ghosts of the past. The secrets they whisper to him are not always profound. His creations lack the fresh life-blood that only those possess who in close communion with life are steeped in the spirit of nature's eternal youth ; but all his works show the eclectic taste of a refined connoisseur who, even if he does imitate, sets upon the transcript, by means of some slight *nuance*, by a certain something which it is impossible to define, the stamp of his own individuality. Fernand Khnopff passed his youth in the town of Hans Memlinc. A world of mysterious feelings rested in the dim twilight of its churches, over the consecrated halls of the Hospital of St. John, and over the quiet streets, where the passer-by hears no sound save that of his own footsteps, and even that is subdued by the moss and grass that have overgrown the stones worn smooth by time and the dripping of rain. It was here and not in the Academy of Brussels that he received his lasting impressions. He went to the studio of Mellery without acquiring any of the famous *belle pâte flamande*, and in Paris, although Jules Lefébure, the Classicist, was his teacher, the rich archaism of Gustave Moreau, sparkling in marble and jewels, and the melancholy tenderness of Eugène Carrière, were the objects of his enthusiasm.

His very first picture, " The Crisis," which appeared in the Brussels Salon of 1881, showed that he was under the sway of the ideas touched upon by the French symbolists. Upon a wide plain, the background of which is formed by monotonous brown rocks, while a dun grey sky arches monotonously overhead, there stands a criminal seized by remorse in the presence of this solemn aspect of nature, meeting his gaze with such an air of reproachful inquiry. Then came some portraits which brought him success : blond and

blue-eyed girls, thoughtfully looking before them with their heads resting on the table; slender women sitting dreamily at the piano in the dusk, lost in a world of sound. One of his most graceful pictures was "Girls playing Lawn-Tennis." The game is over, the sun has set, and the girls, delicate beings with aristocratic movements and an ethereal delicacy, are standing with a serious air in the melancholy landscape. "The Temptation of St. Anthony" he treated according to the conception of Flaubert. The temptress appears to the saint in the guise of an innocent, half-childish creature; she is enveloped in a rich garment, and her head is crowned with a costly diadem; diamonds, gold, silver, and precious stones shine out of the darkness in the background. *"Veux-tu le bouclier de Dgran-ben-Dgran, celui qui a bâti les Pyramides? le voilà. . . . J'ai des trésors enfermés dans des galeries où l'on se perd comme dans un bois. J'ai des palais d'été au treillage de roseaux et des palais d'hiver en marbre noir. . . . Oh! si tu voulais!"* Both figures are standing motionless, and, as in Moreau's picture of Œdipus, the whole drama is merely reflected in their eyes.

KHNOPFF. *Mag. of Art.*
AN ANGEL.

In certain pictures of the Sphinx Khnopff has been chiefly successful in the creation of a type with eyes such as Poe often describes, eyes which the man whom they have mesmerised is forced to follow, which rivet him wherever he may move or stand, which fill the world with their lifeless glitter. Sometimes this stony being looks cruel and spectral, sometimes voluptuous and heartless. Sometimes one fancies that a mocking sneer is perceptible round the thin, shrivelled lips, a triumphant laughter in the eager vampire eyes; sometimes they seem to be as lifeless as stone. Especially expressive was the work named "An Angel." An image of the Sphinx spreads out its limbs

in solemn gravity upon the lofty platform of a Gothic cathedral, while the statue of an angel in helmet and harness stands beside the brute with one hand grasping its forehead. Surrounded by the darkness of the night sky, where only a few stars are glittering, the two figures of stone assume an earthly and spectral life. In Khnopff's works the beauty of the old masters is combined with the sentiment of modernity in an exceptionally successful harmony.

CHAPTER XL

HOLLAND

IF Belgium is the land of technique, the intimacy of the modern sentiment for nature has perhaps found the most delicate interpreters in the painters of Holland. What is external predominates in the one country—oils and brush ; in the other heart and hand are united, sentiment and technique. The ancestor of modern Belgian painting is Courbet ; the birth of modern Dutch painting is contemporaneous with that great historical moment when the French landscape painters took up their abode in the forest of Fontainebleau, after they had made intimate acquaintance with the old Dutch masters in the Louvre. What had been a revolution in other countries was here no more than a process of evolution ; for the influence of the French upon the Dutch merely consisted in giving them once more the power of comprehending the beautiful works of their own compatriots in the past. A succession of great and delicate spirits merely laid hold again on the old, unbroken tradition, and continued it in the present without effort.

Until the middle of the century the Dutch had made but little profit out of this heritage. The spirit had fled, even that of Dow and Mieris, and only the phlegm remained. As a matter of fact the Dutch painters of the eighteenth century sought to outbid the minute little painting of Netscher by paltry imitation, and had as a motto inscribed upon their banner purity of line as it is understood by the *bourgeoisie* and technique as it is understood by the drawing-master. In the beginning of the nineteenth century, so far as anything was produced at all, they had fallen into heavy and laboured imitation of French Classicism, and in addition to this they were slightly touched with a trace of Romanticism, which entered into a really comical *mésalliance* with the Dutch stolidity. The representatives of the Dutch school of 1830, arid, inartistic, and tinged with false idealism, turned out in landscape nothing but scenical pieces, void of atmosphere, and in the figure-picture historical or burlesque anecdotes, romantic melodramas, or peasant pieces from the comic opera—cold, inanimate, and conventional paintings, such as all Europe produced at that time.

The next generation endeavoured with great pains to raise itself somewhat, being specially incited by contact with the Belgians. Yet even these good intentions and most praiseworthy efforts were crowned with but little success. Certain landscapes and intimate studies from life show that the

spirit which had lived in the great men of the seventeenth century was not entirely extinct, although it had become exceedingly debilitated. *Koekkoek* and *Van Schendel* painted their landscapes, exceedingly judicious in manner and in a petty way correct. *David Bles* remembered Teniers, and mingled with the technique of that master something of the *genre* humour of Wilkie. " An Audience easily Pleased," " Family Friends," and the like, are the characteristic titles of his pictures. But if Bles was the Madou of Holland, *Hermann ten Kate* aimed at being the Dutch Meissonier. He was one of those who cannot imagine painting without theatrical costumes, broad-brimmed grey felt hats, large collars, and graceful cloaks. The historical painter *Pienemann* painted in the style of Gros, and some of his portraits are not without merit.

The only man of superior merit whom the " historical school " has produced in Holland is *Charles Rochussen*. To take him as a painter is to take him at his worst, for his colour scheme is " conventional "—a convention of his own, no doubt ; but in any case absolutely without regard to truth and nature, or even to the requirements of his subject. But his drawing has a charm and character of its own ; his groupings are lively and fanciful, his use of old costume shows a regard for picturesqueness, and his touch is both easy and aristocratic. He is the chosen illustrator of the Dutch historical novel, and at a time when book-illustration was at its lowest ebb in Holland as elsewhere, Charles Rochussen knew how to render a scene in black-and-white with impressiveness and artistic decency. Vulgarity had never a greater enemy than he. This same quality of innate aristocracy characterises the work of *Johannes Bosboom*, the painter of architecture. Under the guidance of Rembrandt and Pieter de Hoogh he rendered very delicately, in oils and water colours, the play of sunbeams in the interiors of picturesque churches, and warm effects of light in large halls and dusky corners. As a rule the light streams in broken yellow tones over the masonry from a great window in the background, and rests broadly upon the walling of the vault ; the dark mass of the great Renaissance screen is thrown out sharply, while choristers move with candles in the depths of the nave.

Bosboom, like *J. W. Weissenbruch*, was one of the painters of the old school who not only helped to prepare the ground for a new generation, but who allowed themselves to be influenced by the new conception of art. Whilst *Schelfhout*, *Taurel*, *Waldorp*, and *Kuytenbrouwer*, though Knights of the Dutch Order of the Lion and of the Oaken Crown, only lived to be forgotten, for all their painstaking work, both Bosboom and Weissenbruch won fame in the later period, when they had taught themselves to express a great deal by very slender means. There are drawings and water colours by Bosboom which, with a few lines and just a bit of colour, open up wide visions to the imagination.

And thus, when the younger artists came upon the scene, they were not obliged to drive back any hostile and opposing tendencies. The battle which

had to be fought elsewhere before truth and sincerity could be placed upon the throne usurped by theatrical rhetoric was certainly spared to Israels and his comrades. It was merely a question of sowing with greater energy and

Vinkenbos, photo.

BOSBOOM. A CHURCH INTERIOR.

vigour than these older artists the ground which had lain fallow since the seventeenth century. The argument was put, more or less, in the following way: "Our ancestors had an enthusiasm for their own country and their own period. If we have not their genius, let us, at any rate, attempt to pursue their path. Instead of seeking inspiration in their times and their country, let us seek it in our own. As regards the country, there is no difficulty, for we are their compatriots, and apart from a few hectares won from the ocean Holland has little altered in appearance during the last two hundred years. It is only in the matter of period that every idea of outward imitation must be given up. Let us, then, imitate our great masters with no intention of doing over again what they did in their own time, but with the aim of doing what they would have done had they lived in our century."

After the end of the fifties the influence of French exhibitions confirmed the Dutch in these efforts. Through the pictures of Millet and Daubigny the young Dutch artists learnt that there was no need to bring historical pictures into the world, but that it was their business to win the secrets of the sea-

JOSEF ISRAELS AND HIS SON ISAAC.

shore, the strand, the dunes, and the canals of the old towns, if they would become modern painters. And admitting they had made a great mistake in imitating from the old masters antiquated dress and the manners of bygone times, their task was now to follow them in what was essential. The old pictures had shown to the men of their day neither far-fetched nor long-forgotten curiosities, but appealed to them simply and cordially as Millet's paintings had done to his own countrymen. In Holland, modern art came to the fore peacefully and without a struggle ; in fact, it seemed as if Pieter de Hoogh, Van Goyen, and Ruysdael had merely awaited the time when they would be understood once more to take their places again before the easel. This direct derivation from classic masters gives a classic stamp to the modern artists of Holland.

These Dutch pictures in an exhibition seem to radiate a sense of calm, and a quiet sureness of effect which recalls the old masters. The spectator is conscious of the soft, even, and continuous warmth of the great faïence stoves which stand in prosperous Dutch houses. There is no noise, no unrest, no struggling. Softer than ever, yielding and almost melancholy, though not so universally comprehensive as the old art which compassed the whole life of reality and dreamland, from the magnificent conceptions of Rembrandt to the most burlesque scenes of Ostade, the new art of Holland handles the

Vinkenbos, photo.

ISRAELS. A SON OF GOD'S PEOPLE.

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.

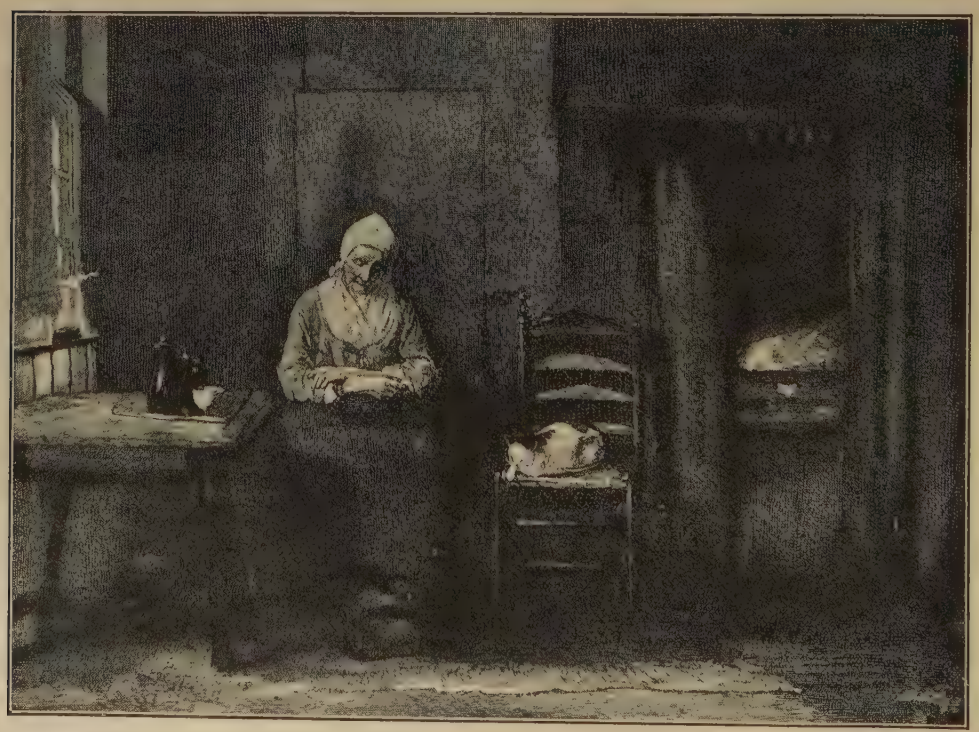
ISRAELS. TOILERS OF THE SEA.

scenes of life and the life of nature with a dignified simplicity, the charm of profound intimacy and cordial tenderness. Holland is the most harmonious country in the world, the country of dim rooms and pleasant inner chambers, wide plains and melancholy dunes, magnificent forms of cloud and skies subdued in colour. There is nowhere broad light, nowhere broad shadow, no crystal clearness and but seldom heavy mist. A softly hovering light of diminished strength envelops everything. Vaporous grey clouds cover the sky. The air is impregnated with moisture. Few colours are to be seen, and yet everything is full of colour. And to this spot of the earth the Dutch painters are united by a tender sentiment of home. Their art is marked by a touching and whole-hearted provincialism, the patriotism of the church spire. They remain quietly in the country, and confine themselves to the representation of their birthplace—the stately ports of its sea-board towns, the beach of its watering-places, the peaceful dignity of its life, the heaviness of its cattle, and the rich soil of its fields. The harsh sincerity of the French naturalists becomes softer and more tender in the hands of the Dutch; the audacity of the French "luminists," ever seeking the light, has become more dusky and sombre under the influence of the Dutch atmosphere. Drawing from the soil of home its entire strength, they have made for themselves, in

art as in politics, a peaceful little land where the noise and bustle of the day find no disturbing echo.

The decisive year which led the stream of Dutch painting back into its old course once more was 1857, the very year when a new movement in Dutch literature was begun with Multatuli. In 1855 one *Josef Israels* was represented at the World Exhibition in Paris by an historical picture : " The Prince of Orange for the first time opposing the Execution of the Orders of the King of Spain." And in the catalogue of the Paris Salon of 1857 the same name appeared opposite the titles " Children by the Sea " and an " Evening on the Beach," a couple of simple pictures representing the neighbourhood of Katwijk. Thus Israel's life embodies a period in modern art, that which led from the academical hierarchy, from conventionality, inflexibility of line, and poverty of colour, to the intimate, sensitive, subtle, and entirely personal emotion which characterises the great works of art belonging to the end of the nineteenth century.

Josef Israels, the Dutch Millet, was born on 27th January 1824, in Groningen, a little commercial town in the north of Holland. He wanted to be a rabbi, studied Hebrew in his youth, and buried himself in the Talmud. When he left school he entered the small banking business of his father, and often



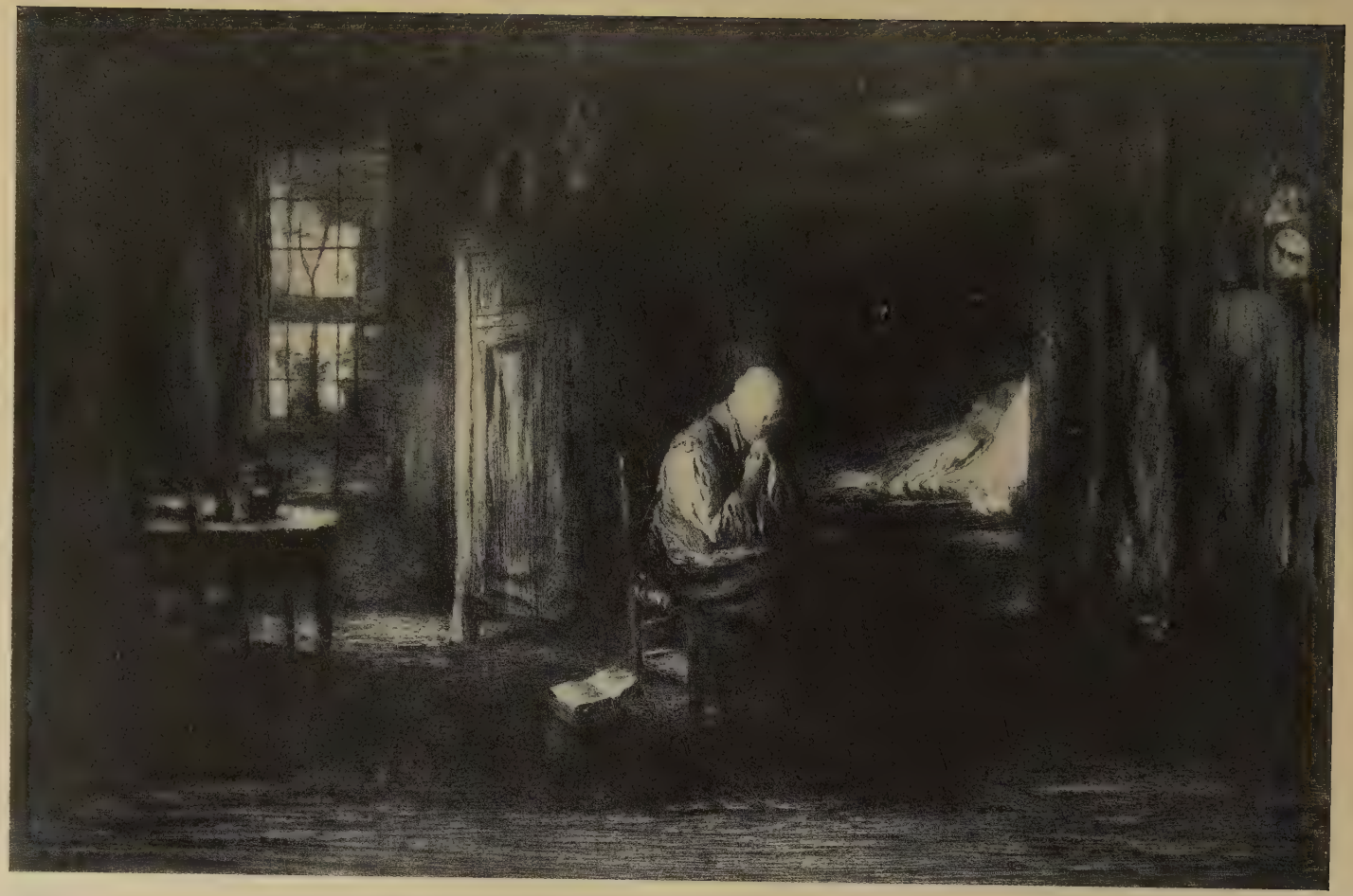
ISRAELS. *Mag. of Art.*
WEARY.

ISRAELS. MOTHER'S CARE.

went with a money-bag under his arm to the neighbouring banking house of Mr. Mesdag, whose son, H. W. Mesdag, the painter of seascapes, had little idea at the time that ever a sea-piece of his would hang in the studio of this poor Jewish lad. But in 1844 Israels went to Amsterdam to the studio of Jan Kruseman, who was then a fashionable painter. His parents had sent him to lodge with a pious Jewish family, who lived in the Joden-breestraat," the Ghetto of Amsterdam. He was enchanted with the narrow little streets where the inhabitants could shake hands from one window to another, and with the old market-places where there gathered a swarm of Oriental-looking men. Like Rembrandt, he roamed about the out-of-the-way alleys, noted the general dealers, the fishwives, the fruit-shops with apples and oranges, the pretty and picturesque Jewesses, and all this mass of life condensed into such a little space, without at first contemplating the possibility of drawing the figures which he saw around him. On the contrary, like a diligent pupil, he followed the academical instructions of Kruseman, under whose guidance he produced a series of grand historical pictures and scenes of Italian peasant life.

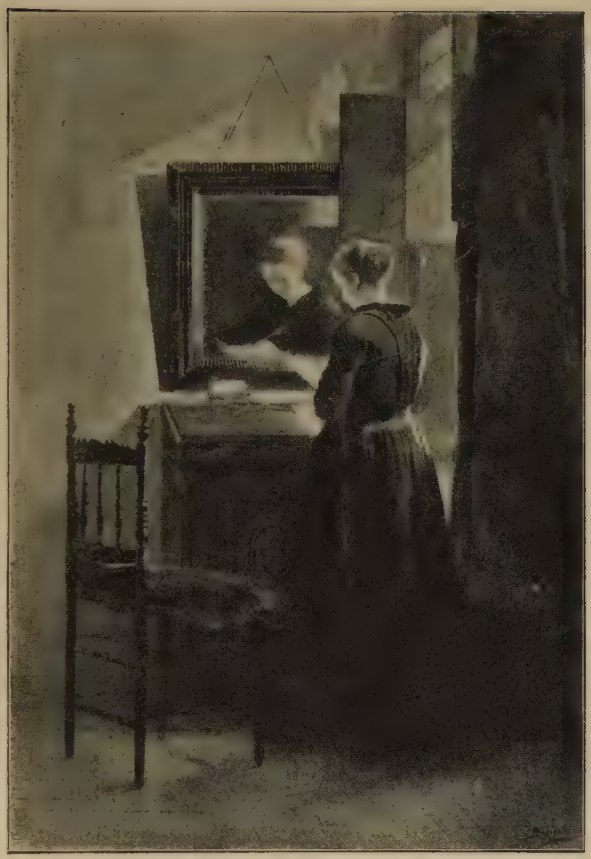
A journey to Paris which he undertook in 1845, moved by the exhibition of certain Gretchen pictures of the Frenchified Dutchman and elegiac Romanticist Ary Scheffer, did not in any way cause him to alter his ideas. He betook himself, as a matter of fact, to the studio of Picot, an old pupil of David, where in those days over a hundred and fifty young students were at work, and there the first rules of the French historical painting were communicated to him. Then he presented himself for entrance into the École des Beaux-Arts, showing "Achilles and Patroclus" as his probationary drawing, and he came to the studio of Paul Delaroche just after Millet had left. Pils and Lenepveu are said to have been the only fellow-students with whom he became well acquainted, for he was diffident and awkward in society. When he returned home in 1848, the year of the revolution, the result of his residence in Paris was exactly the same as that of Millet's: he had starved himself, studied in the Louvre, and seen in the Salon how "grand painting" was carried on in France. Now he took a room in Amsterdam and tried to paint as Delaroche had taught him. "Aaron discovers in his Tent the Corpses of his Two Sons," "Hamlet and His Mother," "William the Silent and Margaret of Parma," "Prince Maurice of Nassau beside the Body of his Father"—these were the first works which he sent to Dutch exhibitions; knights in moonlight and Calabrian brigands were the first which he sold—for from fifteen to twenty guilders—to patrons of art in Amsterdam. Such names as Pienemann, Kruseman, Scheffer, Picot, and Delaroche cannot explain what Israels became afterwards for Dutch art. As with Millet, it was an accident, a severe trial in life, which decided the future of Israels.

Some time after he had settled in Amsterdam he became exceedingly ill and went to Zandvoort, a small fishing village near Haarlem, for his health. In this spot, hidden amongst the dunes, he lived solitary and alone, far from the bustle of exhibitions, artistic influences, and the discussions of the studio. He lodged with a ship's carpenter, took part in the everyday life of his housemates, and began to perceive amid these new surroundings, as Millet had done in Barbizon, that the events of the present are capable of being painted, that the sorrows of the poor are as deep as the tragical fate of ancient heroes, that everyday life is as poetic as any historical subject, and that nothing suggests richer moods of feeling than the interior of a fishing-hut, bathed in tender light and harmonious in colour. This residence of several months in a distant little village led him to discover his calling, and determined his further career. Incessantly did he make studies of nature, of full-toned interiors, simple costumes, and the dunes with their pale grass and yellow sand. For the first time he was carried away by the intimate beauty of these simple things steeped in everlasting poetry. Like Millet, he conceived an enthusiasm for the life of peasants, for the rudeness of their outline, for their large forms which have become typical from going through ever the same movements and repeating ever the same work. Zandvoort was a revelation for him. Entirely saturated as he was with academical traditions, he became



ISRAELS. ALONE IN THE WORLD.

here the artist who represented dramas in the life of seafaring folk, the painter of peaceful, poetic deathbeds, and dim, familiar interiors, the painter of lonely meadows in the misty dawn. Here he came to understand the mysteries of light as it is in Holland, and here he witnessed the sad dramas of the suffering life and death of the poor, and lived all those pictures, the full harmonies of which, never seen before, soon outshone in Dutch exhibitions the loud, motley exaggeration of the historical pieces of Kruseman.



Hanfstaengl.

BISSCHOP. SUNSHINE IN HOME AND HEART.

At the time when De Groux in Brussels revelled in harsh representations of misery, Israels appeared in Holland with his lyrical, sympathetic art, which was entirely free from didactic intention. Back once more in Amsterdam, he settled in the Rozengracht, and passed seven years in the city of Rembrandt, in close friendship with Burger-Thoré and Mouilleron, the engraver of Rembrandt's "Night Watch." The first works which he painted here, compared with his later works, have still a slight touch of *genre* in them, betraying too openly a design to set the spectator smiling or weeping. "First Love" was the picture of a girl at a window with a young man placing an engagement ring upon her finger. His first celebrated picture, "By the Mother's Grave," which was bought by the Amsterdam Academy of Arts and now hangs in the National Museum, represents a weather-beaten fisherman visiting the graveyard where his wife reposes after a life of toil, and carrying as he goes his youngest child on his arm, whilst he leads an elder one by the hand.

In 1862 he exhibited in London "The Cradle" and "The Shipwrecked Man," that great dramatic, and perhaps somewhat theatrical, picture which made his fame abroad. The storm has passed, the waves have subsided, the greyish-black thunderclouds have vanished, and greenish, pallid sky smiles

NEUHUYS. A RUSTIC INTERIOR.

upon the earth once more. But upon the waves a shattered boat still rocks. Men, women, and children have come down to see who the unfortunate wretch may be, lying dead upon the strand, cast up by the tide. A couple of fishermen are carrying him off, whilst the rest follow upon the strand in a melancholy train. In this picture there was still something violent and melodramatic, nor were the means of pictorial expression as yet so simple as they became in the later works of the master. Nevertheless it made a great sensation in London, and *The Athenæum* wrote of it as the most moving picture in the exhibition. English collectors began to value Israels and to buy his pictures. Mr. Forbes alone possessed forty of his works, amongst them the great painting "Through Darkness to Light," and that beautiful smaller picture in which may be found for the first time all the quiet and sad simplicity of Israels' later works, "The Evening before Parting." There is a little peasant's chamber, half in shadow, and illuminated only by dull, meagre light. After a life of struggles and privations, lit up by few beams of light, the great peace has come for the poor fisherman who lies upon his deathbed. He suffers no more, and is no longer conscious. His eyes are closed, his lips motionless, his features rigid. Underlying the whole there is a profound personal feeling, a great human poetry, and the sombre tones of the picture correspond to it, for despising all finesses they are content to be the expression

of a mood. In this picture Israels had found his true self. Appreciated and recognised, he married in 1863 the daughter of an advocate in Groningen, and settled down, first in Scheveningen and then in the Hague. There he became in the course of the last generation the artist whom the world has delighted to honour, painting one masterpiece after the other with indefatigable power of work remarkable in a veteran of seventy years and upwards.

Josef Israels lives entirely according to rule. Every morning at nine he may be seen walking, and by ten o'clock punctually he is at his easel. In the Koninginnengracht, that quiet, thoroughly Dutch canal leading to the Park, his house is situated. Little red-roofed houses are passed, houses standing out with some piquancy against the misty sky, and the canal is fringed by trees, which cast a bright reflection on the water. Close by may be heard the whistle of a steam tram which goes its rounds between the Hague and Scheveningen. In Israels' house quietude prevails. Noble Gobelins subdue the voice, and thick carpets the footsteps. Here and there upon the walls, in a finely outlined black frame, there hangs an etching by Rembrandt. Everything has an air of intimacy, and is kept in delicate and quiet tones; the very thoughts of a man cannot fail to grow subtle in the fine silence of this home, made for an artist. Behind the dwelling there lies a garden with a large glass house. The man who works here is very small in stature, and has a high treble voice, a puckered face, a white beard, and two sparkling black eyes which flash out upon you from behind a large pair of spectacles. Everything about him has a nervous mobility like quicksilver. Always talking and gesticulating, he fetches out old pictures when a visitor comes, and looks at them, inclining his head to the right and then to the left; then he puts himself into the attitude of his net-menders or his potato-gatherers for the sake of verification, draws great landscapes in the air

Hanfstaengl.
ARTZ. THE GOATHERD.

with his arms, sits down so that he may get up again immediately, searches for something or other, and at the same time recalls a remark which he has read in the newspaper. Even when engaged in painting, he paces thoughtfully between whiles up and down the studio with great, hasty strides, bending forward with his hands clasped behind his back.

One part of this studio is separated from the rest by a great screen, and behind this screen one catches sight of a very striking picture. Suddenly one stands in the room of a Dutch fisherman's family. Through a window composed of dull panes there falls, subdued by a muslin curtain, a grey, dreamy light, which tones the whole room with mysterious atmospheric harmonies. In it there stands an ordinary table of brown wood, a few straw-bottomed chairs, a bed, a cradle, and one of those wheel-chairs with the help of which little children attempt their first toddling steps. Everything melts in dim shadows, everything white passes into grey and black. Familiar peace and lyrical melancholy rest over all. Here it is possible to paint the air as Israels paints it. Here the phantoms of the dusk take shape, and misty forms grow solid. Here are created those simple scenes from the daily life of the poor. Here sit those old women with their hard folded hands, their serviceable eyes, and wrinkled, weather-beaten faces ; here the poor peasant's child learns to run in his rolling-chair, and here the fisher's family assemble round a dish of smoking potatoes. Few have made such a study of the *milieu* in which their figures move as Israels has done ; few have felt in the same degree that every object in nature, as in life, has its peculiar atmosphere, out of which it cannot exist. In his pictures the subject and the atmosphere are in perfect harmony. For in reality the existence of these poor folks is passed in dim twilight, only now and then irradiated by a fleeting sunbeam, until it gradually becomes entirely dark, and death throws its mysterious shadow across their life.

Yet here one makes the acquaintance of only one Israels. This same melancholy lyric poet is an innately forcible artist in his pictures of fishermen. With what a grand simplicity did he paint in his " Toilers of the Sea " this grey, boundless element beneath a leaden sky, and these huge, weather-beaten seamen with a heavy anchor upon their shoulders, wading through the water and spattered by the waves ! And what simple joyousness there is in his pictures of children ! Duranty has said finely of one picture from the master's hand that it was painted with " pain and shadow " ; but these others has he painted with " sun and joy." As he tells of death with its dark grey shadows, he celebrates young life in all the laughing liberty of nature. His fishermen's children are sound and fair, and have rosy cheeks. They move beside the blithe fresh sea, where the tremulous waves heave with delight beneath the caressing sunbeams and beneath the blue sky, where the little white clouds are passing and the sun looks down in its clearness upon the green luxuriant fields.

Amongst the moderns Israels is one of the greatest and most powerful of painters, whilst he is, at the same time, a profound and tender poet. Surrounded by all the deft painters of technique and virtuosity, he stands out as

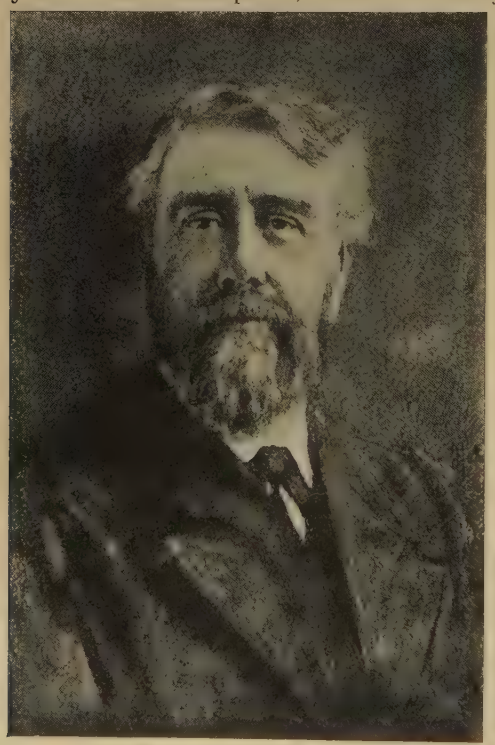
an artist whose sentiment is deep enough to make a great impression without conjuring tricks. No one understands so well how to subordinate the work of the brush to the general mood of the picture. He is a simple poet, great in rendering humble people and little things—an artist who moves in a narrow circle, but one who has penetrated his material until it has yielded to him its most intimate emotion—a man who has not passed through life unmoved, and has therefore an entirely personal utterance as a painter also. Certain of his etchings almost touch Rembrandt in depth of sentiment for nature, classical simplicity, and suggestive power. They reveal a painter who observes the least things—a strip of washed linen, the grass in the sun, the pale yellow sand of the sea—with a kindling eye and a well-nigh religious fervour. How charming are these little ones at play with a paper boat by the sea! What a mild and peaceful element the dangerous ocean has become upon this morning! And by what simple means has the impression of a limitless expanse been reached! With a few strokes he has the secret of rendering the moist atmosphere and the tender tones of the sky. Parts of the beach with the sun shining over them alternate with shadowy chambers, the powerful outlines of raw-boned seamen are contrasted with delicately sketched fisher-children. A peasant woman sits on the seashore before the smooth waves, another works in her hut, in the fading light; a child lies in the cradle, a quiet, wrinkled old woman, enveloped in the soft twilight, warms her wearied hands at the stove. All these plates are exceedingly spirited, sometimes lightly improvised, capricious, and wayward, sometimes polished, rounded, and fully worked out, but always free, pictorial, and having a personal accent, rendering gesture and expression with absolute sureness. Josef Israels has never made a retrograde step, has never been ensnared by the commercial instinct, but has grown greater continuously;

J. MARIS. THE STREAM.

and it is due to his power of self-criticism and force of character that he now stands as the recognised head of Dutch painting.

In him is embodied the strength of modern Holland. He has been a pioneer not merely in subject, technique, and colour; for in many-sidedness also there is not one of the younger generation who can touch him. Each one of them has his own small field which he indefatigably cultivates. One paints only girls by the seashore; another merely dim interiors; this man town scenes with a misty sky; another greyish-brown landscapes beneath a melancholy and rainy firmament; another the rich, luxuriant, green, and heavy soil of Holland; another level banks with windmills and red-roofed houses, detaching themselves from the dull, glimmering hues of monotonous grey clouds,—but every one paints a fragment of Israels.

That painter who had such a joy in colour, *Christoffel Bisschop*, was only four years younger than Israels, and he, too, laboured with power to effect the revolution of Dutch painting. His teachers in Paris were Gleyre and Comte, the latter of whom has exerted a peculiarly strong influence upon him, little as Bisschop has followed him in subject. The sole historical picture of his, contributed to the exhibition of 1855, was "Rembrandt going to the Anatomical Lecture." Born in Leuwarden, in Friesland, as a painter he settled in later years in his birthplace, where so many old costumes with gold chains, lace caps, and gay gowns falling in heavy folds are still preserved in use; and here he became the painter of Friesland, as the Belgian, Adolf Dillens, was that of Zealand. Those great old painters of interiors, De Hoogh and Van der Meer, were his guides in the matter of technique. Sunlight falling into an enclosed space could scarcely be painted more luminously warm. Like a great column of dust tinged with dim colours of the rainbow, it pours in through the ground window, falls full upon the opened leaf of the folding door, upon the boards, and the deep red cover spread over the table and embellished with a large-patterned border upon a white ground, while in this golden sunshine which floods the whole room there are usually a couple of quiet and peaceful figures. A little old woman, perhaps, steps into the room to beg the young wife for a



ANTON MAUVE.

MAUVE. DRYING LINEN.

crust of bread, or a husband and wife sit at evening by the cradle of their youngest child, or a girl in a white cap stands at the window absorbed in a letter which she has just received from her lover.

Gerk Henkes loved to paint the mist upon canals, where the *trekschuiten* (general passenger boats drawn by horses) glide quietly along crowded with busy people. Homely Dutch family scenes, young mothers with children in dim chambers—deep and genial works of the finest tone—were painted by *Albert Neuhuys*. A pupil of Israels, *Adolf Artz*, delights in the delicate bloom of autumn : pale grey meadows with thin grass, over which there arches a grey, pallid sky, tremulous with light ; noon-day stillness and paths losing themselves in the wide grey-green plains through which they wind lazily with a long-drawn curve ; loamy ditches, where silvery spotted thistles and faint yellow autumn flowers raise their heads parched and thirsty. Potato-gatherers, shepherd girls, and children at play enliven these wide, sad levels. *Café* and studio scenes are usually the work of *Pieter Oyens*, who, before his migration to Amsterdam, was a pupil of Portaels in Brussels, where he acquired a richer, more energetic, and incisive style of painting than is usually to be met with in Dutch art.

Performances as fine and charming as these figure-pictures are the Dutch landscapes. Here, likewise, the flower of Dutch painting is not so luxuriant and does not catch the eye so much as that of other nations, though it is almost more tender and fragrant. The Dutch have been the cause of no novel sensation, and troubled themselves little about those technical problems which have busied the more searching spirits amongst the French Impressionists, yet in discreet delicate feeling for nature no artists amongst the classic and

contemporary painters of modern landscape have so nearly approached the fine masters of Fontainebleau. The atmosphere, almost always charged with moisture, which broods over the flat and watery plains in Holland, subdues and veils the sunlight softly, and gives succulent freshness to the vegetation ; and Dutch painters have the secret of rendering in most refreshing pictures all this native landscape, which has no charm for a dull eye, though it is so rich in the finest magic. There a windmill is whirring on the hill, there the cows are pasturing in the meadow, and there the labourers go down of an evening to the shore of the sea ; and the soft air impregnated with damp, and the delicate bloom of silvery grey tones enveloping everything, produce of themselves "the great harmony" which is so difficult of attainment in clear and sunny lands.

In the first place, let mention be made of *Jongkind*, that fresh and healthy Dutch Parisian who only became known in wider circles after his death in 1891. Born in Latrop in 1819, Jongkind left his native land early, and was for some time in Düsseldorf, and then went for good to France, where his importance was at once recognised by some of the fine spirits in that country. In 1864 a critic of the *Figaro* wrote : " In the matter of colour there is nothing more delicate to be seen than the landscapes of Jongkind, unless it be the delicious works of Corot. One finds the same naïveté in both, the same bright, pearly grey sky, the same fluid, silvery light. Only, Jongkind is somewhat more energetic and corporeal, making fewer concessions for the sake of charm. A few energetic accentuations, thrown in as if by chance and always in the right place, give his pictures an extraordinary effect of vibration." Jongkind, indeed, by his whole nature, belongs to the group of Fontainebleau artists, and it would be impossible to write a history of French landscape painting without remembering the exquisite and charming pictures of this Dutchman. Diaz interested himself in him from the first, and, without exercising any positive influence, Daubigny was very closely connected with him.

Jongkind is a personality in himself, and followed the general movement in his own fashion. He delighted in water and dewy morning, moist verdure, and the night sky with the moon shining with pallid rays and shadowed by silvery clouds. What he has to give is always a direct rendering of personal impressions. Although broader and more impressionistic, he sometimes recalls old Van der Neer, who also felt the witchery of the moon, and loved so much to roam of a night in the neighbourhood of Amsterdam and Utrecht. Like the old Netherlandish painters, Jongkind is most at ease in regions connected with humanity. Houses, ships, windmills, streets, village market-places, and all spots that have any trace of human labour are dear to him. In Paris he painted life on the Pont Neuf, the houses on the banks of the Seine, lit up by the pale light of the moon and a thousand gas-lamps, the old churches and out-of-the-way alleys of the Quartier Latin, the barren ground of suburbs just rising into existence, the activity of crossing-sweepers in the early morning. He knew, as no other man, the buried corners of grey old Paris, and their

LANDSCAPE.

MAUVE.

MESDAG. FISHING BOATS.

inhabitants, which still has a tinge of something like provinciality. In Normandy he was charmed by the primitive character of life on the seaboard. And from Holland, whither he is often led by the force of early reminiscences, he brings back momentary sketches of the canals, where the murky water splashes against dark barges ; of villages in mist, where the sun plays coyly upon the red roofs ; of windmills standing in green meadows ; of moist pastures, dim moonrise, and fresh phases of morning such as Goyen loved. In Nivernois, about 1860, he painted the faint grey paths of sand, white cottages in the glare of dazzling light, and the quiver of sunbeams in the dry leaves of the autumn trees ; and in Brussels and Toulon the narrow tortuous lanes, swarming vividly with street-life. His technique is at once broad and delicate, piquant and powerful. Everything has the throbbing life of a sketch.

Jongkind was a pupil of Isabey, and as early as 1852 received a third medal in the Salon. But after that his pictures were rejected by the committees, and it was only at the Paris Exhibition of 1889 that he came out in his full importance. As a rule he still laid weight on the construction of his landscapes ; from the old Dutch masters he derived his pleasure from an architectonic building up, and he took pains to " compose " his pictures, placing trees, ships, houses, and people in such a way as to ensure, as far as possible, a rounded whole. Nevertheless he was a modern through his feeling for transparent air ; he was one of the first to give a serious study to atmosphere, to the play of reflections, and to the fleeting alteration of tones.

DE HAAS. COWS IN A MEADOW.

This makes him an important link between the landscape of 1830 and contemporary Impressionism.

Both *Jacob* and *Willem Maris* worked in Holland upon parallel lines—Jacob being a very delicate artist, striking the most notable chords, whilst Willem is warmer, a thorough easy-going, phlegmatic Dutchman. The earth in the latter's pictures is a plump nurse caressed and wooed by the sunbeams. Best of all he loves the hour when the sky becomes blue once more after a storm, and the first rays of the sun glance upon the rich turf and the rushes of the pond. Leaves, boughs, and trunks all glisten with moisture. The wind shakes the last raindrops from the branches, and they fall, sprinkling the earth with a thousand little pearls. The grey moss spreads itself out luxuriantly, and is once more soft, rich, and verdant. The large black snails crawl over the ground rejoicing in the damp, and the cows as they rest breathe with satisfaction the damp air of the lush meadows drenched with rain. *Jacob Maris*, whose eye has been educated by Daubigny, is softer in feeling, and more graceful, poetic, and dreamy. By preference he paints pictures of Dutch canals in the neighbourhood of Amsterdam and Rotterdam, pictures which show great refinement in their brownish-grey, their breadth and clearness of vision, and quiet harmony, or else he paints parts of the beach in the Scheveningen district, or windmills soaring like

NEUHUYS

A FAMILIAR SPOT

great towers in the foreground high above the flat land, or little low houses rising into the dull, grey, rainy air. The delicacy of modern *plein-air* painting is united in his pictures with the tender softness of the traditional clare-obscure. And often a spot of vivid red or dark violet has a piquant effect in the ashen-grey harmony, a thing which is at once dim and luminous, soft and precise, simple and subtle.

Mauve, that admirable master of harmony who is so vivid and spontaneous in his water-colours, has also this tender, melancholy poetry of nature, this underlying mood of depth and sadness, which renders him so sympathetic in the present age. Daubigny's simple, idyllic, rustic joy in nature has in him become tinged with a sense of suffering which allies him with Cazin. A dreamy mist, a thoughtful silence, rests over his Dutch landscapes, and the wind seems to utter its complaint among the leaves. The dusk, and damp, rainy days, and all the minor keys of nature have had a special attraction for him.

In *H. W. Mesdag*, who paints the sea in all moods, Holland possesses one of the first marine painters of the world. Since Courbet, few representations of the life of the sea have been rendered with such fidelity and strength of impression. Whereas the Belgians, Clays and Artan, never leave the shore, in Mesdag one beholds the sea from the sea itself, and not from the land; one is really on the water alone with the ship, the sky, and the waves. And whilst the Belgians take special joy in the smiling ocean, the prismatic iridescence of sunbeams upon the quiet mirror of the waters, Mesdag chiefly renders the moment of uneasy suspense before the storm. As a rule in his pictures the sea lies heavy as lead in a threatening lull; only a few lightly quivering waves seem to be preparing for the battle that they will fight amongst themselves. Overhead stretches a grey, monotonous, and gloomy sky, where sometimes, although rarely, the sun may be seen glowing like the crater of a volcano. Yet it may be admitted that a certain want of flexibility in his nature is the cause of his repeating his most forcible note with too much obstinacy, and at certain points he is outmatched by others. For example, the seascapes of Israels surpass Mesdag's in freshness of vision and lightness of touch, those of Mauve have the advantage in dreamy tenderness of conception, and Jacob Maris commands the expression of lonely grandeur in a fashion which is peculiarly his own. Compare Mesdag's seascapes with those of his fellow Dutch artists, and we find the best clue to the characterisation of his art. His power, like Bisschop's, is essentially a material one—*i.e.* he is a real realist. Israels, Maris, Mauve paint things as vehicles interpreting personal and emotional moods. They try to express sadness, grandeur, tenderness; nature's reality is to them only a means, not an end in itself as it is to Mesdag, the broad, steady-going Dutchman of the North.

Speaking of him, it has been necessary to emphasise the distinction between his realism and the more spiritual endowment of others. Let this distinction be borne in mind; for though Dutch pictures would seem to have a remarkable

MATTHEW MARIS. THE GARDEN SEAT.

family resemblance, it is a firm and sharp line of classification. True it is that all Dutch art of the seventies is characterised by a dignity resulting from good traditions, a quiet mood of contemplation occasionally verging on narrowness, a dark, warm, and almost sombre tone, singular taste and purity, and a certain repose and kindliness of feeling. But for those who enter deeply into this intimate art it is easy to draw a line dividing the Realists from the sensitive Impressionists. Amongst the former with Mesdag and Bisschop we find Bisschop's pupil *Klinkenberg*, who from his master learnt how to paint sunshine. The light of clear March days generally rests upon his pictures, brightening the fronts of neat brick houses, which are reflected in the still water of canals. *De Haas* paints the Dutch and Belgian lowland landscape, its cloudy, dull-blue, Northern summer skies, and the cattle or donkeys grazing amongst the grass of the dunes. Then there is *Lodewijk Apol*, who delights in wintry woodlands, where the leafless boughs are covered with a sparkling mantle of snow, frozen waters, and whitish-grey clumps of trees vanishing softly in the misty air. A more subtle hand and eye are revealed in the work of *Paul Josef Gabriel*, the painter of the *polders*, the flat landscape of which assists the impression of air and light and boundless distance. All these names belong to the older generation. But within the last two decades a number of younger artists have sprung up, and, as might have been anticipated, more novel tendencies have been displayed. Some of these men, indeed, have merely advanced upon the old lines. There are *Breitner* and *Isaac Israels*, who have created, under Manet's influence, what might be called the New Impressionism, an art more passionate, agitated, energetic,

MATTHEW MARIS. HE IS COMING.

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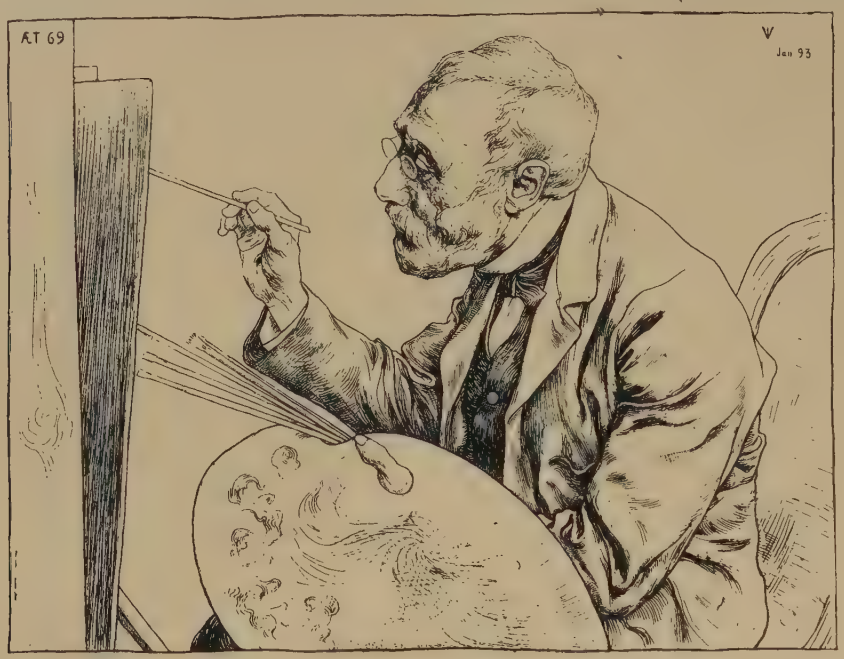
and daring than the old art of intimate emotion. They abandon themselves to the full tide of life, endeavouring to arrest the fleeting revelation of a single moment. Their technique also is broader than that of the elder men : form is not sacrificed to intimacy of feeling ; it seems almost swept away in nervous energy of movement and the massing of colour. Such artists as these could not but break the subtle quietude that had rested so long over Dutch art. They longed to come to the free use of their senses and their limbs, like the young husband in Björnson's comedy *Nygifte*, who was mastered by an irresistible impulse to uplift his voice and dash himself about lest he should lose the use of both voice and limbs in the silent, antiquated mansion of his father-in-law.

Still, the younger school of Dutch painting had no need to struggle against academic art, and hardly the need to fight for their own hand against the great masters who had preceded them. Where both the older and the younger generation are of genuine metal, all that the latter need is the liberty to follow their own way when their turn has come. And so in Holland there was no cry raised against established reputations. On the contrary, the younger artists of Holland have never ceased to do honour to such men as Israels, Maris, Mauve, and Bosboom ; and it might almost be urged that these masters have never been so well or so highly appreciated as they are now by their juniors. Yet these juniors were no followers. Theirs was an entirely different turn of mind and genius. Next to the above-named New-Impressionists we find, on the one hand, those who were influenced by the wave of mysticism sweeping over the world of literature and art at the end of the century. And on the other we find the men of brain-power rather than of sentiment, the analysts and psychologists, the acute observers and distinct expressionists. In mysticism it was *Matthew Maris*, a brother of the two landscape painters already mentioned, who had first of all shown the way.

Both Jacob and Willem Maris bore witness to the invincible power of Dutch art which made two essentially Dutch masters of men who were the sons of an Austrian father, but in Matthew the hereditary Teutonic passion for mediæval mysticism broke out again. Yet the influence of Holland, his father's adopted country, was not wasted upon him : his mystical tendencies were controlled by the faculty of observation. His early pictures have an exceeding great charm of their own, a direct simplicity of motive, and a poetic purity of expression both in line and colour. His Gretchen, for example, is a mediæval maiden under the spell of a mystical love that gives her a look of fairy unreality. Indeed, she more nearly resembles the devoted Kätchen von Heilbronn of Heinrich von Kleist than the more robust heroine of Goethe. By degrees reality lost its grip on the painter, and his visions grew mistier, gaining at the same time in lonely grandeur. Yet the more he tries to evade reality the stronger a certain sensuousness seems to hold him in its grasp. The forms hidden under the veil of his dreamy visions assert themselves, rise and grow, as if they were to burst forth after all. This wrestle between the animal and the mystical life in the painter's spirit to

some extent mars the unity of his art, yet makes it appeal to us with a deeper emotional force and a grander imaginative power. The hermit-painter, living near London in utter solitude, is, after all, a human being with latent passion.



VETH. JOSEF ISRAELS.

Travels in the East and the love of mediæval legend have quickened the same tendency to mystical contemplation in *W. Bauer*. His water-colours, his lithographs, and his etchings are all of them filled with the vibration of very subtle emotions, expressed in the lithographs and etchings with a curious nervousness of intercrossing fibrous lines. In some of his etchings, again, there is an amplitude of vision, a grandeur of mass, and a halo of light which recall the work of Rembrandt in this field of art. *Jan Toorop* was the first to bring a tribute from the Dutch Indies to the art of the mother-country. He worked his way through impressionism and " pointellism " to a mystical symbolism, which, however, emanates from Villiers-de-l'Isle-Adam and Odilon Redon rather than from the Indies. This symbolist art of Toorop's is as remarkable for its high power of expression and its delicacy of handling as for versatility and facility of imagination. Indeed, in many instances he has given himself up to the representation of thoughts that mock every attempt to translate them into pictorial art ; and this explains the opposition that confronts him so often in public circles. While Mauve and Maris, Artz and Neuhuys could never quite shake off the fetters of conformity, Jan Toorop was, from his first appearance, the " Enfant terrible " of every exhibition. People laughed at his vapourings, at the depth of thought in his works, depths

which no diver could fathom, laughed at the archaic treatment of line that reminds one more of the art of ancient Assyria than of the present time. But there is really no cause for all this merriment. Toorop can certainly lay claim to the honour of being one of the most earnest seekers of the present age. One need only notice what extraordinary psychological means of expression he employs, what meaning he has for each significant gesture, each significant look, how every mien, every motion of the hand and turn of the head, every lift and droop of the eye exactly expresses what it is intended to convey. Besides, he is a really astounding master of line: all his works are in their arrangement of line like a melodious harmony that affects the eye as music the ear. Certainly, it seems to me a mistake to look upon Toorop as the originator of a new art of symbolism: all his works are conceived in too literary a style for that, too diverse, too thoroughly imbued with the elementary forms of bygone culture. And after all, is it in any way the aim of art to make itself so difficult to understand? Should the deciphering of a modern picture entail as much effort as the reading of an ancient Chaldæan inscription or an Egyptian hieroglyph?

When the power of expressing the thoughts and feelings of our own time embodies itself in clear and universally significant forms, then, and not till then, shall we arrive at the new symbolical art and our yearning be satisfied; whereas a master like Toorop shapes us nothing new, in his artistic epicurism he merely rummages among the treasures of bygone ages of culture, and presents us with curiosities which have none but an antiquarian value. But, after all, symbolism, which by sheer force of reaction against the national tendency to realism had at one moment become the cry of the new art-movement in Holland, and had won another true and subtle adept in young *Thorn Prikker*, could not long hold its own among a people which, although sometimes approaching in its art to the symbolical through simplicity and grandeur, had always derived it instinctively from reality, without seeking it in abstract forms—the domain of philosophy, not of art.

Of the other tendency in modern Dutch art—to return to more directness of expression, and to arrive at a greater intensity of psychological power than the great Impressionists had aimed at—we find examples in the works of van Gogh and in the portraits by *Jan Veth* and *Haverman*. Poor afflicted *Vincent van Gogh*, summoned, alas, too soon to join the Immortals, was one of the most striking phenomena of modern art. During his short life of thirty-seven years (1853–1890) he travelled the whole course of the history of art, beginning with Hals and Chardin and ending with the Neo-Impressionists. From pictures of still-life, full of sap, like those of the old masters, he passed to landscapes which combined extraordinary skill in the treatment of light with a hitherto unperceived decorative rhythm of lines. One cannot look at Van Gogh's works without emotion; with such intense skill did he penetrate into the innermost being of things, as if he felt life and movement where dull eyes seemed to see nothing but "nature morte." Over many of

his works which he produced in his last years before he finally broke down there broods already the shadow of madness ; but the productions of his best period will always be reckoned amongst the noblest efforts of European art at the close of the nineteenth century. With regard to the portraits by Jan Veth and Haverman, they are entirely different from such powerful creations as Josef Israels has lately shown in this line. Those by Israels are freely subjective ; the painter will treat the features and expression of his sitter with considerable freedom, making the portrait speak of his own moods, and giving it the character with which it looms in his imagination. But these younger men take great pains to penetrate into the actual mind and spirit of the person, rendering them with the utmost directness. Neither their imagination nor their sentiment is allowed to run away with them, and they aim at the subjection of all their powers to the guiding and analysing brain. As a matter of course, this attitude influences their technique and makes it rigid and strict, until they feel so sure of their handling that they can allow themselves enough freedom to devote some attention to charm of line and unrestrained simplicity. Somewhat the same difference from the older school, although hardly so pronounced, we find in the landscapes of *Tholen* and *Karpen*, whose attitude towards nature is indeed more reserved, and who aim at a pure and direct expression of forms and atmosphere rather than at the free impressionism of Jacob Maris. And although too much may be made of these distinctions, yet they are real enough to show that Dutch art has more variety than a superficial observer might suppose. At the first glance the pictures of modern Holland seem to have one great family resemblance, as has already been noted, yet a constant current of evolution, often influenced by movements abroad, of which Dutch artists have been keen students, has been flowing forwards ; and so far from stagnating, Dutch art is now as fresh and varied as in the old days of its glory.

WILLEM MARIS

COWS AT THE WATERING PLACE

CHAPTER XLI

DENMARK

DENMARK one might almost describe as a new Holland, only it is Holland with a purer atmosphere and a clearer sky, Holland less rich in soil and less luxuriant; it is a country more thinly populated, and one where the inhabitants are more dreamy. In accordance with this likeness in the character of nature, the transition from the one school to the other is almost imperceptible in art. As painters of interiors and landscape, the Danes join issue with the Dutch by the touching delicacy of feeling with which they paint the likeness of their beautiful country, its domestic life, its woodlands and its lakes. And, successful as they have been in acquiring technique in Paris, they, too, avoid making experiments in *plein air* and in the last results of Impressionism. They are almost fonder than the Dutch of swathing themselves in soft dusk and floating haze. Indeed, what distinguishes them from the latter is that they have less phlegm and more nervous vibration, a softer taste for elegiac sadness, that tender breath of dreamy melancholy which is in the old Danish ballads. What they have to express seems almost Dutch, but it is whispered less distinctly and with more of mystery, with that indefinite, approximative, hazarded utterance which betrays that it is Danish.

Do you know the park near Copenhagen, that lovely pleasure-ground where the old Danish beeches bend their heads together rustling and fill the air with drowsy fragrance? From the Sound there comes a faint, subdued murmur which echoes low and tremulous through the forest. Across the earth flit the soft shadows of the beeches, and the warm sunlight plays between them. Everything is gathered into a large, peaceful, dreamy uniformity, which has a hidden melancholy. A nation which grows up amid such surroundings will become more sensitive in its feelings and more delicate in organisation than one which lives amongst mountains and rough crags. The fragrance and ringing echo of this strange, soft nature render the nerves finer and quicker in vibration. Have you read Jacobsen? Can you recall the figures of Niels Lyhne and Mogens and Marie Grubbe, filled as they are with gentle and dreamy devotion, so unsubstantial that they live half in reality and half dissolve in misty visions, possessing so much tender sentiment—sentiment which is indeed tender to excess—and crumbling away the moment a rude hand drags them from the world in which they live? Do you recollect

the verses which Mogens hums softly to himself, "*In Sehnen leb ich, in Sehnen*" —"I live in my longing, in my longing"?

The same mysterious fragrance which breathes from the works of Jacobsen, the dreamy disposition to lose consciousness of self, that melting away and vanishing in mist, suggesting the soft outlines of the coasts of Zealand, is likewise peculiar to Danish art. It, too, has something shy in spirit, an infinite need for what is delicate and refined, introspective, diffident, irresolute, fainting and despondent, youthful and innocent, and yet glimmering with tears, a yearning that is like sadness, a renunciation that finds vent in elegies that are tranquil and keenly sweet. It also avoids the cold, clear day, and the sun, so indiscreet in its revelations. Everything is covered with soft, subdued light; everything is silent, mysterious, luxuriating in pleasant and yet mournful reveries. Melting landscapes are represented in lines that vanish in mist, and with indecisive depths and low tones. Or there are dark rooms where tea is upon the table and quiet people are leaning back in their chairs. The fire is burning in the stove with a subdued and pleasant murmur. On the table stands the petroleum lamp, shedding a mild dim light through the room: and the blue smoke of cigars mingles with the reddish glow from the fireplace, which casts a reflection upon the carpet, whilst the soft rain outside is drumming on the window-panes. And what an old-fashioned grace the furniture has, the great mahogany tables and little *secrétaires* resting upon slender voluted legs! It is not mere stolid, indifferent furniture, for it has been inherited and cared for, and it is closely allied with the lives of men. With what a genial, confiding air does it seem to regard the proceedings when the family are assembled at table, when the water begins to boil and the tea-things to rattle. And when there is society, how bashfully it presses against the wall, as though it were shy before company! On the boards upon the window-sill old-fashioned flowers bloom in pots spotted with green, and old-fashioned family portraits hang upon the walls with a slightly *bourgeois* air of complacency.

Amongst ourselves, where there is a general inclination to regard distant regions as half-barbaric—merely because nothing is known about them—people for a long time looked down upon this modest but essentially healthy Danish painting. It was only at the last great exhibitions that the epoch-making appearance of the young Danish school showed what a fresh artistic life was stirring within the limits of this little Northern kingdom. Through the works of the young painters attention was directed to their elders, for it was not to be assumed that such blossom of art had grown up in the night.

As is well known, Denmark is not a site of ancient civilisation. Before the period of Thorwaldsen every artistic tradition was wanting, and the country was never the stage of a continuous and historically important development of art. From the Middle Ages it can only point to traces of feeble artistic activity in a few Gothic buildings which are massively monotonous. It was not till late, in

Statens Museum for Kunst, Copenhagen.

ECKERSBERG. THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL CROSSING THE RED SEA.

Tillge, photo.

ECKERSBERG. THE NATHANSON FAMILY.

fact in the beginning of the seventeenth century, that the cultivation of artistic interests was pursued with greater animation under the government of Christian IV. Christian V (1670–1699) endeavoured to catch a few beams from the sun of Louis XIV, and sent for numbers of French artists, who enriched the country with manifold imitations of Lebrun and Coustou. Under Frederik V (1746–1766) an Academy of Art was founded at the Castle of Charlottenborg, and organised according to the French model by the sculptor Saly, from Valenciennes. The new quarter of the town which rose about this time in Copenhagen—Frederiktown, as it is called—gives in its palaces, and in the equestrian statue of Frederik V executed by Saly, a tolerably complete picture of the Danish *rococo* period, and it was not particularly rich. A generation later, Danish artists, indeed, headed the school, but its tradition remained predominantly French or German, and of the Classical type. *Jens Juel* distinguished himself as a graceful portrait painter, and the animal-painter *Gebauer* executed little pictures in the style of Esaias van der Velde. Through the sculptor Wiedewelt, Winckelmann's theories were made known in Copenhagen. The painter *Abildgaard*, an academician of sound learning and many-sided culture, found his ideals in the Italian masters of the Renaissance, especially Michael Angelo. Amongst such men Asmus Carstens and Bertel Thorwaldsen, who made such

an important contribution to the artistic development of Europe, were destined to receive their schooling.

If this first period of Danish art was either French or Classical, and in any case imported and without individuality, it must be owned that the national epoch of Danish painting was introduced with Eckersberg, and formed by a group of men who stood on their own ground, representing only Danish life, and nature as it is in Denmark. The consideration of their pictures affords little æsthetic pleasure to the eye. The execution in almost all cases is angular and diffidently careful, the representation of forms paltry, and the colour arid and without anything luminous. But the substratum of sentiment makes atonement for the inadequacy of the technique. At a period when a spiritless reproduction of old ideas and old forms of civilisation went by the name of idealism, the Danes were the first independent naturalists ; at a time when artists saw things almost exclusively through the medium of literature, they proved themselves, in the special sense of the word, to be painters, and therefore they had no need afterwards to wage the great war of liberation which had to be gone through in all other places. They had no need to learn gradually that nature may be artistically rendered without conventional composition, nor was there any necessity for them to be taught that there was a world better than that of common-place *genre* humour. For, from the very first, they plunged into reality instead of treating it with playful condescension, and were protected from the inflated sentimentality of the " village tale " by having a practised eye for what was properly pictorial. Like the Dutch of the seventeenth century, the Danes had worked faithfully to nature, and in their deep and honourable devotion they merely wished to paint nature itself according to their own true and personal conception ; and whilst the falsely idealistic or narrative works of the rest of the Continent vanished, at a later time, from painting, these Danish works, which contained in themselves fresh and natural germs, are not yet antiquated, although they may be old-fashioned ; to some extent, indeed, and in their essential conception, they may still be said to hold sway over living Danish art.

Christoph Vilhelm Eckersberg was, in many ways, a remarkable artist. In the matter of technique he is almost antediluvian ; he is old-fashioned in his hard and sharp portraits, old-fashioned in his large historical pictures, old-fashioned in his petty landscapes and carefully drawn and leaden sea-pieces. Nevertheless his pictures have remained more classical than those of his contemporaries, who donned the classic garb as if for eternity. He has a simpler and more familiar expression for the things we know ; he gives warmth by his purity of feeling : everything he does bears the impress of a peculiar sincerity, as if he went bail in his person for the truth of what he painted.

Eckersberg belongs to those modest but meritorious artists who have been little honoured in the earlier period, artists who have given something novel in place of reminiscences from other centuries and the classical imitation

Tillge, photo.
ECKERSBERG. A SEASCAPE.

popular in their time. He had, like Carstens, studied under Abildgaard, and after that he finished his course of training under David from 1810 to 1813. From 1813 to 1816 he was in Rome, where his friend Thorwaldsen was, at that time, high-priest of art. And just as he was at pains to follow the turbulent painter of the Revolution in his Parisian studies, so his pictures from Rome, which are to be seen in the Thorwaldsen Museum, are under the sway of Roman Classicism. But when he returned home in 1816, and as a man of tough energy undertook the guidance of Danish art, it was soon seen where his talent actually lay. He executed about this time a portrait of himself in which he is painted looking into the world with honest, dark-blue eyes, a massive, sensible, and judiciously observant man. This likeness shows him, indeed, both as a man and as an artist, and supplies a curious commentary on the tedious historical pictures which he composed in Paris and Rome. In outward respects these same pictures are concerned with the system of ideas everywhere in favour at the period, and they borrow their subjects from the Bible or from classical antiquity. "Bacchus and Ariadne," "The Spartan Lads," "Ulysses slaying the Suitors," all painted before 1816, are amongst the most jejune works produced at the time. But compared with earlier Danish pictures, and compared with the classical productions of contemporaries, they are true to nature. Eckersberg supplanted the tall, flabby, mannered, swaying figures of Abildgaard, with their over-

developed muscles and characterless faces, by stiff frames which have no flow of line, and earnest faces which know nothing of the Cinquecento ideal of beauty. There is nothing antique about them except the title, for the basis of his art was an absolutely accurate study of the model. Even where he arranged human

Gyldendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen.
BENDZ. THE SCULPTOR IN HIS STUDIO.

beings in *tableaux vivants*, illustrating a story provided by ancient authors, direct study of nature was the corrective he applied to the mannerism of his time. And this sound and thorough observation of nature, however unattractive it might be in technique, is yet more characteristic of his landscapes. Even in Rome this quiet Jutlander had produced a series of little pictures sharply to be distinguished from the classical views and dry architectural pieces of his contemporaries. For it was not the beauty of archi-

tecture as such that had any charm for him. The backyard of a modern Roman hut gave him as much pleasure as a classical ruin, and a meadow in spring with blossoming flowers was as dear to him as the colonnades of St. Peter's. Here, too, were colour and the play of light. His pictures owed their existence less to an antiquarian than to a pictorial interest, which is saying a good deal, considering their period.

And after Eckersberg returned home he remained the same, both in his outward many-sidedness and in the essential principle of his art. Biblical pictures and altar-paintings were ordered from him, and he painted "The Passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea" in a very sensible fashion, and gave a thoroughly prosaic paraphrase of Raphael in his "Madonna as Queen of Heaven." From the Court he received a commission to decorate the throne-room of the Castle of Christiansborg with representations from Danish history, and accomplished this task also in an honourable and conscientious manner. Everybody came to him to have their portraits painted, and he satisfied them all by making accurate likenesses. Over and above this there is an important class of pictures which were not ordered, and show the more clearly what he was aiming at himself: scenes from everyday life, landscapes and seascapes. He is the first who, in that age, which limited its enthusiasm to gods and heroes, carried out the maxim that everything may be painted, historical or modern, sacred or profane. All his life he maintained his love of

Gyldendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen.

SONNE. IN THE COUNTRY.

Tillge, photo.

SONNE. THE SICK AT THE GRAVE OF ST. HELEN.

light and air, land and sea. Sea-pieces, which had been neglected since Joseph Vernet, were introduced by him into art once more. What distinguished him, indeed, was an extraordinarily pure, fine, and inwardly felt conception of what he saw in reality in the life of men, upon land or water; and however dry and prosaic his pictures may be, they are none the less sincere, honest, and sound. He will have nothing to do with meaningless poses and empty phrases. Honest and thoroughly deliberate observation, combined with severe restraint from everything merely dazzling to the eye, is of the essence of his art.

Even his colouring is in this respect characteristic. The older painters, Juel and Abildgaard, strove to effect an artistic harmony. They used cloying colours which soothed the eye, and endeavoured to give their pictures the tone of the old masters, or that metallic brilliancy which accorded with the gilded decorations of the *rococo* period. And Eckersberg had also proceeded in this fashion in his "Bacchus and Ariadne." But afterwards these soothing colours, aiming at decorative effect, vanished from his works. He then endeavoured to render local colours as faithfully as possible; if they were also brusque and harsh, he at least rescued objects from the bath of sauce, from the pictorial tone, in which Abildgaard had steeped them, and he placed them

in the open light of day. In him everything receives its healthy, natural illumination, and that is principally what gives his pictures a plebeian effect beside those of delicate *rococo* painters. In the proximity of the portraits of Juel, harmonised in a golden tone, the figures of Eckersberg in the Copenhagen Gallery looked as if they had just washed, with such ingenuousness and sincerity did he place the healthy red in the cheeks of his girls boldly against the white skin. No doubt there is a good deal which is prosaic and material in this method of creation. For the poetry of colour he had but little feeling. But when, after looking at the pictures of Eckersberg in the Thorwaldsen Museum, one's gaze wanders to the "Sleeping Girl" of Riedel hanging opposite, there can be no doubt that outward prettiness and sugary coquetry are on the side of the German, and health and veracity on that of the Dane.

It is easily noticeable that Eckersberg's activity fell in a time when plastic art was set above painting, and the plastic element in pictures was specially accentuated. This draughtsman-like treatment, which knows little of the pictorial conception, is what chiefly gives his works their antiquated air. Eckersberg paints things much as they are in themselves, and too little does he paint the

Gyldendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen.

MARSTRAND. SCENE FROM "ERASMUS MONTANUS."

impression received of them. His observation is positive, solid, firm, but it is not light enough with what is light, nor fleeting enough with what is fleeting. His strong point is the rendering of objects with opaque surfaces in hard day-

light when everything is distinctly visible. Dusk and clare-obscure, which dissolve the outlines of things, are no affair of his. Optical phenomena, like rainbows, have a heavy and material appearance in his works. What the moderns leave to be indistinctly divined he paints substantially and palpably. He is too careful of outline. What a hard and disagreeable effect is made by the contours in his picture of the interior of the Colosseum! In his effort to attain outline and local colour he even gives them to objects which have none. The clouds look like masonry; the water, which in its endless variety is almost more wayward than the air, and plays, at the same time, in bluish, greenish, and whitish tones, has only one hard, monotonous colour in Eckersberg, and no transparency, no brilliancy nor glitter. It is only when one overlooks these defects that one can enjoy the incomparable study of the movement of the waves, and the admirable drawing of ships; one may remember, indeed, many more effective seascapes, but few so satisfactory in the consideration of details.

In Eckersberg everything has been quietly, logically, and deliberately thought out and seen before being painted; every point stands where it should; he has his perspective and anatomy at his fingers' ends. His sea-pieces, with their little ships rocking upon waves of porcelain, are frigidly and aridly painted, but very delicately observed, and drawn with great confidence. And his portraits, limited as they are from the pictorial standpoint, must be reckoned amongst the best of their period as regards sincerity in the study of nature. In the group of the family of the merchant Nathanson, in the Copenhagen Gallery, he does not attempt to embellish his models, but attacks

MARSTRAND. *Tillge, photo.*
SUNDAY ON THE SILJANSEE.

Tillge, photo.

MARSTRAND. THE VISIT.

them, roughly no doubt, but straightforwardly. Certain of his pictures of children have a winning innocence, and some of his portraits of women are worthy of being named beside those of David. In particular, he has painted with a careful brush and much delicacy of feeling Anne Marie Magnani, the friend of Thorwaldsen, and also the master himself, whom he revered as a god. Here he has a real touch of greatness, in spite of his minutely fine work of detail. The head and hands are drawn with laboured diffidence, as in all his pictures, and the stiff shirt painted with such refinement is unpictorial. But all the more moving is the infinite, and thoroughly pre-Raphaelitish, devotion with which he gave himself up to rendering this head, the religious piety with which he reproduced every little hair and every furrow in the face ; and by these fresh, naturalistic qualities Eckersberg has become the ancestor of modern Danish art. Positive and realistic, too honest to make a pretence of raising himself to the level of the great old masters by superficial imitation, but all the more zealously bent on penetrating the spirit of nature, and loving everything to the minutest detail, weak in imagination but profound in his

feeling for nature—such was Eckersberg himself, and such was the painting developed from the groundwork of his intuition of nature.

All his pupils—*Rörbye, Küchler, Eddelien, Bendz, Christen Köbke, Roed,*

Gyldendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen.

MARSTRAND. DRIVING AWAY FLIES.

and others—were, like their master, undiluted naturalists, healthy and virile, like Peter Hess, Bürkel, Franz Krüger, and Hermann Kauffmann. Scenes from the studios of painters, sculptors, and engravers, and from the life of peasants and soldiers, were their usual subjects, and all their pictures show that, under the influence of Eckersberg, a homely spirit of observation had entered into Danish artists. At a time when all Denmark was wild over Oehlenschläger and soft moonlit nights, they brought to all their work an entirely honest and objective veracity which had no trace of romantic sentimentality; they never dreamed of beautifying their figures, but handled forms honestly as they found them. Still less did they feel any temptation to treat life humorously, like the contemporary *genre* painters, for they had no higher aim than to grasp seriously and with unfeigned feeling what was familiar and direct. *Sonne,* who is specially esteemed in Denmark as a battle-painter, was one of the first to devote himself to the representation of the life of the Danish people. He had little technical equipment, but

Gyldendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen.

MARSTRAND. THE UNBELIEVING THOMAS.

deep and fine feeling, and his touching picture in the National Gallery, "The Sick at the Grave of St. Helen," is one of the most valuable works of his generation. He creates astonishment by the manner in which he shows himself an epic painter upon the grand scale in his admirable *sgrafittos*—alas! almost destroyed—upon the walls of the Thorwaldsen Museum, where he represented the return of the master to Copenhagen, and his enthusiastic reception by his countrymen. Eckersberg's successor as teacher in the Academy was *Jörgen Roed*, and as such he maintained Eckersberg's traditions; he proved himself specially eminent as a portrait painter, but has also painted, quite in the manner of his teacher, good architectural pictures, scenes from popular and ordinary life, and several religious works. He had Eckersberg's confident draughtsmanship, and, like Eckersberg too, he had little imagination or feeling for colour, albeit his colours are more discreet and refined.

It is only *Vilhelm Marstrand* who occupies a peculiar position. Whereas Eckersberg looked at nature with the quietly observant eye of a painter, Marstrand is a *genre* painter in the full sense of the word—the only man in Denmark who had "ideas"; and he is the Danish Wilkie and Schroedter, Madou and Biard, in one. His contemporaries did him honour as the most spirited painter, the most gifted master of characterisation in Denmark, on the score of this "broad and healthy humour." And, strangely enough, even those who are living now cannot shake this opinion. What a strange thing humour is in painting! In general it is as much discredited in these days as the dramatic exaggeration of the historical picture. But as there is always a true distinction between wild and genuine passion and histrionic gesticulation, so true humour should be distinguished from affected. Delaroche's historical pictures fail in their effect, because, being of a tame and peaceable spirit, he painted sanguinary deeds with the savageness of Mieris; and Adolf Schroedter's whimsicalities are equally lukewarm, because, being a home-made and sober personage, he produced them with an insipid, self-complacent smile. The theme was not in accordance with

JULIUS EXNER. *Gyldendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen.*

their species of talent. But Delacroix sweeps one on with him through the whole gamut of the passions ; it is not a deft stage-manager, but a bold spirit of flame that is here displayed. And in his narrower field Marstrand has likewise remained fresh. The delights of colour are not demanded from him ; his whole art is directed to the observation of the spirit. The crooked nose, the blotches of a toper's face, the heavy gesture of a dissolute and brutalised man, wrinkled features and vulgar figures, merely serve to make the nature, trade, mania, and habits the more distinctly salient. Here we have not forms and colours, but dissipation, intemperance, brutality, cunning, avarice, hebetude. It is astonishing how he brings out of every figure the essence of its being ; the realistic force with which he sharpens characteristic traits to make a character-piece is amazing. To press more deeply into the forge where his spirit works, one passes from his pictures to his masterly sketches with the pen, and one pursues his sparkling point and humour with still greater interest where colour makes no disturbing effect. Marstrand is never wearisome, for he sets one tingling with eagerness, and, as he fully accomplishes his purpose, his art is justified ; in fact, Marstrand offers a parallel in art to the broad comedy of Holberg, Baggesen's graceful whimsicality, and Heiberg's extravagant waywardness.

From 1829, when he exhibited his first pictures, as a pupil of Eckersberg, he entered at once upon this humorously satirical course. He painted the people of Copenhagen and the Philistine class in their domestic occupations, or the vagaries of tavern life, men shaving and making comical faces over the process, miserable rejected suitors, or family parties with gay interludes. And with his eye for humour he saw matters which were just as droll in Italy, where he stayed for the first time from 1836 to 1843. His " Festival of St. Anthony in Rome " is a pyrotechnical display of wit and humour, and his Italian vintage scenes are full of waggish fun and comical resource.

Gyldendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen.

EXNER. ON THE LOOK-OUT.

He was therefore altogether in his element when he painted the celebrated pictures on Holberg's comedies after his return, and these occupied him for several years. Whereas Lorentzen and

Tillge, photo.
A FARMYARD.

VERMEHREN.

Eckersberg attempted the illustration of the Danish Molière without much felicity, Marstrand struck the popular tone quite admirably. In 1844 he executed the "finery scene" from *Erasmus Montanus*, the following year the "Visit to the Woman Lying-in," in 1852 the "Collegium Politicum," and in 1859 the "coffee scene" from the *Would-be Politicians* and the "court scene" from *The Fortunate Shipwreck*. Marstrand had, indeed, a spiritual affinity with Holberg, and thus moved with the greater freedom in this field. His "Visit to the Woman Lying-in" would do honour to Hogarth, with such satirical keenness are the characters brought out. The illustrations to Holberg drawn, not so long since, by *Hans Tegner*, with a spirited and graceful pen, have not thrown these Marstrand pictures into the shade. In addition to Holberg, *Don Quixote* was a constant inspiration to him, and one should place the tedious illustrations of Adolf Schroedter beside his to see the high flight of Marstrand's fancy.

Indeed, Marstrand was a most varied painter. His comprehensive work, "Sunday on the Siljansee," executed in 1853, without having any of the "points" of *genre* painting, has been kept more or less in the style of Teniers' great picture of the fair. And in another picture, "The Visit" of 1857,

the satirist has become a tender, idyllic poet. A peaceful atmosphere of Sunday rests upon an old room with solid furniture, where one perceives that throughout generations the same family has lived in easy prosperity. It is this very interior alone which gives the whole its homely Sunday air. And here we have the familiar visage of a young man who is courting a girl. A handsome naval officer has entered the room, and laid upon the table a little bouquet neatly tied up. The young lady has given him her thanks in a subdued voice, and her aged mother casts meaning glances at her, while an embarrassing pause has interrupted conversation. Thus it is a *genre* picture, though one which has been rendered with great charm.

Meanwhile he had made repeated journeys to the South, to Venice and Rome, and painted, as a result, a series of life-size Italian pictures in the fashion of Riedel: girls at the doors of inns, children playing with cats, hunters languishing in love, and the like. His treatment, which was at first ornamental and smooth, seems broader in these later works, and aims more at magnitude; the colouring, which was at first cold, is warmer and deeper but at the same time darker and more suggestive of sauce. The evil influence of these journeys was that the humorist of earlier days, in his last period became solemn, and painted church pictures. "Christ with His Disciples at Emmaus" was executed in 1856, and his "Feast of Christ," which was crowded with figures, in 1869: as a piece of composition this latter has striking beauty, but it is of little pictorial value. The best work of his last years is a series of portraits, amongst which are those of Madame Heiberg, the painter Constantin Hansen, and Professor Höyen. But here also Marstrand's strength does not lie in the loving observation of detail, though the old satirist possessed a keen eye for soul and character, and had the secret of giving his pictures something remarkably spontaneous, living, and spirited.

Gyldendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen.
VERMEHREN. AN OLD FISHERMAN RESTING.

Yet his influence was a danger to the further de-

velopment of Danish painting. His life was divided between Italy and Denmark, and by him, if for a short time only, Danish painting was alienated

Gyldendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen.

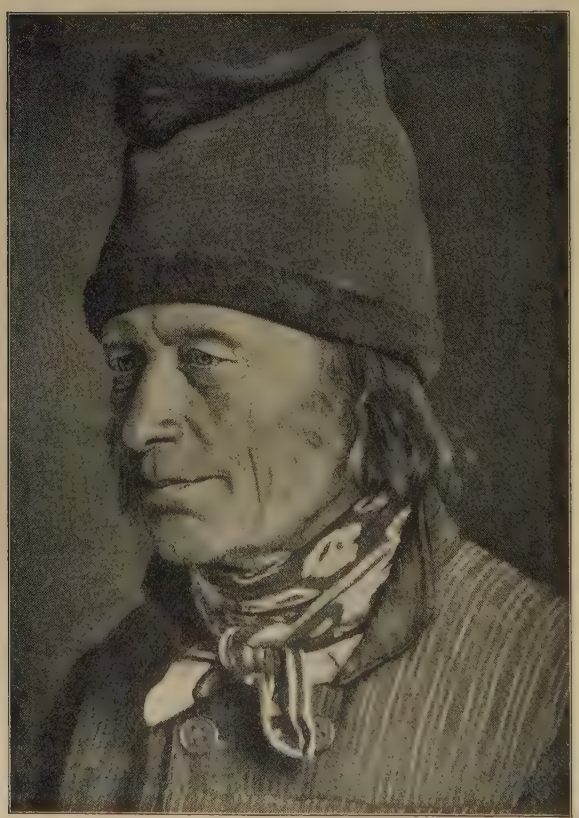
VERMEHREN. THE PEASANT'S COTTAGE.

from the soil of home. The rage for travelling to Italy and the East came into vogue.

A large Danish colony was active in Rome about 1840, and a halting place was often made in the Munich of Ludwig I. Here it was that *Bendz* painted that fine picture of Finck's Café which may be found in the Thorwaldsen Museum. *Ernst Meyer,* who studied long under Cornelius, threw himself with great zeal into the representation of Roman and Neapolitan street-life.

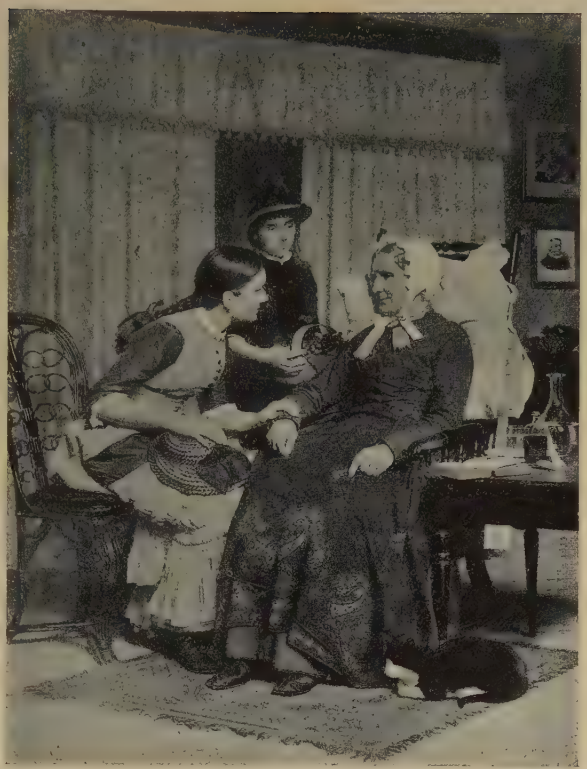
Küchler, who afterwards became a monk in Italy, painted, to say nothing of representations of street-life, religious pictures —" Joseph and his Brethren," and the like—Düsseldorfian in colour, but free from sentimentalism. *Constantin Hansen*, in his mythological frescoes in the entrance hall of the University of Copenhagen—where *Hilker* painted the ornamental decorations—endeavoured, after the example of sculptors, to introduce the world of Northern gods into Danish painting, and he is also represented, in the Copenhagen Gallery, by scenes from Naples and prospects of Roman ruins. The pictures of *J. A. Krafft*, who was several years earlier, and of the landscape painter *Petzholdt*, are more or less on a parallel to the little Italian pictures of Bürkel. *Niels Simonsen*, the battle painter, made a journey to Africa and returned with pictures of the desert. And Rörbye also set himself to satisfy the demand for Eastern pictures.

In his novel *Only a Fiddler* Andersen has given a delightful account of the life of Danish artists at that time in Rome, their strenuous work and their jovial meetings, when the " Pontemolle " was celebrated in the Café Greco. " The walls," writes Andersen, " were hung with crowns, and in the centre a garland of oak-leaves formed an O and a T, indicating the names Overbeck and Thorwaldsen. On the benches round the tables artists were seated, both old and young, most of them being Germans, with whom tavern life has its origin. They had all of them moustaches, beards, and whiskers, and certain of them wore their hair in long locks. Some sat in their shirt-sleeves, and others in blouses. Here the famous old Reinhart was to be seen in his buff waistcoat, with a red cap on his head. His dog was tied to the leg of his chair, and yelped lustily in company with another dog close by. There sat Koch, the Tyrolese, the old artist with a jovial face. There sat Overbeck with bare neck, and long locks streaming over his white collar, dressed like Raphael." And



Gyldendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen.

VERMEHREN. STUDY OF A HEAD.



Tillge, photo.
VERMEHREN. VISITING THE SICK.

Emil Hannover in his subtle and thoughtful book on Köbke justly points out what importance Italy and intercourse with the Nazarenes really had on Danish artists at the time. They learnt to accomplish with skill the monumental tasks set them in Denmark during the thirties, and acquired a feeling for beauty of form and rounded composition. But they were drawn aside from the sound course of Eckersberg. What they achieved in the way of decorative paintings was based entirely upon the study of the old masters. And Italian representation of popular life led to the same ethnographical painting of costume, and sentimental romanticism in dealing with robbers, which flourished everywhere else at the time. Even the German principles of instruction, communicated to them by Ernst Meyer, brought half-measures into Eckersberg's naturalism. A visit to the Copenhagen collection of copper engravings proves that, during those years, work was scarcely ever done after painted studies, but simply from drawings. There was a general " theory of colours "—of which Ludwig Richter has also written in his *Lebenserinnerungen*—and artists noted rapidly with a pencil upon the margins of sketches the colours which were to be employed later. Many lent such drawings to each other to be used for pictures. Plaster heads and the ideal of beauty likewise exercised their influence, which was fatal to the spirit.

It was the great national movement resulting in the democratic constitution and the war with Germany, the period from 1848 to 1850, which first threw Danish painting back upon its own resources. This mood found its earliest expression in the writings of the able historian of art N. Höyen, who fought through a long life with all the power of unusual eloquence to combine the practice of art more narrowly than before with the life of the nation. A land which had given Thorwaldsen to the world, he urged in a lecture on 23rd March 1844, *On the Conditions for the Development of a National Scandinavian*

Art, should not perish by the imitation of alien methods, but ought to have the pride to secure for itself a peculiar position in European painting. What, he went on, was only possible upon the path indicated by Eckersberg, was to portray what lived in the spirit of the people. The Danish artist had in the first place to learn to feel at home in his own country. Here were the tough roots of his strength. Only in this way could Danish art, like the Danish language and poetry, find a peculiar, Northern method of expression. Upon the Danish islands it was that painters should study the people, not for the sake of bringing home pictures of costume, but to become familiar, on all sides, with the bluff, serious life of nature, and the rough-grained fisherfolk. When they once succeeded in marking the original peculiarities of race in the people itself, and seizing the character of the inhabitants of the North in all its individuality, it would perhaps be possible for a grand art, with a special stamp of its own, to be developed in Denmark. After this lecture of Höyen a new impulse is to be noted in Danish painting of landscape and popular life. Italy and Rome were no longer a meeting-place for artists. The generation of painters which had grown up amid the ideas of freedom and nationality which shook the country before the war of 1848 had no higher ambition than to depict Danish life, and that no longer in a satirical or humorous fashion like Marstrand, but with cordiality and devotion.

Gyldendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen.

DALSGAARD. STUDY OF A PEASANT WOMAN.

Neither Vermehren, nor Dalsgaard, nor Exner know anything of the forced humour of *genre* which existed at that time upon the Continent. Nor do they take pains to instruct an international public as to customs and usages in Denmark. They painted simply what had for them pictorial attraction, and, despite their angular and detailed treatment, and their monotonous style, so void of charm, they, in this way, make some approach to the quiet poetry which is delightful in the old Dutch masters.

The least refined of the trio is *Julius Exner*, and he often comes perilously near the line where what is child-like becomes childish and what is sweet becomes sugary. Generally speaking, Exner revolves in a prescribed

Tillge, photo.

DALSGAARD.

CHILDREN ON THE DOOR-STEP.

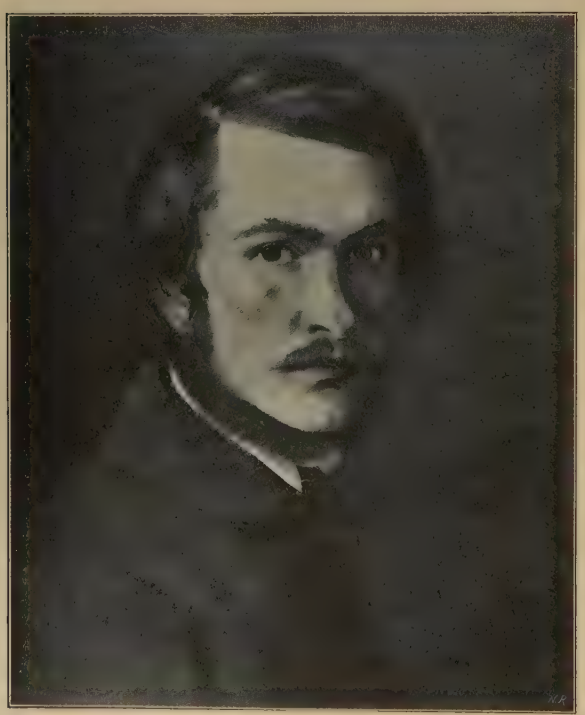
Gyldendalske Boghandel Copenhagen.

DALSGAARD. THE CHILD'S COFFIN.

circle of subjects : old men in night-caps sealing letters by candle-light, village inns where there is dancing and people are drinking punch, fish-wives in red kerchiefs before a cup of coffee, lads and lasses telling each other's fortunes by cards, children going to see their grandfather on Sunday, old men offering little girls flowers to smell, little cousins playing with a baby who has just been christened, young peasant mothers putting their children to bed, musicians playing at a wedding, baptisms, blind-man's-buff, and children sharing their breakfast with cats and ravens or watching their father puffing clouds of smoke for their edification. In him preponderates the ethnographical element —old-world chambers and gaudy national costumes which have held their ground upon the islands of Amager and Fanö. The figures are sometimes life-size, which makes the vulgar colouring all the more obvious, and the faces are often contorted like masks. Nevertheless several of his earlier pictures of children are not yet antiquated. They have something of the homely simplicity of Ludwig Richter. In an age when German painters merely turned children to account for comic situations, or showed off their precocious humour, Exner portrayed the inward life of little people without mawkishness or deliberate comicality. His rosy-cheeked girls are all scrubbed and combed and prettily dressed up, yet they are far more human than the little angels of Meyer of Bremen. Even in the simple picture of the little convalescent

receiving a visit from her friends every species of cheap humour has been avoided. The girl has the sense of having gone through something serious ; and seriously and with diffidence do the others advance towards her.

In *Frederik Vermehren* Danish reality becomes something almost arid. His pictures have no substratum of *genre* that can be set down in so many words. An old man who delivers bread for a baker at distant farms, tired with walking in the noonday sun which broods over the heath, has sat down upon a milestone, and is looking mildly and vacantly before him. In the poor and wretched heath tract of Jutland a shepherd is standing, a strange figure, the living product of this rude soil, one accustomed to live with no other companions than his lonely thoughts, his sheep, and his dog. He neither whistles nor does anything funny, as he certainly must have done in German *genre* pictures. As a matter of fact, he is knitting socks. A strange air of sadness is in his gaze. It is as if he himself felt the contrast between the boundless horizon and the limited ideas of his own brain, which rise no higher than the stunted bushes of the heath. Or else there is the strand of the fishing village of Hellebæk on a bright summer evening without a breath of wind. Ships pass far out upon the smooth, glassy sea. And a pair of children are playing by the water's edge, and an old fisherman sits upon a stone with a great basket of mussels. He is doing nothing interesting, and contents himself with quietly breathing the pure salt air and gazing without a thought in his mind upon the sea. Or again, there is a poor peasant's room with a cosy old tiled stove. Warm light streams in through the open door and mingles with the dull atmosphere of the chamber. Everything is quite still inside. Upon a bench by the stove a little old woman is sitting, shelling peas, while a girl of ten years old is at her feet entirely occupied with her book. Each of them has her own ideas. The little one is reading in Bible history about Abraham and Joseph, while the old woman sits in quiet commerce with far-off memories. And time goes by unmarked by them both. Or there are a pair of poor



Gyldendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen.

JOHANN THOMAS LUNDBYE. PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

Tillge, photo.

LUNDBYE. COWS IN A MEADOW.

orphan children, the girl with a large canvas wallet and the boy with an old basket: they are going on their usual morning round, begging alms, and have just entered a peasant's kitchen, the carefully burnished pots and pans giving no evidence of prosperity but much of cleanliness and good order. A German *genre* painter would have set the housewife and the children into some relation with the public. In bestowing a piece of bread-and-butter the woman would have assuredly said to the spectator, "See what a good heart I have." The children in receiving it would have said, "See how ashamed we feel to be begging." In Vermehren the old woman has cut the hunch of bread without any sentimentality, simply because it is customary, and the children take it quite as quietly and without affected gratitude. They are accustomed to waiting and begging. Even when cavalry soldiers are burnishing their sabres they are altogether quiet and serious about it in Vermehren, and do not indulge in laughter, song, or practical jokes.

Christen Dalsgaard is far more important than either, and fascinates the beholder by the fine manner in which he analyses the inward life of men and women—not so much the obvious external emotions of joy and sorrow, as the more refined shades of reflection, consideration, quietude, deliberate thought. Like Vermehren, he paints exclusively the peasants of his home, and, being a peasant's son himself, he does so simply, and from the standpoint of the peasant. Women mending nets, the workshop of a village carpenter, an old

fisher jesting with girls, the gunner on furlough, the shepherd distrained for rent, and the churching of a young wife are the subjects of pictures which represent him in the Copenhagen Gallery—works of simple cordiality and fine psychological depth.

In characterisation Dalsgaard is the very opposite of Knaus, discreetly indicating what the latter would obtrusively mark in italics. This delicate pictorial observation, which preserves him from all false ingenuity, and from narrative and humorous tendency, renders him congenial even in these days. His pictures are not produced through any stitching together of separate pictorial notes, but through an inward unity of the whole. Nor does he seek those catastrophes and complications without which, in the days of historical painting, the picture of manners could not exist in other countries ; on the contrary, he has a preference for quiet life in nature and in the world of men. Just as he delights in the serene and peaceful sky, so does he take delight in the life of men in its repose, and shows this in his pictures as in a clear mirror. There are no hasty movements, and none of that transitory play of countenance which is so often forced. The lyrical character and the charm of temperament in his pictures rise from the depth and earnestness with which he loses himself in the quiet poetry of ordinary life. Thanks to the seclusion of their country, the Danes were not tempted to prepare their works for the picture market. Thus they avoid the painting of anecdote, all significant moments, and the celebration of interesting festivities. They depict the silent life of customary behaviour, and, even here, only the subdued and more reserved feelings : they have no care for agitated action, no dramatic interplay of characters ; but merely the life of every day, in its consistent, regular course, the poetry of habitual existence. Nothing extraordinary is represented in their pictures, and having no desire to seem ingenious they do not go to pieces on the dangerous reef of triviality. In an age when the *genre* painters of the Continent placed models in costume in some arbitrary situation and against some arbitrary background, and there set them acting in a little theatre for marionnettes, the essential principle of art in Denmark was " *mettre l'homme vrai dans son milieu vrai.*"

The landscape painters went hand-in-hand with these painters of peasants. It was precisely here that Eckersberg's strict observation of nature, although he neither painted many nor great landscapes, created a firm basis. Once when a pupil laid before him a picture " of his own composition " for criticism, Eckersberg said to him : " My good pupils always wish to do better than God Almighty ; they ought to be glad if they could only do as well." These words were not forgotten by his successors. True, the older Danish landscapes were called " Boredom painted green on green " by a German critic in 1871. But since we have advanced so far as to be out of charity with the forced sentiment of the German " pictures of mood " of that period, the temperate charm of these Danish works finds a more responsive eye. This painting of landscape is not the result of any backward glance cast upon that

Glydendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen.

LUNDBYE.

LANDSCAPE, ZEALAND.

Gyldendalske Boghandel Copenhagen.
SKOVGAARD. AT THE TEA-TABLE IN VEJBY.

of the past, nor of any side-glance upon that of contemporaries. In an epoch when only the clamorous splendours of nature in alien parts were elsewhere held worthy of pictorial representation, the Danes buried themselves with tender devotion in the peculiar character of their island country ; they have not wearied of faithfully portraying its heaths and forests, its level regions along the coast, and its grass-green beech-woods. Everywhere a discreet homeliness and an absence of painting for effect is the rule. The delicate intimacy of nature in Denmark has the purely original freshness of something newly discovered.

Christen Köbke, who died young, one of the most talented pupils of Eckersberg, and an admirable portrait painter beside, painted the poor and still growing tracts in the environs of the great town—strips from those districts which are almost as much town as country, those smooth, placid regions, so melancholy in their poverty, which were brought into art at a far later date in France and Germany.

An excellent painter of animals and a powerful and attractive master was *Johann Thomas Lundbye,* who set his models straight in front of him and

transferred them to canvas with a thoroughly Northern keenness of vision. His pictures—cowsheds, grazing cattle, and forest landscapes—are perhaps wanting, like all of their period, in the features of greatness, but they rarely fail in charm. Lundbye observed the somnolent temperament of cows with remarkable energy before Troyon, and without seeking droll and entertaining points like Landseer. As a landscape painter he has, at times, bright tender notes, skies of fine silvery blue, which evince an exceedingly delicate eye for colour; and his pen-and-ink drawings and clear, spirited water-colours are entirely charming, almost French in their grace, and of a bold simplicity. The simpler the medium the more eloquent he is. But Lundbye did not quite live through one human generation, for he perished as a volunteer in the war of 1848, which also robbed Denmark of another gifted painter of animals in *Carlo Dalgas*. Yet a number of others, who were accorded a longer period for their labours, followed him upon his course.

The gifted interpreter of the beauty of Danish beech-woods, *Peter Christian Skovgaard*, was the son of a peasant belonging to the north coast of Zealand. His mother travelled every year with the children to her parents in Copenhagen; and the lad was driven in a tilt-cart along the Kattegat by the steel-blue sea, and through the luxuriant forests of Frederiksborg. Here the

Gyldendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen.

KYHN. LANDSCAPE, HOMELAND.

austere grandeur of Northern landscape was revealed to him. The long bridge in Copenhagen with its old toll-house in moonlight was the subject of the first small picture which he sent to the exhibition of the Copenhagen Academy in

1836; and it is the only moonlight picture which exists by him. All lyrical vagueness, indeed, was foreign to him; he was a portrait painter, precise, analytical, and severe, one who saw what was distant with a keen eye, and

Gyldendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen.

RUMP. NEAR FREDERIKSBORG, SPRING.

saw it as distinctly as what was near. His pervasive characteristic is absolute reality and plainness; his favourite light was the cold, pale day, the sober blue of the Northern sky. His earliest picture—one of 1839—which represents him in the gallery of Christiansborg, is "A Part of the Tidsvilder Forest." From the high hills, overgrown with brushwood, where a family of foxes are lurking in front, there is a wide prospect of the sea, above which arches a clear, silver-grey sky; gravel paths lead through the wood, and the grass is mown. At a period when the German Romanticists regarded "civilised nature" as wanting in beauty, and only felt at home in mediæval landscapes, Skovgaard painted, without a moment's reflection, Danish scenes as they were in the neighbourhood, with their cultivation, their canals and paths. Sometimes these are parts of the strand, sometimes woodland clearings from the southern point of Zealand; everywhere there was the clear grey sky and the fresh sea air which he loved. After 1847 he settled in the park at Copenhagen, and no one has explored its secrets with the same zeal. The pleasant clearings in the forest, with roes, fallow-deer, and storks, the still sheets of water amid young verdant wood, the little leaves of which, glancing in the sun, cast greenish reflections of themselves in the water—these have

been felt with much subtlety and intimacy. With his steel-coloured tones and his cold, clear air, Skovgaard, who seems such a sober master, and so fond of the broad daylight, has the secret of creating effects which are altogether seductive.

Vilhelm Kyhn, who is still living, and appears to grow better and more youthful and vigorous with years, is the poet amongst these Danes—a man of virile artistic nature, of great truthfulness, and, at the same time, of rich and deep inward feeling, one who sees in nature the mirror of his own restless spirit. He has a sentiment for wide plains and great lines, for nature's austere and earnest rhythm of form. The poetry of his pictures has kinship with the old Danish ballads: their technique is rough and angular, their mood serious and melancholy. Great thunderclouds roll over endless plains overgrown with low brushwood. Or a fresh breeze blows the light clouds swiftly over the blue sky. The air rises clear and high over the forest trees, and allows the eye to range over bright distances, bounded by hills.

Spring is what attracts *Gotfred Rump*, those clear March days when the snow melts on the fields, and a fresh, fine, yellowish verdure breaks forth. The Copenhagen Gallery possesses a spring landscape by him of the park of Frederiksborg, which makes an exceedingly delicate and intimate effect in its intense bright green tones, in spite of the want of air. Other masters command more forcible tones, higher imaginative power, and more dramatic chords, but few had such moving tenderness, such sincerity, such simplicity, such freshness.

At the same time *Anton Melbye*, *Emanuel Larsen*, and *Frederik Sörensen* appeared with their sea-pieces, which they painted for the expert merchant circles of Copenhagen, and depicted the sea with an unsurpassable technical knowledge of ships, navigation, waves, and wind. Melbye especially is one of the most admirable sea painters of all times; even during his life he was highly esteemed in foreign countries, and his pictures are most readily to be found in Hamburg and St. Petersburg. He had a more masculine temperament than other Danish painters, and has often portrayed the powerful dramas of the sea with magnificent force of conception.

The old Danish painting is healthy nutriment, a painting strong in substance. It is striking in all productions by its loving and sympathetic understanding for nature, and by giving that sense of the artist having lost himself in a little world, a thing which also gives its imperishable charm to old Dutch painting. And so, at a later time, when, after the victory over stereotyped Classicism, over the exaggeration of historical painting, over middle-class *genre* humour, and over the loud effects of illustrative landscape painting, delicacy and the poetry of nature, truth and sincerity, healthy feeling and simplicity forced their way everywhere into European art once more, the Danes, unlike most other nations, had nothing to learn over again.

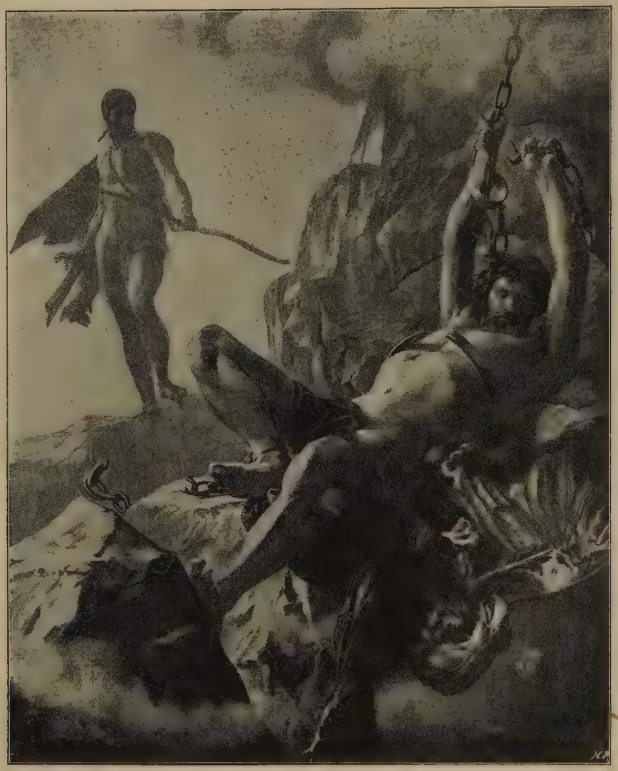
But if they had nothing to learn over again they had to make very great additions to their knowledge in the matter of technique.

Gyldendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen.

MELBYE. MARINE.

Since all these painters had been practically thrown upon their own resources, their technique was always crude and laboriously childish. There is, in all their pictures, a circumspect, diffident manner of seeing nature, while the painting is frequently suggestive of an oil print, and thin and arid; the intimate warmth of their feeling suffers under the smooth varnish of the treatment. And any removal of these defects seemed all the less possible since a diffident system of isolation predominated down to the sixties. Dreading alien influences, artists were determined to be thrown upon their own resources, and cherished the childish fancy that Denmark was the whole world. So the great movement which was then accomplished in France did not penetrate at all into this quiet corner of the earth; nothing was known of the delicate and veiled harmonies of Corot, nor of the powerful solidity of Courbet. Höyen desired an art drawing inspiration from the soil of home, and in this he was not wrong; only, he forgot that technical improvements—like all newly discovered truths—belong to the whole world, and that the most various matters may be expressed by the same method. The consequence of this Wall of China was, that Denmark, in the sixties, had at its disposal merely a backward technique which had stiffened in old forms, one which had grown stale by resisting renovation. In reference to the World Exhibition of 1867, it was said in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*: "Amongst all the rooms of the Champs de Mars the little Danish room is certainly the coldest and most melancholy." Julius Lange had written the introduction to the Danish catalogue, in which he expatiated eloquently upon the national principles of the Danish school. But the critic of the *Gazette* made a remark upon it which was quite as much to the point. "This is all very fine," said the critic. "*Mais il ne suffit pas que la peinture soit nationale, ni même qu'elle soit vraie; il faut aussi qu'elle soit artiste.*" Contact with other countries, which from this time became more frequent, gradually induced a change. The Danes began to grow ashamed of their older and childishly awkward colouring, and set themselves from the close of the sixties to learn to paint.

CARL BLOCH. *Gyldendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen.*



Gyldendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen.

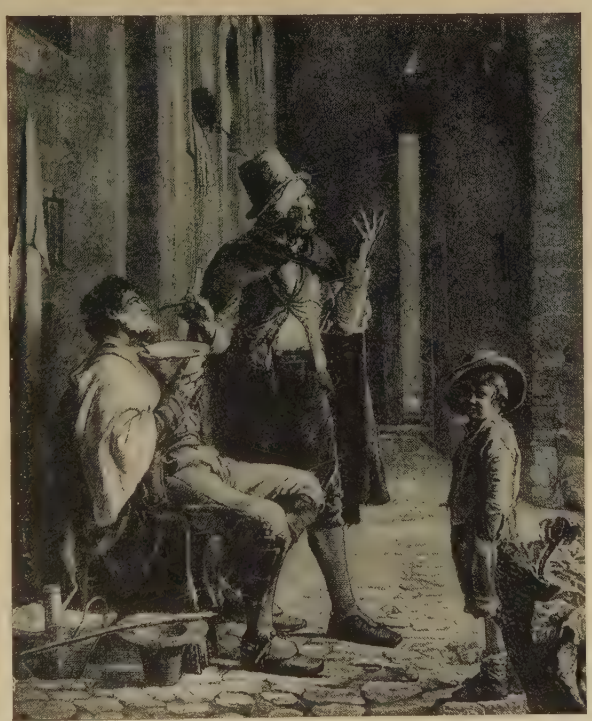
BLOCH. PROMETHEUS.

At first the fears of Höyen certainly appeared to be valid. In the place of an awkward but independent, national painting there came, in the sixties and seventies, one which had external brilliancy, but was cosmopolitan and without character. For acquaintance with foreign countries had all the effect of a surprise, just as a bend of the road suddenly brings a far horizon into view : the charming woodland corner which was an entire world in itself suddenly becomes a mere nook in the landscape, and its fine, irregular lines appear small and insignificant in comparison with the majestic features of the distant mountains. In the effort to choose subjects treated in other countries, the stamp of individuality was lost, as well as that tender feeling for home sinking to the most inward chambers of an artist's nature, the feeling those older masters had possessed in so high a degree.

Carl Bloch is the leading representative of this group. The son of a Copenhagen merchant, after leaving the Academy of Art he had first worked simply, like Vermehren and Exner, amongst the Zealand peasants and upon the west coast of Jutland ; there he had painted a number of pictures dealing with the life of the people, pictures which, in their poverty of colour and plain intimacy of feeling, shared all the merits and defects of the older Danish paintings. It was a residence in Rome, from 1859 to 1865, which first made of him the many-sided artist and great master of technique whom Danes of the older generation delight to honour, but who gives little knowledge of Danish art to any one not a Dane.

In the first place, there is in his pictures from life an unpleasant *genre* element, that forced "humour" which the older painters were so discreet in keeping at arm's length. "An Old Bachelor," forced to undertake the repairs of his trousers, and displaying a droll clumsiness the while, and "A Roman Street-Barber," in the midst of his work ogling a pretty woman who

is looking out of a window, were his first hits. Soon afterwards—at the same time as Grützner—he discovered the comic side of monastic life, and was never tired of enlivening the public with monks plucking geese or applying medicated bags to alleviate toothache, monks who are deaf and nevertheless tell each other scandalous narratives, and the like. And, of course, in Italy he could not rest till he had won the laurels of the historical painter. "Samson in the Mill amongst the Philistines," "The Daughter of Jairus," "Samson and Delilah," and "The Liberation of Prometheus" were pictures of technical virtuosity such as Danish painters had not previously displayed, and they made all the more sensation in Bloch's native-land since there had not previously been any "grand art" there. But a foreigner passes Bloch's works in the gallery of Christiansborg with a good deal of indifference; the attractive qualities of the older Danish painting, the simple poetry and inward depth, are just what they do not possess, and what they have is a mere reflection of that which France and Germany have produced likewise. The two-and-twenty pictures on the history of Christ which he painted in 1865, on the order of Jacobsen, for a chapel in the Castle of Frederiksborg which had been built again after the fire, might have been executed by Gustav Richter. His "Chancellor Niels Kaas, upon his Deathbed, giving his Young Ward, Prince Christian, the Keys to the Vault where the Crown Jewels are preserved," and "King Christian as Prisoner in the Castle of Sonderborg," stand—even as regards their aniline sort of colour—to older Danish pictures as a Piloty stands to a Spitzweg. They are the works of a cultivated and intelligent artist, who has seen much in foreign parts, and has now himself learnt to paint. On the other hand, they are completely wanting in artistic temperament and all individuality. Like those of Piloty, the heads of his figures are painted with a strong regard for the beautiful, and the ideas harboured



Seemann, Leipzig.

BLOCH. A ROMAN STREET-BARBER.

by their mighty brows are such as Columbus on the discovery of America or the dying Milton are wont to have in all this kind of historical painting. His "Interior from the Age of Christian IV"—a young lady getting out of bed, whilst a dog runs away with her slipper—would, very probably, do honour to Schrader. But that he really was a fine artist when he left off imitating others is proved by his etchings—especially the landscapes—which, in spite of a certain awkwardness, are amongst the most delicate and charming which have been executed since Daubigny.

A certain routine of luxuriant painting was, moreover, acquired by the portrait painter *Gertner*, the dexterous portrait and animal painter *Otto Bache*, who had little of the personal note, and *Mrs. Elisabeth Jerichau-Baumann*, who was trained in Düsseldorf and called by Cornelius the one man in the Düsseldorf school, on account of her "brusque" style. *Axel Helsted*, who was first a pupil of Bonnat in Paris, and then worked in England and Italy, is with *Vilhelm Rosenstand*, the pupil of Marstrand, the last representative in Denmark of that more or less well-painted *genre*, principally concerned with humorous or dramatic points, as Knaus is its leading representative in Germany. He has spirit and trenchant observation, and to these qualities he owes the success which many of his pictures achieved as copper engravings and as members' plates for the Society of Art. In one of his works, "In the Villa Borghese," he shows an abbot engaged in learned conversation with his pupil, the latter furtively looking at a lizard and the old man at a pretty nursery-maid. A schoolboy going home in "After Lessons" has more books than he can carry, which is meant to be funny. And in "The Lecture for Ladies" one of the audience has, of course, to be yawning, another laughing, and a third making eyes at the professor. Or else an old gentleman is sitting bashfully upon a sofa, twirling his hat in his embarrassment, and unable to screw up his courage to make a declaration of love—carefully considered at home—to a pretty widow, who is looking at him with amusement. In another picture the town council are holding a meeting, one member is making a patriotic speech, another has fallen asleep, a third is laughing, and a fourth taking notes; one lounges back in his chair, another is resting both elbows on the table, and a third affects the pose of a thinker, while the servant, the representative of low comedy, sneaks out of the room with the brandy bottle. All this is by no means badly painted, only it is very ordinary. Helsted tries to win a laugh by little tricks of caricature, by drawing his figures with long noses or making faces. Such a painter has certainly none of the naïveté of Köbke and Lundbye, nor has he the subtlety of the moderns.

Schooled from 1862 to 1868 at the Copenhagen Academy under Marstrand and Vermehren, *Christian Zahrtmann* is now a man of sixty years and upwards. Compared with the group of painters whose art in so many ways degenerated into a dexterous calligraphy, a superficial routine, Zahrtmann marks a reaction like that of the English pre-Raphaelites when they set themselves against the theatrical beauty of the historical picture and the philistinism of petty

HELSTED.

Tillge, photo.
THE DEPUTATION.

Cyldendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen.

HELSTED. A BROODER.

genre painting. He is an historical painter, but in a manner entirely his own, an historical painter resembling no one else, and rendering things which are not banal in an expressive manner and with a strong dash of paradox. He is a man of tough will, who troubles himself with no other motives than those which attract him strongly, a fine and bold spirit with whom the unusual is a matter of course; speaking more generally, he is one of the most knotty and obstinate personalities who have ever touched a brush, and he has refused to see with another's eyes or think with another's brain, or to allow himself to be influenced by existing opinion, in a degree which is altogether curious. In a picture called "Solomon and the Queen of Sheba" he has painted the splendid and luxurious king as an earnest and pedantic young rabbi, with lean cheeks and hollow eyes, the seductive queen as a prosy and learned dame of sedate age and understanding; and so, frigid to their very hearts, they are sitting face to face, each in a Persian gown, and carrying on a serious discussion over the Talmud, while thin clouds of incense rise from the primitive and meagre apparatus at their feet. Of the beautiful Aspasia he makes a majestic and corpulent matron, who, with a look of deep-set pain on her broad, mas-

culine features, is regarding the bust of her dead son. During his residence in Italy from 1875 to 1878 he represented fruit-shops, girls carrying loads of lime, Sabine women rocking their children, fruit-carriers of Amalfi and flower-sellers of Florence, and later in Denmark "The Wise and the Foolish Virgins," "Juliet and the Nurse," and "The Death of Queen Sophia Amelia"; but in every case what marks him invariably is sharp opposition to that false ideality which had at that time found a home in Danish painting. As a man of reflective spirit he disdains, in his pictures of women, to be taken captive by that beauty of form which is so easily seized; what he chiefly searches for in a woman is personality and spiritual expression, rendering the latter as it has come to exist in and through life, with all the signs of advancing years, with features marked by suffering or hardened by strife.

Thus he was led to the subject which has been nearest his heart during more recent years, the subject which he is never weary of studying, and in which he perpetually discovers new moments. This is the history of the imprisonment for twenty years of Eleonora Christina, daughter of Christian IV, and the wife of Uhlfeldt. She has described it herself in her *Lamentable Recollections*. This heroine, whose memoirs are classic, and who is dear to every Dane, this daughter of a king thrown into a dungeon through the jealousy of a queen, and there mocked by her very servants, is one who nevertheless preserved to the end the pride of a royal princess and the resignation of a Christian; for Zahrtmann she is a kind of incarnation of humanity in the person of a woman. In a corner of his studio hangs the life-size original portrait of Eleonora Christina, and opposite a painting by himself, representing this corner, with two huge candles burning upon a table beneath this picture and illuminating the lofty womanly figure, as though it were an altar-piece. She is his patron saint, and he has depicted her life in all its details, as Menzel did that of Frederick the Great.

For long years he buried himself in the history of this unfortunate princess, made himself familiar with her personality and her writings, and endeavoured to put upon canvas a credible picture of her, which should be great in conception and sound in form, upon the basis of these historical studies. He painted her as a young wife by the side of Uhlfeldt, in the cloister and in prison, as she was when searched by the jailer upon her entry, as she prayed and as she wrote her memoirs; he called her to life once more in such a fashion that through his pictures there was begun in Denmark a veritable cult of Eleonora Christina. And to this figure he has given an intense life. With her large, masculine features, her dignified and benevolent face, Eleonora seems to have risen from the grave in flesh and blood, just as she once existed. One feels that the artist has lived her life through with her, and learnt to love his model. The expression in these pictures has an air of veracity; the play of light is occasionally hard and glittering, but often exceedingly delicate and full of feeling. As Zahrtmann emancipated himself from conventional "beauty," so he set himself free from the dominant idea of colouring. At a

HELSTED. *Tillge, photo.* THE TIMID LOVER.

time when the brown tone of galleries held almost undivided sway, in other places, he painted in colours as little blended and as sharply accentuated as possible, and he sometimes attains an effect—especially in the rendering of artificial light—which almost resembles the latest experiments of Besnard. His most beautiful picture of this princess—one replete with a full fusion of soft brownish tones—represents her in prison, sitting in bed by night, with her look fixed upon the light that burns on the table, subdued by a shade. An infinite warmth and a deep peace rest over the picture ; the white bed, the parti-coloured covering, and the dark walls are under a yellowish-red light, and between the light and the shadow the figure of the old woman is seen—a full-bodied matron, sitting quiet and motionless with large, composed, and thoughtful features, as though she had sat many a long night in the same way. It is certainly not a figure that owes its origin to the traditional sentiments of historical painting, but a personality with sharply defined features and spiritual expression. In Zahrtmann we have a painter who has dived into the past without losing his breath ; one who has produced pictures which are sincere and free from pose, and as earnest and full of conviction as the life of the heroine they celebrate. Not the inspiration of the footlights, but the most tender intimacy of feeling is his essential principle ; and in this

sense Zahrtmann makes the transition to the last and specially modern phase of Danish art—that which came into being from 1878, the year of the third Paris Exhibition.

Danish art was national in its first period, although awkward in technique; in its second period it was more fully developed in technique, though compromised by an outward imitation of foreign methods; but now it appears to have reached a climax of achievement in point of technique and to have a thoroughly individual stamp. Millet, Bastien-Lepage, and the other more modern Frenchmen were a revelation to the younger generation of Danes, and gave them the determining impulses. From these artists they learnt that there was a broader, truer, and more living method of understanding nature and expressing light than the paltry, stippling style of painting by which Eckersberg and his pupils were so strictly circumscribed. And, at the same time, these masters announce to others the doctrine that to be an artist there was no necessity to become international, like Bloch and his contem-

Gyldendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen.

ZAHRTMANN. ITALIAN WOMEN CARRYING LIME.

poraries—that it was better, like those older Danes, to draw the most fitting nourishment from the soil of one's own land. From this epoch we have to reckon with a novel and most animated Danish art, combining the merits of

the modern French with those of the older Danes. It attached itself to the young French school through the attentive study of tone-values and atmosphere. All the modern seekers and guides—Besnard, Roll, Carriere, Cazin,

ZAHRTMANN. KING SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

Raffaelli, and above all Claude Monet—are still fervently admired and much followed in the Denmark of these days. But this art has, at the same time, its deep roots in race and in the Danish land. Equipped with richer and more complex means of expression, it does not in any way renounce its tradition of intimate feeling and refined and tenderly delicate observation. The older artists had been true; the younger sought to be true and delicate at the same time. The painting in Copenhagen and Skagen in these days is quite different from and much better than that of Eckersberg and Lundbye, but their intimate and exact love for nature is also possessed by the younger generation of artists.

The merit of having paved the way for this fresh development chiefly belongs to *Peter S. Kröyer*, one of the greatest and most attractive individualities of his nation. Born in Stavanger on 24th June 1851, he was left an orphan early in life and went to Copenhagen, where he was received in the house of his adoptive father Hendrik Nicolai Kröyer, the ichthyologist; and he was barely nine years old before his capacity for drawing was utilised for practical purposes. In Hendrik Nicolai Kröyer's monograph upon parasite crabs the first drawings of young Kröyer may be found published in copper-engraving. Various representations of the fishing village Hornbæk ("A Forge in Hornbæk," "Fishers catching Herrings," "Fishers on the Stocken," and "Children on the Strand") were the first pictures hung in the Exhibition of Charlottenborg in 1874. In the same year a large cartoon, "David presenting himself to Saul after slaying Goliath," obtained for him the travelling exhibition of the Copenhagen Academy, and during four years of study abroad Kröyer went through that remarkable course of development which soon placed him at the head of Danish art as a master of technique. In the older pictures painting had been harsh and diffident, thin, meagre, and motley in colour; but, through contact with the French, Kröyer acquired that refinement in tone and that power of handling which have since become his distinguishing characteristics. Léon Bonnat was his first mentor, and a picture belonging to the year 1878, "Daphnis and Chloe," was his first attempt to embody in a large painting the new lights which he had received in Bonnat's studio. A lengthy residence in Brittany, where he painted field-labourers in company with the landscape painter Pelouse, and collected opulent material for studies, marked the second stage in his development; and a journey to Spain and Italy, to which he may have been incited by Bonnat, the portrayer of Italian popular life, marked the third. The chief result of his work in Brittany was "The Sardine Packers," an interior with women cleaning sardines and getting them ready for packing. In Spain and Italy he painted the "Women binding Bouquets in Granada," which may be found in the Copenhagen Gallery, and "The Italian Village Hatmaker," which won for him the first medal in the Paris Salon of 1881. Naked to the waist, and covered with shining drops of perspiration, a powerful masculine figure, by the side of a glowing brazier, is twisting his felt with his hands over a huge block. Both his children, likewise half naked, are working in the same way. An oppressive heat fills the dark room, through the little window of which a sunbeam is vainly endeavouring to penetrate.

This picture was of the same importance for Danish painting as Courbet's "Stonebreakers" had been for French, and Menzel's "Smithy" for German. Realism was introduced by it; and Kröyer returned home with a foreign sanction upon his art, and as an accomplished master took up his old theme, the representation of Danish life in town and upon the seashore, with fresh brilliancy and renewed vigour.

Kröyer, indeed, is one of those rare personalities who can do almost any-

thing they wish. Pictures in the open air and interiors, flashing effects of sun upon the strand, mysterious phases of dusk and artificial light, he treats them all with that even sureness which overcomes every difficulty. Nothing short of astonishing in improvisation, he has likewise the genius of a draughtsman. With his pencil in his hand he is indefatigable in dashing in a likeness,

Gyldendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen.

ZAHRTMANN. THE DEATH OF QUEEN SOPHIA AMELIA.

a pose, or an attitude, and with an aptitude that is almost invariable; with a couple of strokes he evokes a physiognomy. "Skagen Fishers at Sunset" and "Fishermen setting out by Night" were the first pictures which he sent from Denmark to the Salon. One represents a number of raw-boned seamen dragging a net over the tawny sand at sunset. The beams of the setting sun play upon their clothes, and the night draws on apace. A great silence rests over the sea, and the large outlines of the fishermen stand out sharply defined

against the sombre sky. In the other picture there is the plain of Skagen in the dusk. Two or three white clouds float silvery upon the horizon ; the lighthouse has just begun to show its lights, and a group of fishermen are seated smoking upon the fine sea-sand. One of them is lying at full length looking seaward. Here and there a sailor emerges in the vaporous dusk. This exhalation from the sea rests like a thin violet breath over the whole scene, the beams of the moon mingling strangely with the rays from the lighthouse shed over the figures a radiance that is yet wavering and indistinct. In a third most charming and entirely Impressionistic picture of 1881 he represented the artists in Skagen at breakfast, the remnants of a frugal breakfast still upon the table. There they sit, eight or ten blond and cheery comrades, glad to be alive in the world. The fresh harmonies of animated tones play round the physiognomies, which have been rapidly seized. The following years were occupied with portrait painting : to them belong the large family group of the Hirschsprungks, which was not very successful, and the portraits of Krohn, Sörensen, and Georg Brandes, which, in their characterisation, ease, and freedom from pose, announced the great pictures of social life with which he was represented in the exhibitions from the year 1887. The earliest of these, the " Soirée in Karlsberg," represented a number of Copenhagen artists and scholars assembled at Jacobsen's, the brewer's ; and it is scarcely possible to compose a group with more spirited ease, to set guests conversing, and to display them listening or bored by the entertainment, with less constraint of manner. In another picture he ventured to paint a party of men listening to a quartette, enveloped in dense clouds of smoke—so dense that the flames of the candles are reduced to pin points, while the smoke hangs like a greenish-grey veil between the spectator and the characteristic heads upon the canvas. The latter are also portraits of well-known personages in Copenhagen. The third picture of this year, " A Summer Day upon the Beach at Skagen," is saturated in the light of noon. Naked lads are bathing on the strand, and their outlines have a bluish tinge set against the sky, beaming in Northern brightness. The idea of intense heat is produced by an

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PETER S. KRÖYER. PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

Gyldendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen.

KRÖYER. THE FISHERMEN'S CORNER IN HORNBÆK.

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.

KRÖYER. SKAGEN FISHERS AT SUNSET.

exceedingly slight device—merely by the various delicate shades of blue and yellow—most effectively. "The Musical Soirée" in the Copenhagen Gallery belongs to the year 1888, and is another picture of dim, dusky light, with great naturalness in the poses of the company and astonishing intimacy of feeling in the expression of the listening faces. How soft and dreamy in this work is the powerful realist who painted "The Italian Hatmaker" and "The Fishermen setting out by Night"! Kröyer is a light and mobile artist, always receptive, always productive, influenced by the French and yet independent, naïve, and refined; he has made his name early in Scandinavia and Europe, has an eye which nothing escapes, and a hand which is felicitous in everything. As various as he is bold, graceful and facile, he solves every difficulty as though it were child's play, and rejoices in subjects which are most beset with peril for the artist.

When the Danish National Exhibition was set on foot in Copenhagen to celebrate the twenty-fifth year of the reign of Christian IX, Jacobsen, who had also made arrangements for the representation of French art, sent an invitation to Parisian artists, and had a pavilion built for their works. Pasteur had the honorary presidency of the committee formed in Paris, while Antonin Proust actually presided; and Jacobsen commissioned Kröyer to paint a group introducing the members. This gave him the opportunity of showing his cogent force as a master of characterisation in connection with a problem

of light of such a difficult and artificial character that only a master could have ventured upon it. The proceedings have lasted until late in the afternoon. Through lofty windows falls the pale, declining wintry light, whilst in the room two oil-lamps burn with an intense radiance, illuminating

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KRÖYER. THE COMMITTEE FOR THE FRENCH SECTION OF THE COPENHAGEN EXHIBITION, 1888.

the plans upon the table. The opposition of this double light, natural and artificial, the struggle of white and yellowish tones tremulously uniting and falling upon the faces of the men, has been rendered with astonishing subtlety. Pasteur, sitting in the middle, is following upon a plan the explanations of the Danish architect Klein. Behind him stands Jacobsen with Charles Garnier, and Paul Dubois is sitting to the right, turning round towards Jacobsen. Antonin Proust, who is standing, presides over the assembly. And around there may be recognised the figures of Puvis de Chavannes, taking notes, and quite in the front Falguière, and behind Chaplin, Barrias, and Gérôme; upon the other side, from the left, are Bonnat, Cazin, Roll, Besnard, Gervex, Antonin Mercié, Chapu, Carolus Duran, Delaplanche, and others. A momentary sketch could not have a more natural effect, and yet it is just such an impression as this which can only be rendered by the most assured technique in all that regards composition.

Laurits Regner Tuxen, who is standing to the right, in the corner of the picture, beside Kröyer, is a couple of years junior to the latter, and came in the same year, in the autumn of 1875, to Bonnat's studio in Paris. By a "Susanna," several portraits of women *à la* Carolus Duran, and a large picture, "The Boiling of Train-oil upon the West Coast of Jutland," he

showed the Danish public in 1879 how much he had learnt in the high school of modern technique ; and after renewed residence in Cayeux, Paris, and Italy he settled for good in Copenhagen in 1883, where he has now become the official court painter, and is entrusted with those many " great " commissions which

Gyldendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen.

TUXEN. SUSANNA AND THE ELDERS.

the little country has at its disposal. Beside the huge and well-known picture of the Danish royal family, consisting of no less than thirty-two figures, he painted a certain number of ceiling-pieces for the Castle of Frederiksborg : " Denmark receiving the Homage of the Estates of the Realm," " The Triumph of Venus," and the like. He is a man of the world even

with his brush, and his ability, which can adapt itself to everything, has made him an excellent teacher, who has exercised great influence over the development of Danish painting through the private school which he founded in Copenhagen, and who has quickly raised it to a level—especially after Kröyer had shown the way—which it would otherwise have probably taken a longer time to reach. Nevertheless, like Bloch, he has given one more evidence that it is not easy to become cosmopolitan without losing national characteristics. So far as I am acquainted with his works he does not so much make the impression of an artist of conviction and individuality as of a man who has the capacity of doing well whatever may be demanded from him.

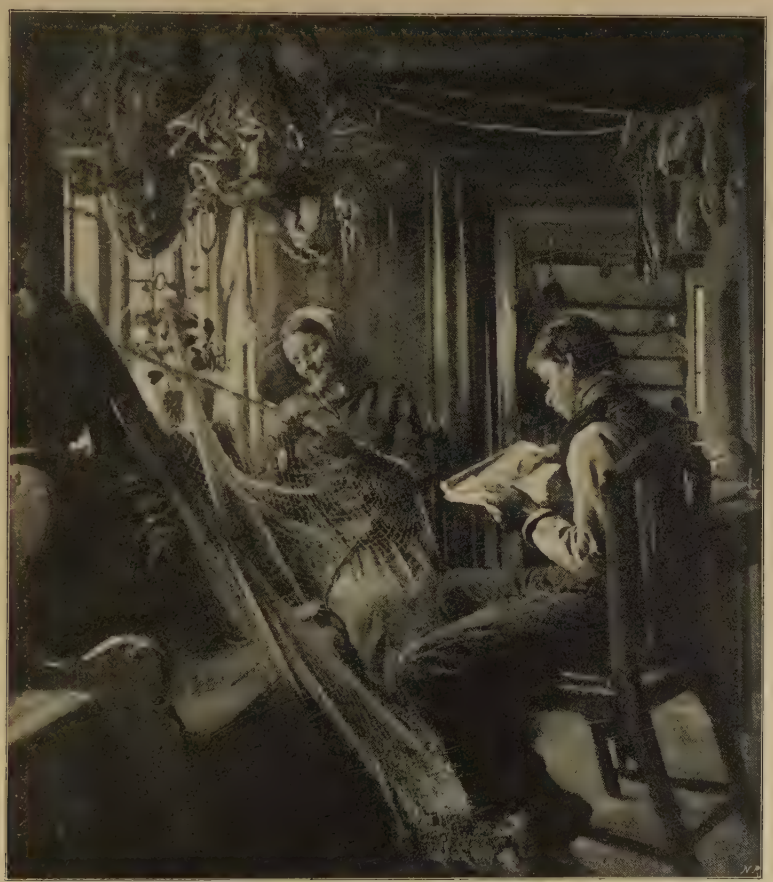
A man of deeper and far more genuine character is *August Jerndorff*, originally a pupil of P. C. Skovgaard, and at first chiefly notable as a landscape painter working in the spirit of his teacher. Afterwards he produced several biblical pictures of great ability, and in particular several portraits, which may probably be reckoned as his best performances. He has an incisive and masterly gift of characterisation, models with a precision rare in our days, and has likewise shown an eminent decorative talent as an illustrator.

What principally marks the present Danish painting is not, however, the gifted variety, grace, and ease peculiar to these painters. It has rather an honest, familiar, provincial trait which has something of tender melancholy. It is like a good mistress who makes her home comfortable and enjoys sitting by her own hearth, having, at the same time, an interest in music, poetry, and art. In fact, the Dane has really nothing besides the comfort of his domestic life. His country, which was once so powerful, has gradually become smaller in its geographical boundaries and politically insignificant. Since the time of Christian IV—in other words, since the Thirty Years' War—Denmark, which once held sway over Sweden and commanded all the Baltic, has steadily declined. She lost the provinces of Southern Sweden in 1658, Norway in 1814, and in 1864 the duchies which were her pedestal. Such a people must necessarily cling with all the deeper devotion to what has been left it, its soil and its home. Thus it is that no great features and no imposing themes are to be found in Danish painting. When their painters attempt anything of the kind it is as though their warmth of feeling had passed away and they were themselves out of sorts, as if they were borrowing from others and what they did was not their own. But where Danish painting is entirely itself, entirely the expression of the spirit of the nation, it broods quietly over a perfectly simple, ordinary motive, a motive which is almost indigent in character. Spreading plants, old-fashioned velvet furniture, loudly ticking clocks, and petroleum lamps, pleasant talk round the family table in the twilight, reveries at the piano, or half familiar and commonplace and half ceremonious musical *soirées*—such are the materials of Danish art. Besides things like these, the Dane paints with loving devotion the likeness of his little country, and the gracious melancholy of its soft scenes lives in his landscapes.

VIGGO JOHANSEN

SHEEP IN A ROCKY HOLLOW

Viggo Johansen is perhaps the artist who at the present best represents in a moral sense this Danish art with all its inherent qualities. No one has so combined the old tradition of intimate observation with the most modern study of the effects of light. He is, *par excellence*, the artist of intimate emotion, which, however, is not the same thing as being a *genre* painter.



Gyldendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen.

JOHANSEN. MOTHER AND SON.

Painters who represent domestic scenes in rooms after the fashion of *genre* are to be found in every school; but few there are since Chardin who have portrayed faithfully and without affectation and banality the poetry of family life. For this something more than mere dexterity is wanting; the whole spirit of the artist must be in his work, and art and life must be fused into each other. Johansen creates the feeling that he really believes in what he is doing. Not only is he an artist with a rare capacity for pictorial expression, but he is also a delicate and sensitive spirit. His pictures have been lived and seen, and are not merely the result of design and skilful make. For him

there is a charm in the fine, curling cloud of steam escaping from the tea-kettle, something delightful in the unity of the family gathered round the table, something cordial in the bubbling water and the fire crackling in the stove. Were a Frenchman to handle such themes one would be lost in admiration of the finely studied effects of light. But Johansen's works are like a

Gyldendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen.

JOHANSEN. THE MORNING SLEEP.

moment of life itself, like the memory of something dear and familiar appealing to the heart in plain accents.

In one of his pictures in the Copenhagen Exhibition he represented a cosy room, with spreading, leafy plants, copper plates, flower-stands, a cottage-piano, a round table, and an old-fashioned sofa, with six Danish painters comfortably seated together. The subdued light of the lamp fell upon them, leaving the rest of the room in faint obscurity. There is not a Dutch " little master " who could have more accurately rendered the reflections of the

lamplight playing upon bottles and glasses, and not one who could have better attained the refinements of physiognomy which are in this work. In the way in which they sit talking and listening to the conversation, the figures have an intense vividness such as Impressionism first gave the secret of arresting in its direct, momentary effect. Johansen introduced himself into Germany for the first time, in 1890, with one of those supper-pieces so characteristic of Danish painting. The men in their old-fashioned smart coats, and the women with their provincial, overladen toilettes, are grouped in the drawing-room after supper, listening to a stout gentleman at the piano, who is obliging the company with a song. They are none of them taking pains to be brilliant, but seem quite at home in the picture, being simple, reflective, and rather limited in their mental horizon. And that mild, warm air, somewhat impregnated with tobacco, that air in which Johansen so much delights, circulates in the room, a soft veil of reddish-grey dusk, from which the figures detach themselves slowly.

Domestic life, the quiet comfort of the Danish home, has found its representative in Johansen, who has glorified everything with the magic of his

Tillge, photo.
A FUNERAL.

ANNA ANCHER.

poetry : the familiar talks beneath the lamp in the long winter evening, the little events of the day, children getting up and going to bed, and their games or their work beneath their mother's eyes. It is Saturday evening : in the old wooden bath the water is steaming, and the tiled stove is glowing as if

ANNA ANCHER. *Gyldendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen.*
A GIRL IN HER KITCHEN.

it must burst, so that the little ones cannot catch cold when they have had their bath. Or boys and girls have both put on their Sunday finery betimes, and march into their grandmother's room, where she is lying in bed, not because she is ill, but because it is the warmest place in which to celebrate her birthday. Again, it is dusk, and the glimmering coals in the stove alone light up the pleasant room where a young mother is just beginning to tell

stories, and four great, shining, childish eyes look up at her, full of inquiry.

But this same master who has created these unadorned and intimate interiors, which have been felt with such manly tenderness, is, at the same time, one of the finest landscape painters in Denmark. With marvellous finish Johansen can paint the silvery air of the little island country, where autumn is so mild and the sunlight so soft—the vaporous atmosphere which, like a light veil of gauze, tones down all contours and rounds all lines; and yet here, too, the highest art has been resolved into simple nature, so that one has no sense of beholding a picture, but can feel the poetry of the landscape, with its melancholy, its solitude, and its mysterious stillness. Perhaps the picture is one of a peasant cot, standing lonely in the sunshine upon the wide green meadow, and surrounded by the warm blue autumn evening. In front there graze a couple of cows, one seeming to sleep as it stands, the other chewing the cud. From the whole picture there breathes that half-somnolent sense of reverie that overcomes one upon a warm summer evening. Or there are a couple of men, thorough Danes of the country parts, with great red beards and meditative eyes, sauntering along a village path, which leads past a wooden fence to a small creek. The sun is going down, the mists from land and sea rise like a silvery veil over the landscape, the air is still and not a leaf stirring, only the wooden shoes of the men grate upon the sand.

In this delicate and moving feeling for nature Johansen's art is, as it were, the expression of the collective efforts of the younger Danes. As a painter of interiors and of landscapes he unites both the leading tendencies which others represent separately: some confine themselves by preference to the country and the coast, amid the people and amid nature, whence they have themselves proceeded, whereas others with unusual pictorial softness of effect give expression to the genial life of the *bourgeoisie* in Copenhagen. *Holsöe* delights in painting interiors in the dusk, and transparent light falling

Gyldendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen.

ANNA ANCHER. PORTRAIT OF MICHAEL ANCHER.

through the leafy, spreading plants on to the broad windows, and greenish-white twilight hovering in the room, where are green velvet sofas, shining mahogany furniture, pianos, brackets, and quiet girls reading letters at the window or playing the piano by candlelight. *Carl Thomsen, H. N. Hansen, Otto Haslund, Irminger, Engelsted* have all set themselves free from those trivial drolleries into which *genre* painting degenerated with Helsted. Johansen caused them to reflect that a *genre* picture should not be a piquant little story narrated with more or less spirit, but a fragment of household life simply rendered. The figures which fill their plain, sympathetic pictures are those of people with graceful, indolent, careless, and gentle movements, sitting opposite each other thoughtfully, and lost in silence ; solitary women gazing in the evening with longing across the brown heath ; old people with the look of being alienated from the world, with the air of having sat in little rooms day after day forgotten of everybody ; girls of a quiet and touching beauty, reading stories in the corner by the stove, dreaming in an arbour, or accompanying their sad songs on the piano. Thoroughly Danish and sombre is *Lauritz Ring*, who has painted good pictures from peasant life. *Erik Henningsen*, who has executed—rather in the style of Jean Béraud—animated

Gyldendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen.
MICHAEL ANCHER. "WILL SHE CLEAR THE POINT?"

Gyldendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen.
PAULSEN. THE WAITING MODELS.

street scenes, arrests, popular merry-makings, and the like, is a little superficial and vulgar in the French sense. A tinge of sadness, such as runs through Danish novels, underlies a deathbed scene by *Fritz Syberg*, who has felt the influence of that tough and knotty master of characterisation, Zahrtmann. In Copenhagen this school of Zahrtmann forms a little circle of its own, and seems to have beneficial elements for the future.

The resort of the painters of the sea and of fishers is Skagen, the little fishing village at the extreme end of Jutland. The pioneers of the new renaissance came into touch at once with *plein air* and the life of the people in this Danish Dachau; here they learnt to love the wide strand and the melancholy dunes, and the harmony of the cold, bright light, and here have they studied the customs of the dwellers on the shores, their rude physiognomy, and the strong, healthy poetry of their life, so full of changes. It was Michael Ancher and his wife who revealed Skagen to Danish painting.

According to the portrait which her husband has painted of her, *Mrs. Anna Ancher* is a pretty little woman of thirty. She was born in Skagen,

and there on the strand near her native village she learnt to see nature, and afterwards worked from 1875 to 1878 under Kyhn in Copenhagen. Since then she has settled with her husband in Skagen, far off at the world's end. There is no need to give the titles of pictures by Madame Ancher. "A Mother with her Child" was her first charming idyll. Then followed a picture "Coffee is Ready." It is afternoon: an old fisher is resting on the bench by the stove, and a young woman wakes him gently. After this work Madame Ancher delighted the public every year by some charming picture, in which an energetic grasp of fact was combined with sympathetic feminine insight for men and things. The Copenhagen Gallery possesses a funeral scene by her. The coffin hung with green wreaths, the room with its red-stained walls, and the people standing around with so serious an air—how simple it all is, and at the same time how plain and homely! At the Munich Exhibition of 1892 she was represented by a study, "Morning Sunlight": a room with walls stained blue, and bright sunbeams pouring in through the window and playing, as though they were a light shower of gold, upon the walls, the yellow planks, and the blond hair of a girl. All her pictures are works softly tender and full of fresh light. But the execution is downright and virile. It is only in little touches, in fine and delicate traits of observation which would probably have escaped a man, that these paintings are recognised to be the works of a feminine artist.

Michael Ancher is ten years older than his wife. Peculiarly is he the painter of the race of large-boned and rough-grained fishers who on the northern coast of the island kingdom extort a meagre livelihood from the sea. "Fishers watching a Ship sailing by in a Storm" was the title of the first large picture with which he made his appearance in 1876. Upon a sea-dune falling abruptly a number of fishers have gathered to watch the vessel, scourged by the gale out at sea. Dressed in their oilskins and woollen jerseys, their great outlines stand out sharply defined against the gloomy sky, which is swept by heavy black clouds. The colour is rather poor and sober; but the conception of nature, sincere, impressively simple, and almost ascetically energetic, already announced the forceful master who stands forth to-day as the Ulysse Butin of Denmark, a distant kinsman of those strong-handed, honest, and simple painters of the proletariat who gather round Alfred Roll in Paris. Michael Ancher knows the sea and the toil of fishermen which tans the face and makes the hands hard, and in his pictures he renders it with the plainness of an old seaman. With him all is clear, precise, and as matter-of-fact as open daylight. His broad plebeian treatment, which courts no pictorial graces, but represents the fact sincerely and in accordance with reality, suits his coarse-handed, raw-boned subjects. Ancher's men are actual fishermen; every figure has an extraordinary intensity of life, and the atmospheric mood is always true and unforced; everything manufactured and suggestive of the *tableau* is avoided in his composition throughout. Here is a lay-preacher upon the strand hemmed in by a throng of pious listeners,

and there, of a Sunday evening, a pair of fishers are making their way home across the dunes. Here a heavy boat for carrying freightage is being dragged over the sand by sturdy nags, and there another shoots through the murky green tide landwards, rowed by three men in oilskin ; and there, again, are weather-beaten seamen, lolling upon the shore in heavy, dirty weather, de-

Tillge, photo.
ADAM AND EVE.

PAULSEN.

bating the destiny of a ship labouring by at sea. Even when he renders, as he does at times, the familiar events in the household life of Skagen fishermen, his art retains its rude and earnest note. His " Boys' School in Skagen " was, for example, the very opposite of a *genre* picture by Emanuel Spitzer : there was no medley of good and naughty boys playing practical jokes on a comic schoolmaster. The old man sitting at the desk in his shirt-sleeves, with large spectacles, is a Northern giant who does not allow joking, and there

is something downcast and resigned about the children. Life amid this earnest landscape, and between the blank whitewashed walls of this schoolroom flooded with the hard Northern daylight, has made them staid and serious.

Beside Ancher, *Locher* is the principal painter of the sea. It was a bold stroke to name a waste of sea "January," as he did in a picture at the Munich Exhibition of 1890; and yet one really felt the cold, wintry sunshine in this seascape, where everything was bright, fluid, and transparent. In the works of *Thorolf Pedersen*, also, the sea is usually an earnest and sombre element. Nothing is to be seen in his pictures except the sea and the sky—not a boat, nor a bird. Long, vaporous strips of cloud shift on the leaden-grey firmament, and the silvery blue transparent sea rolls out in long billows, plunging against one another monotonously to the far horizon, and in the foreground streaming wearily over the level bluish-yellow sand and the pale green oat-tufts of the dunes. Whereas in the pictures of the Belgian marine painters the sea gleams in all colours of the rainbow, laughs coquettishly, or gives curtain-lectures like a pretty woman, the Danes paint the sea in its limitless and desolate solitude.

And this same melancholy trait is peculiar to the majority of Danish landscapes. Pictures like those of *Viggo Pedersen*, who, amongst all the younger Danes, is most in harmony with the latest Frenchmen, and sometimes, in his rainbow pictures, with Rubens also, are in their fine, clear harmonies and their bright, laughing notes less characteristic of the Danish sentiment for nature. Moreover, his field of work was not so much Denmark as Italy. He lingered long in Paris, and then in Rome and Sora di Campagna, and learnt there to see nature with the eyes of the most modern Impressionists. Otherwise the painting of Italy is under an interdict amongst the living Danes, as is well known; yet men like Pedersen are able to bring it into honour once more. His pictures have been seen in such an interesting way that they mirror the landscape of Italy in an entirely different fashion from that which may be seen in the arid, motley, and unpictorial productions of the last generation. They have no majestic mountain lines, but combine the grey landscape, the pale green of the olives, and the tender blue of the sky with the silvery light which pervades everything—combine them in absolutely charming concords, vibrating through the whole atmosphere in delicate gradations.

The same is more or less true of *Philipsen's* Italian pictures: he is likewise one of the most eminent of the modern *plein-air* artists, a landscapist of note, and an excellent painter of animals; as such he has taken his motives of late years from the islands Saltholm and Amager, near Copenhagen. In no way is he behind the generation born ten years later; on the contrary, he has gone in advance of it and levelled the way. *Thorwald Niss* may also be considered as a path-finder in the Danish art of landscape, although his work is characteristic of a somewhat earlier stage than Philipsen's. Beside

Künst unserer Zeit.

MOLS. OCTOBER.

powerful seascapes he takes delight in painting the moods of the forest in autumn, and has a broad and luxuriant brush. Together with *Zacho* and *Gotfred Christensen*, the gifted painter of the Jutland fjords, he has long exercised an unquestionable influence on Danish painting of landscape, leading it to adopt a more forcible scheme of colour than it had in earlier days.

Otherwise there rests over the works of the younger group of Danish landscapists all the still, absorbed melancholy natural to the Danish soil. The charm of Danish scenery does not consist in splendid colour and large contours. All the lines are gradual in their curves, soft in all their forms, and without great changes or surprises. Even in the beautiful woodlands round Copenhagen the huge beeches are so harmoniously rounded that they leave the impression of suavity rather than of strength. In a certain sense Danish nature corresponds with the Danish tongue, which is just as mild, as discreet, as delicate, and as free from emphasis as the outlines of the country. The Dane does not give way to broad laughter, but only to a smile; he knows nothing of boisterous life, but has the sense of quiet enjoyment. Noisy demeanour

he would regard as vulgarity. Indeed, in the great pleasure-gardens of Tivoli there are thousands of people moving with a decorum and quietude which seem almost unnatural. There is not a cry to be heard, and when any one talks with his neighbour it is in a low whisper. Everywhere conversation is carried on in a whisper—in the street, the public promenades, the restaurants. And so the Danish landscape whispers to you, and cannot cry aloud, smiles and will not laugh. It has nothing savage, nor rugged, nor indeed too large, no brusque transitions, no sudden interruptions, but only wide plains with indeterminate, vanishing, almost intangible lines, soft rolling country that ceases imperceptibly at the shore of the sea or embraces still forest meres with gentle declivities. Except in Jutland, there are no really austere, rough, and virgin districts, for everything is subdued, lonely, and peaceful. Sometimes the tourist catches sight of a humble cottage painted white, with a thatched roof glancing in the sunlight or showing itself with a tender bluish glimmer in the dusk. The atmosphere of Holland is damp and misty, but in Denmark it is fresh and cool; the vegetation in one country is rich and luxuriant, in the other of a soft, subdued, and rather pallid green. The very sunrise and sunset are not, as in Norway, gorgeous and opulent in effect, but indecisive, soothing, mysterious. And the artist surrounded by nature in this humour easily becomes meditative and dreamy; his pictures receive the same subdued and but faintly rhythmical character. As a matter of fact, a tinge of that gentle melancholy recalling Cazin rests upon the majority of Danish pictures. It is not reminiscence or plagiarism, but a natural affinity of spirit with the painter who in France rendered best the character of Northern plains, their moist, soft nature, the fading blue and the tender grey of night, everything that is quiet, still, and veiled. Faint colours, mist and sadness, grey weather, storm and rainy air, a short spring which is almost winter, with fine yellowish verdure which looks as though it were still budding, such is the character of Danish landscape, the ground tone which runs, tender and discreet, through the pictures of the younger Danes. Each one of them is an individuality, and yet in all they do there is this same soft, melting trait, the same low and plaintive burden. Each one of them looks at nature with his own eyes, but all their works invariably bear this same scrupulously exact mark of kinship; one recognises at once that these pictures are from the same little native land, the same quiet corner hidden between the hills.

Julius Paulsen may be regarded as one of the best representatives of this painting of "mood" in the landscapes of the younger generation. It is not possible to characterise his pictures with any of the current phrases, nor to describe them by the stringing together of words, but one becomes absorbed in them when one meets them in exhibitions, because they have such depth —a dreamy depth which does not clamour for recognition, but reveals itself by degrees. Peasants' houses, with wild vines gleaming red and green, rest beneath soft spreading beech-trees, while the shadows creep slowly along the walls. In the sky a faint moon casts a tremulous band of silver upon

the grey-green meadows, upon the still vessels in the harbour, upon the wan shores lying in the vaporous bluish dusk. Evening draws on. The leaves seem asleep upon the trees, and nothing stirs except the lady-birds upon the nettles, and a few shrivelled leaves upon the grass, contracting slightly beneath the rays of the setting sun. Or there is rain, a dull October evening, when the damp mist clings to the brown boughs. Often he does not paint actual things at all, but only their reflection: lonely forest meres imaging the forms and colours of nature in uncertain, rippling, tremulous outlines. And this same man, who is one of the most versatile artists in Denmark, renders in his portraits, charged as they are with character, the peculiarities of a head no less well than he seizes the secret of a phase of nature in his landscapes. This same man is in Denmark, the land of shame-faced prudery, one of the few who occasionally venture upon painting the nude. One recalls his picture "The Waiting Models," and particularly his "Adam and Eve," those two nude figures in the misty shades of the forest: Adam stretching his limbs as he wakes from a dull slumber, and Eve standing in her dazzling beauty, and looking down upon him with a half-timid, half-curious glance. For the present Paulsen would seem to have reached a climax in his "Cain," that expressive figure turning over in pain before the eye of God—one of the most eminent performances of the young Danes.

Knowledge of these men may be most readily acquired in Copenhagen at "The Free Exhibition," as it is called, a rival of the official Salon near Charlottenborg. This Art Union was founded in 1891 by some of the youngest painters, with whom were joined, in addition to Zahrtmann, Philipsen, Engelsted, Viggo Pedersen, and Paulsen, the brothers *Joachim* and *Niels Skovgaard*, sons of that admirable landscape painter Peter Christian Skovgaard, and both born artists. They began as landscape painters, influenced by their father, and executed pictures in which the naturalistic traditions of the old Danish art were continued. After that they were both in Italy, and brought from thence beautiful Italian landscapes and charming pictures of the life of the people. They also visited Greece, where they made pictorial studies after antique architecture; and thus they have both abundantly studied ancient art upon classic ground. After their return they fell once more to painting naturalistic landscapes, and paint them still, deriving their motives more especially from Halland in the South of Sweden. But incidentally they are following more and more a decorative style, novel in the history of Danish painting. Experiments in pottery which they have made together with many other artists, such as the gifted *Theodor Bindesböll*, awakened their feeling for the charm of simple mediums, and, in particular, the elder brother, Joachim Skovgaard, has since then aimed more often at decorative than at naturalistic effects in his figure-pieces. Several of his biblical compositions have made a considerable sensation—for instance, "The Angel at the Pool of Bethesda," a picture in which the rushing movement of masses achieved a peculiarly telling effect. In "Christ as the Warder of Paradise"

he showed the influence of the early Italian Renaissance, more or less indeed of Gozzoli, though without a trace of actual imitation. And the landscape especially, with the majestic walls of Paradise, bore witness to a rare power of invention. Both he and his younger brother have drawn many illustrations, amongst which Niels Skovgaard's drawings to the old Danish ballads are particularly worthy of note, and show an admirable sense of style. Both these artists are characteristic of the ferment which has taken place in the Danish art of recent years, for which the "Free Exhibition" has become the independent stage. An anti-naturalistic movement is to be clearly traced in all directions, and receives new adherents every year. The attack is made in various ways, but all have the same object in view: the attainment of a larger method of conception than that of the older Danish painters of the naturalistic school. Everywhere they seek the means for carrying out this new style. Skovgaard is under the influence of the Italians, others under that of the most modern French, and even an artist like Viggo Pedersen, who would appear to stand so much apart, seems bent on breaking with his earlier manner.

Twenty-five years ago *plein-air* painting was the Alpha and Omega of young Danish artists, but amongst the youngest it has already lost its authority. They hold that art has greater aims than that of approaching nature as closely as possible, and they admit other subjects than those of the naturalists. After Niels Skovgaard and the veteran *Lorenz Fröhlich*—one of the most gifted illustrators of the present, whose children's books are familiar throughout the world—had illustrated the old Danish ballads in their drawings, *Mrs. Agnes Slott-Möller* for the first time attempted to treat them in painting, and she has shown in her pictures an exceedingly modern comprehension of the old legends. Her husband, *Harald Slott-Möller*, is a man of eminent talent as a colourist, and his pictures, "The Doctor's Waiting-Room" and the "Portrait of my Wife," early assured him a place amongst promising artists of the younger generation. Later he turned to decorative painting, though without achieving in it anything so deservedly successful as the two works which have been named. But the most singular amongst all who appear in "The Free Exhibition" is *J. F. Willumsen*, who seems to be gaining the importance of an initiator in Danish art. He too—though he is little more than forty—began as a naturalistic painter, and at first modelled himself upon Viggo Johansen. A journey to Paris, where he now lives, gave him new impulses. From the most modern French artists he borrowed many a mysterious formula, but they had no power to kill his own strong and peculiar personality. Willumsen is still in the experimental stage; he works in all mediums—paints and carves in wood, etches and makes attempts in terra-cotta. And in all that he does there is the effort to be simple, and to create an art which, in opposition to Naturalism, shall be purely suggestive in effect.

Another man of singular temperament is *V. Hammershöy*, a very refined artist in the matter of tone-values, one who envelops everything in a soft

grey-brown, and sheds around his figures a mysterious transparent gloom. Like Whistler, he is hyper-sensitive in colour. In one of his pictures a matron is represented sitting quietly before a silver-grey wall; in another a large round table covered with white, and without any accessories of still-life, stands in a silver-grey room. He has also painted dreamy, earnest, portraits, which are full of soul; and highly notable was his mysterious representation of "Job." Amongst the other contributors to "The Free Exhibition," honourable mention must be made of *Johan Rohde*, who paints beautiful and moving landscapes from lonely regions in Jutland; *Seligmann*, who has an excellent talent for narration; and *Karl Jensen*, a refined painter of architecture. Together with some of the younger members of the official Salon and several of the pupils of Zahrtmann, these "Free Exhibitors" form the advance guard of Danish art, a guard which, as it seems, will assure their little country in the future an important voice in the European alliance of art.

CHAPTER XLII

SWEDEN

SWEDEN is a land of more fashionable tastes than Denmark, and with a more decided leaning towards France. In Copenhagen cordiality and provincial simplicity are in the ascendant ; in Stockholm frivolity and brilliancy, greater luxury, elegance of toilette, refined and graceful social life. In Denmark one finds an island of silence, a land of idylls, where nothing ever happens. The inhabitants are thoughtful, dreamy, *bourgeois*. They talk with a soft voice and in a low key. But the Swedes are children of the great world, always slender, elastic, and mobile in their pilgrimage through life. Their language rings bright and emphatic ; it is the French of the North. All their sympathies are proper to France. And they are the Parisians of the North in their art also.

Where it is genuine, Danish painting has something provincial, familiar, homely. The new technique is only a medium by which painters give expression to their delicate, discreet observation, and their subdued and tender feelings. Like the old Dutch masters Pieter de Hoogh and Van der Meer, they paint pleasant and comfortable chambers, with old sofas and slowly striking clocks, the soft atmosphere of the sitting-room, and the dim light of the lamp. The husband sits with his book at the table, the children are doing their exercises, the girls are playing the piano and singing, and the fire glimmers in the little iron stove.

But Swedish painting is like a polished man of the world who has travelled much. It is more elegant and gleaming, more subtle and sensuous, more capricious and experimental. The young Stockholm painters who went to Paris chiefly sought to become adepts in technique, and addressed themselves with astonishing boldness to the most novel problems in open-air painting. They have not the loving tenderness, the touching sentiment of home peculiar to the Danes, but are less characteristic and more cosmopolitan. Yet they march in the advance guard of modernity beside the most subtle Parisians. Both in their colour and their subjects there is a more fluent and supple magic, a graceful and nervously vibrating sweep which takes the eye captive. They are French in their alluring method ; they have a longer tradition in art than have the Danes, and are more fully citizens of the world.

Whereas the Danish painters rarely left their little country before the middle of the present century, the Swedes took their part in the history of

European art even in the eighteenth century. In those days a number of enterprising artists, with the love of travel in their blood, settled down abroad, divided their time between different courts, and finally settled where they had the greatest success. *Hedlinger* was famous as an engraver; *Georg de Marées* is well known to students of the history of Bavarian art; *Meytens* painted in Berlin; *Gustav Lundberg* was valued as a painter of pastels in Paris; *Hillesström*, a pupil of Boucher, is mentioned with praise in Diderot's notices of the Salon for his "Triumph of Galatea"; *Lafrensen*, known as Lavreince in France, occupies an important place in the history of the French *rococo* period. More than one became a member of the French Academy, and bore the title *Peintre du Roi*. Amongst them all the artist possessed of most virtuosity was *Alexander Roslin*, who went early abroad, dividing his time between the courts of Baireuth, Parma, and Paris, where he was immediately elected to the Academy, and in several competitions even triumphed over Greuze. He had the art of arranging his pictures of ceremonies, and his solemn state canvases, with great *aplomb*; of these the Stockholm collection possesses the great gala portrait of Marie Antoinette and the group of Gustav III and his brothers. The faces, indeed, are occasionally lifeless. But with all the more virtuosity could he reproduce the mingled sheen of silks and velvet, embroidery and golden ornaments, so that a verse was current in Paris—

"Qui a figure de satin
Doit bien être peint par Roslin"

He built a princely house there, and is said to have left behind him a fortune of eight hundred thousand francs.

The period of Classicism was chiefly represented by certain sculptors, and whoever delights in Thorwaldsen in Copenhagen should not withhold his admiration from the Swedes, Erik Gustav Göthe, Johan Nikolas Byström, and, more particularly, their teacher Johan Tobias Sergel, who was seventeen years senior to Canova and thirty years senior to Thorwaldsen; he was in Stockholm the real founder of the classical plastic art, and for this reason alone deserves a more important place in the general history of art than has, as a rule, been yet accorded to him.

In the province of painting the transition from the eighteenth to the nineteenth century was, as elsewhere, a period of decline. On the exertions made earlier there followed debility, and a stiff and monotonous school of painting. The animated colouring of the age of Gustav grew pallid, and the ascetic colouring of David threw its grey shadow even into Sweden. Priam before Achilles, Adonis between Diana and Venus, Endymion, and Phædra and Electra, took possession of all canvases even in the North. The artist most prolific in preparing such ideal figures was *Per Krafft*, who, having acquired in the beginning of the century a severe style of drawing and indifferent colouring under David, made an imposing effect in his native country on the score of his "grand style." *Frederik Westin*, the academician incarnate,

who could not conceive any picture which had not yellowish-brown, leather-coloured bodies, goes upon lines more or less parallel with Gérard and Girodet, to whose suave ornamentation he gave a barbaric turn, though he has also executed shiny portraits in the style of Josef Stieler. The gospel of stiff, Classical landscape painting was announced by *Elias Martin*. And if the portrait painter *Karl Frederik von Breda* is a painter in a far higher degree, he owes this to having worked for a long time under Reynolds and Lawrence, to whose principles he adhered to the end of his life.

Here, as elsewhere, Romanticism extended the range of subject, and led to a restoration in the matter of colour. Artists sought to put life into the Northern mythology; they set landscape free from the Classical scheme, attempted to give their work a religious tinge like the Nazarenes, or hurried through Italy and the East in search of pictorial themes.

The Swedish Nazarene was *Karl Plageman*. A dreamy man, with large visionary eyes, he lived by emotion, and in Italy, which became his home from 1831, he was to such a degree intoxicated with the mysticism of Catholic churches, and the splendour of altar-pieces, that from sheer reverence for the old masters he never succeeded in producing anything that he could really call his own. "The dead," said he, "have kindled my emotions, and it is the dead who shall be my teachers." Like Overbeck, he reckoned the period from Cimabue to Perugino as the flourishing age of art, and, indeed, his religious pictures are by no means inept imitations of the old models.

Nils Johan Blommér stands to Plageman as Schwind to Overbeck. He died, as early as 1853, at the age of six-and-thirty, and so has left but few pictures to bear witness to his dreamy spirit and his wealth of feeling, but, like those of Schwind, they are certain of immortality. Blommér's works proceeded from a soft, poetic, and thoroughly Northern sentiment. "The chief thing in a work of art," he writes, "is soul. I want to represent what lives in the poetry of our people, all the figures which belong neither to definite ages nor definite poets, but rather constitute the natural expression of our nation, standing, as such, in the closest union with the character of our Swedish race." So, like Schwind, he peopled the landscape of his native country with the creatures of Northern folk-songs. But he had not the strength to find the cogent form for the misty visions of his imagination, or to give new bodies to the figures of the Northern sagas, which had never yet been represented. And in this he resembled the contemporary sculptor Fogelberg. But it is an evidence of fine tact that he did not follow Fogelberg in merely reproducing the antique, but attempted a more romantic treatment of these myths in the style of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, in the style of Cranach, Francia, or the old Umbrians; and in this way he preserved the childlike spirit which pervades the youthful visions of the Northern nationalities. Like Schwind again, Blommér had a thoughtful, meditative, artistic temperament, to which everything dramatic and violent was alien. Even when he handled the myths of the gods, the gloomy fancies of the Northern

sagas made no appeal to his mild and yielding disposition. It was not with the mighty Thor that he was occupied, not with the tempest raging across the sea, nor with the desolation of great and wild mountains. But in Freia and Sigyn he glorified love and beauty, the devotion and patience of woman, as Schwind did in Aschenbrödel and "The Faithful Sister," and pictures like "The Youth and the Elves" or "Neckan's Sport with the Mermaids" echo so tenderly the simple, cordial tone of the old folk-song, that for the sake of this touching and homely charm the inadequate and nugatory painting is forgotten.

The Swedish Lessing was *Karl Johan Fahlcrantz.* As a landscapist he gave typical expression to the enthusiasm for nature introduced by Romanticism, and rendered in an exaggerated fashion its glory and splendour or its minatory gloom, the melancholy sadness of the Northern winter or the peaceful mildness of the spring. At times he displays valleys with old oaks, between which the light falls in broad bands upon the soft grass, at times steel-blue lakes in a clear golden atmosphere with vessels whose sails gleam in all the colours of the rainbow. At times shadowy groves and rocky mounds overgrown with lofty immemorial trees. Fahlcrantz idealised nature, intensified effects of light, and arranged fragments of Ruysdael and Everdingen in fantastic compositions. Under his hands the Stockholm Park with its deep hollows is populated with fabulous animals, which give it the appearance of a "Wolf's Glen." His trees are of an undetermined species, his sky rosy, his colours warm and toned to an excessively dark shade. Yet, at times, when he forgot the necessity for a most arbitrary romantic exaggeration, his pictures have really a dreamy poetry, and fully render the sentiment intended by the painter.

Gustav Wilhelm Palm, in his later years called *Palma Vecchio,* might be most readily compared with the French Michallon or with Paul Flandrin. Italy was almost exclusively his field of study. To a strained method of composition and arrangement he united a certain realistic capacity for painting detail, which did not solely aim at representing "the tree in itself" after the fashion of the Classicists proper, but differentiated the character of vegetation with scientific accuracy. His olives, pines, flowers, and grasses are painted thoroughly with a fine brush, and are botanically correct; and thus, sixty years ago, they enjoyed a fame which it is now difficult to understand. And this careful, loving regard for nature, scrupulous to the point of philistinism though it was, in combination with a harsh, motley scale of colour, which was nevertheless selected with an eye to truth, was still peculiar to him when, after an absence of sixteen years, he returned home, and, besides Italian motives, sometimes painted little Northern landscapes, architectural fragments from the old Stockholm port and the cloisters of Wisby.

Egron Lundgren was the Swedish Fromentin—a cosmopolitan who extended his field of study as far as India, an artist spirited in improvisation, and a *gourmet* in colour, one whose coquettish art, like that of the Frenchman, was half an affair of reality, half of mannerism. His pictures of the life of

the Italian people, such as the " Corpus Domini Procession " of 1847, might, with their piquant effects of colour, have been painted by the side of Decamp. But his peculiar province he first discovered when he came to Barcelona, and was there attracted by the life of the Spanish people. His aquarelles from Spain—he was a member of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours—are exceedingly spirited fantasies, which have always the air of lightness and improvisation. As he had the secret of giving the sentiment of a landscape with a few strokes, so he could catch the character and movement of a figure with an impressionistic aptitude. A highly bred and wealthy man, he made London his headquarters throughout his life, turning up sometimes in Italy, sometimes in Spain or India, upon pilgrimages of study.

National and domestic life was turned to account as gradually and diffidently in Swedish art as in that of other countries. Here also it was military painting that made a beginning. A few artists, who had at one time been officers, had exercised upon the drill-ground a keener eye for the characteristic phenomena of modern life than the professional painters had done in the plaster-cast class of the Academy ; and they were the first to draw, with a plain and dry realism, scenes from the world of soldiers or comic anecdotes dealing with the people. Some of them, like *Wetterling* and *Moerner*, did not get beyond the stage of dilettantism. On the other hand, *Olof Soedermark*, who pursued his studies in Munich and Rome, reached a creditable level. The pictures from Swedish history—battles and parades, the victories of Carl Johan and the doings of Bernadotte—which these men painted in concert in the Castle of Stockholm, are rather military bulletins than works of art, and stand, artistically considered, more or less on an equality with the battle-pieces with which Peter Hess and Albrecht Adam embellished the Castle at Munich : Soedermark, however, displayed real merits in a series of excellent portraits—those, for instance, of Frederika Bremer and Jenny Lind—and his portraits drove out the classic wax dolls of Westin, which had been hitherto in favour.

Two others, *Johan Gustav Sandberg* and *K. A. Dahlström*, who also contributed to the cycle of battle-pieces and historical pictures, in the further course of their labours went from the uniform to the peasant's blouse. Their works, like those of old Meyerheim, are not so much pictures of peasants as costume-pictures. Sandberg especially was occupied far less frequently with human beings than with their Sunday clothes, and confined himself—when, for example, he painted the unveiling of the statue to Gustavus Vasa—simply to a coloured memorandum of all the Swedish provincial costumes from Skouen to Lapland. Dahlström, who only died in 1869, seems plainer and more animated in his pictures of children, fishermen, and beggars. It was chiefly owing to his influence that the heroic range of subjects was abandoned, and that Swedish painting was made familiar with its own period and with Swedish people.

Per Wickenberg, who received an impulse from him, goes, more or less,

L'Art.

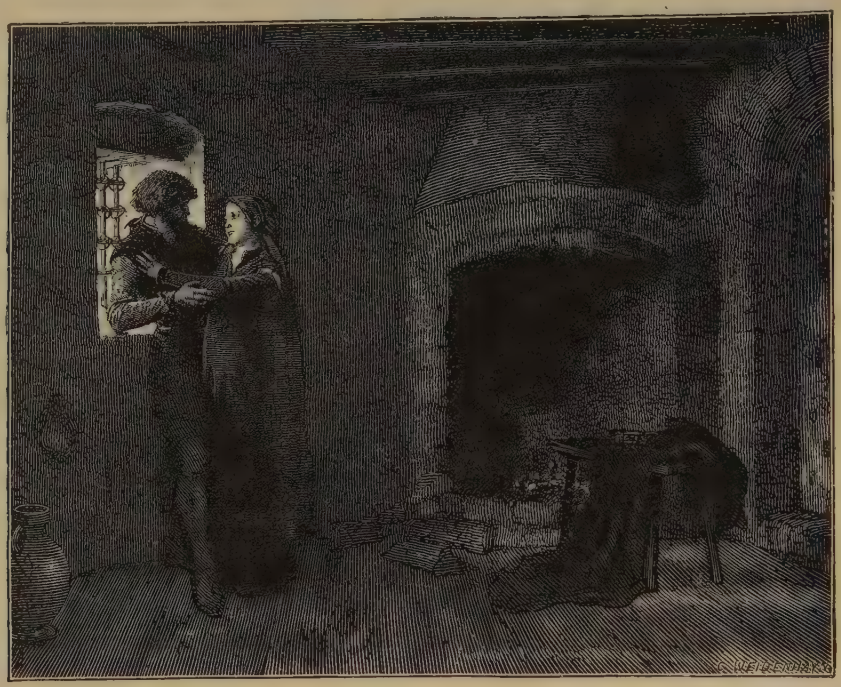
HOECKERT. DIVINE SERVICE IN LAPLAND.

upon parallel lines with Hermann Kauffmann and Bürkel. His misty winter landscapes, filled in with peasants or fishermen, are good, honest works, simple, sound, and fresh, although, like the pictures of Bürkel, they are not so much based upon direct observation as upon a thorough study of the old Dutch masters Isaias van der Velde and Isaak Ostade.

The Swedish Steffeck was *Karl Wahlbom*. He painted peasant pictures in the manner of Teniers, pictures from Swedish history, and especially horses, which he placed boldly and vividly in actual movement. But the most attractive effect is produced by *Lorenz August Lindholm*, who, during a long residence in Holland, made an intelligent study of Gerard Dow and Metsu. From the one he learnt his conscientious detail, and from the other he gradually acquired full and vigorous colour, his own having been brown and arid in the beginning. His interiors are simple, quiet pictures, sympathetic in observation and conscientious in the minuteness of the painting, the subjects being grandmothers' birthdays, peasants smoking or playing cards, boys reading, or little girls holding a skein for their mothers.

With her unpretentious representations of the joy of children, the smiling happiness of parents, sorrow resigned, and childish stubbornness, *Amalia Lindegren* attained great national popularity, for without being a connoisseur it is possible to take pleasure in the fresh children's faces in her pictures.

Nils Andersson took up the theme where Dahlström had dropped it, and carried it further with better equipment. Barren, stony hills, with low, scanty bushes, fir-woods, and desolate, snowy landscapes form the back-



Bonnier, Stockholm.

ROSEN. KING ERIC IN PRISON VISITED BY KARIN MANSDOTTER.

ground of his works, in which men and animals are seen at their labours. He painted nature and the folk of his home without humour or poetic varnish, not the people on Sunday, but their ordinary work-a-day life. In this unforced and natural homeliness lies his strength. The colouring of his pictures is thin and clumsy, the execution tortured and laborious.

Such essentially was the result of the evolution of Swedish art up to 1850. Sweden had individual painters, but no trained school. Notes were to be heard, but as yet there was no full chime. But the ambition to do as other nations was growing stronger, and to attain this end systematic study abroad was a necessity. Düsseldorf, whither the Norwegian Tidemand had already shown the way, had special fame, and became from 1850 the high-school for Swedish art. In 1855 no less than thirty Swedes were entered at the Düsseldorf Academy, and the "Northern Society" which they founded soon became a factor in the artistic life of the place.

Yet these painters have nothing specifically Swedish. Their art is Düsseldorf art with Swedish landscapes and costumes, and thus they differ to their disadvantage from contemporary Danes. Vermehren, Exner, and Dalsgaard

based their art upon an intimate knowledge of their own country ; the heart of the people is throbbing there, the pulse of vigorous national life. But *Karl D'Uncker, Bengt Nordenberg, Wilhelm Wallander, Anders Koskull, Kilian Zoll, Peter Eskilson, August Jernberg,* and *Ferdinand Fagerlin* contented themselves with translating Knaus and Vautier into Swedish. The Danes were tender and cordial poets, but these men merely gave a dry course of instruction on habits and customs in Swedish villages. The former rendered plain, naïve, and direct fragments of everyday life ; the latter studiously composed pictures for the best sitting-room. Foreign patrons of art did not exact intimacy of feeling, but understood types all the better the more general they were. They were indifferent to the poetry of daily life in the North ; it was only anecdote and the ethnographical element which met with their approbation. And as the art of every country must use its own language, and a painting of national life presupposes intimate union between the painter and the nation, it can only be said that, at this period, the scales had not yet fallen from men's eyes.

In the matter of technique the results were likewise paltry. All these painters were anecdotists and novel writers. Their compositions, indeed, are well balanced and studiously calculated. Every figure has something special to express, and, as in Hogarth, a multitude of small attributes serve to throw light upon each character ; and this character, needless to say, must always be that of a nicely brought up person, and incapable of giving offence in the

Bonnier, Stockholm.

ROSEN. NORDENSKJÖLD.

drawing-room. So wherever a little tale was told in a pleasant, intelligible fashion, adapted for the sitting-room, the painter's aim was attained, and the method of colour was a matter of subsidiary importance. The painting of a portion of nature with the mere intention of expressing a harmony of colour was a thing which did not lie within the programme of these painters. All their pictures are stronger in anecdote than in painting. The drawing has no character, and the work of the brush is amateurish. And here, as elsewhere, the same reaction took place : the fund of ideas was exhausted, and the painting did not improve. But the Paris International Exhibition of 1867 signed the death-sentence of the old Düsseldorf school. Through Piloty the Munich school began to influence the handling of colours in Germany. Knaus had gone to Paris to acquire in that city what Düsseldorf could not give him. And from that time Sweden likewise became conscious that the academy on the Rhine was no longer its proper ground. In the letters of the academy, exhibitioners' complaints of the antiquated principles of teaching began to be made, and what Düsseldorf had been for the earlier generation Paris and Munich became for that which followed.

The reign of Karl XV—who invariably advanced the interests of art and artists with thorough good-will and an open purse—was for Swedish painting what the period from Piloty to Makart, from Diez to Löfftz, had been for the people of Munich. The old masters were studied, and an attempt was made to acquire an artistic style of painting by their aid. And as the sleights of the palette are practised most effectively upon the variegated costumes of the past, historical and costume pictures were at first placed in the foreground. By the painting of hose, mantles, and cloaks the artist came to liberate himself from anecdotic subject and to gain a sense of the pictorial.

The man who acted as a medium for these principles was the Swedish Piloty, *Johan Kristoffer Boklund*, a pupil of the Munich Academy and of Couture. The subjects treated in his pictures were German, and the style of painting, which was French, was admired by the younger generation in the same way as Piloty's style in " Seni " was regarded with wondering admiration by Munich people. Boklund painted costume pictures: Gustavus Adolphus taking leave of Maria Eleonora, Doctor Faust amid globes and folios, pale acolytes with censers, antiquaries surrounded by dusty books. There were also picturesque architectural motives from Tyrol ; he delighted in churches, cloisters, and farms, peopling them with mercenaries, plundering soldiers, outposts, and marauders. But in everything he did he laboured to attain a picturesque harmony, a graceful style of treatment, and he exerted from 1855 a wide influence on the younger generation as teacher at the academy.

These efforts in colouring found their most notable expression in *Johan Frederik Hoeckert*. He was a genuine painter, the first in Sweden who saw the world with the eyes of an artist. As a restless, searching spirit, never contented with himself, he had run through all schools and beheld all countries.

From 1846 he was with Boklund in Munich, from 1851 with Knaus in Paris. In Holland a great effect was made upon him by Rembrandt, and the letters which he wrote from Italy and Spain are those of a real painter. Tunis, where he went in 1862, he calls the most marvellous magical kaleidoscope in the world, and Naples an inexhaustible treasury of art both in painted and in unpainted pictures.

And though Hoeckert has not produced much, every one of his pictures is good. His "Divine Service in Lapland"—eighteen men and women listening to the words of a preacher in a bare village chapel—won the first medal at the Paris World Exhibition of 1857, and was acquired for the museum in Lille. Some of the critics went so far as to compare him with Delacroix. But such comparison is certainly to be accepted with considerable qualification. Hoeckert has none of the glowing violent passion of the revolutionary: he is a lyric poet and no dramatist, and knows nothing of ecstasy, nothing of tension. Nevertheless his pictures were the boldest that had been yet painted in Sweden. The "Interior of a Lapland Hut"—exhibited in 1857 in the Paris Salon, and obtained for the Stockholm National Museum in 1858—in its fine golden tone might have been painted by Ostade. Certain of his interiors, with their glancing sunlight, their open doors, and the warm daylight flooding into the dim room, are evidence of the fervent study he had made of Pieter de Hoogh. And all the motives of *genre* painting are scrupulously excluded. Hoeckert's "golden colour" steeps everything in the sentiment of an old-world tale. That charming costume picture, "Bellman in Sergel's Studio," in its full, deep tones has a dash of the good works of Roybet's early period. His last picture, exhibited shortly before his death in 1866, "The

Bonnier, Stockholm.

KRONBERG. A NYMPH.

Burning of the Castle of Stockholm," was not painted as an historical document, but only for the sake of the vivid reflections which the blaze had cast upon the old costumes. Hoeckert, in fact, was the first in Sweden

Bonnier, Stockholm.

FORSBERG. THE DEATH OF A HERO.

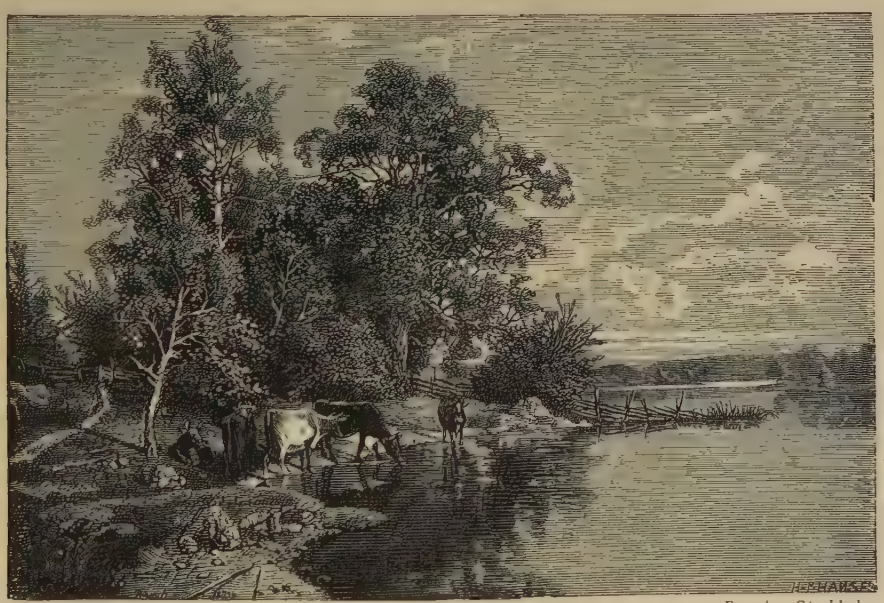
who was neither a *genre* nor an historical painter, but painter absolute. That is what assures him an important place in the history of art.

Marten Eskil Winge attempted more than it was given him to accomplish : in Swedish painting he is the man of large figures and large canvases. Settled in Rome up to 1865, he held in chief honour Giulio Romano, Daniele da Volterra, Caravaggio, and other muscular Italians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and he sought to adapt their superhuman forms to the figures in the Northern sagas. One of these gigantic pictures, for the preparation of which he hired the biggest studio in Stockholm, represents Loke and Sigyn—in other words, a black-haired Titan *à la* Caravaggio and a blond woman *à la* Riedel. As he portrayed in this picture love and patience facing wickedness and cunning, in " Thor's Combat with the Giants " he wished to set forth the powers of light struggling against the powers of darkness. Flashes of lightning dart forth, while the thunder-god raging lays about him with his battle-hammer, smiting the giants to the earth. Giulio Romano was his model, but the result he attained was a cross between Wiertz and Hendrih.

A further representative of this Northern tendency, *August Malmström*, has more of a leaning towards the milder manner of Blommér. His very

first picture, painted in Düsseldorf in 1856, "King Heimer and Aslög" (a bardic harper with a boy in a spring landscape), was the work of a tender, dreamy Romanticist; and, after a long residence in Paris under Couture, he continued to paint such subjects, and with greater technical aptitude. His "Sport of the Elves" is a delicate summer-night's dream. Everything in nature is still, the sky is veiled, and the horizon alone is flooded with the glow of a warm sunset. A light mist rises from the meadow enveloping the elves, who are romping in airy gambols. As was shown by his illustrations to the *Frithjof's Saga*, made in 1868, Malmström moved with great ease in the province of Northern legend, and from these mythical pictures he was finally led to breezy representations of the life of children, which will probably do most to preserve his name.

The importance of *Georg von Rosen* lies in his bringing the Swedes to a knowledge of the archaic finenesses of Hendrik Leys, after they had made acquaintance with Couture and Piloty. The son of a rich man, who had an influential position in Stockholm as the builder of the Swedish railways, Georg von Rosen had early an opportunity of visiting all the leading studios of the world. From Paris, where he passed his childhood, he went to Stockholm, and thence to Weimar and Brussels. Even in the beginning of the



E. BERGH. *Bonnier, Stockholm.* COWS DRINKING.

sixties, when he exhibited his earliest pictures—"Sten Sture's Entry into Stockholm," "Wine-tasting at the Monastery Gate," and "A Swedish Marriage in the Sixteenth Century"—every one was delighted by the refinement and authenticity of his portrayal of archaic civilisation. And after he had

painted his "King Eric," under Piloty in Munich in 1870, he was made professor at the Stockholm Academy, undertaking the direction of it after Boklund's death in 1881.

Rosen seems very unequal in his works. "King Eric in the Chamber of his Beloved, Karin Mansdotter," is one of the most thorough products of the school of Piloty, and might just as well be a representation of Egmont with Clärchen. The pendant to it in the Copenhagen Gallery, "King Eric in Prison visited by Karin Mansdotter," has in its tender melancholy a certain trace of Fritz August Kaulbach. On the other hand, his etchings and water-colours from the sixteenth century are entirely archaic in the manner of Leys; these have caught most admirably the stiff and angular character of the period, its rude exterior and its patriarchal cordiality, following the Brueghels, Lucas van Leyden, Cranach, and the German "little masters." Here Death is embracing a girl, as in Baldung's woodcut. There Faust and Wagner are walking outside the town with the poodle making circles round them, or Luther is translating the Bible upon the Wartburg. "The Bridal Train," that makes its way through the narrow alley of an old town of the Empire, with drums beating in the van, and the banners of the old guilds, and children strewing flowers; "The Flower Market" before the old Gothic town-hall; "Grandfather's Birthday," with the pretty Nuremberg girls of gentle birth adorning the great Renaissance table with flowers; "The Christmas Market," with the wedded couple who have bought their Christmas tree—they seem to have stepped out of the poems of Julius Wolff—the snowy gables, and the atmosphere fragrant with pine-needles and Christmas cakes,—they are, one and all, winning and genuine pictures of the "good old times." In his Eastern studies, to which he was prompted by a journey through Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, and Greece, he appears as a sober realist, who addresses himself with deftness and energy to the motley orgies of colour known to the South; and this realism has found its most vivid and powerful expression in his portraits. That of his father reveals an old cavalier full of character, such as Herkomer might have painted; his portrait of himself in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence recalls Erdtelt. In his state pictures of Karl XV and King Oscar he avoids everything official, giving a sturdy and honest likeness of the man. But his best portrait is probably that of Nordenskjöld, the discoverer of the North-East Passage. Beneath a gloomy, clouded sky, amid the great wastes of ice of the Siberian Sea, gleaming white and green, there stands a robust masculine figure, enveloped in dark fur, with a telescope in his hand, gazing with keen, earnest eyes into the distance, which reveals to him nothing except endless plains of everlasting ice.

In *Julius Kronberg* Swedish painting does honour to its Makart. He had learnt to love the old Venetians in Düsseldorf, Paris, and Munich, and under their guidance he became a powerful master revelling in colour. His "Nymph," painted in 1879 in Munich, lying asleep by a forest pool weary with the chase, and there spied upon by fauns, was a vigorous *bravura* piece

à la Benczur, executed with a gorgeous, brownish-red, lustrous, bituminous painting. The voluptuous body of the red-haired huntress rests upon a yellow drapery. Her spoils, peacocks with metallic blue breasts and pheasants with iridescent brownish-red plumage, lie at her feet; luxuriant Southern

Bonnier, Stockholm.

E. BERGH. UNDER THE BIRCHES.

vegetation gleams around, and above there shines a strip of deep blue Venetian sky.

Later in Rome he painted the seasons, blooming women hastening through the air borne along by swans and accompanied by rejoicing Loves; smiling they strew roses and fruits upon the earth. The "Visit of the Queen of

Bonnier, Stockholm.
HUGO SALMSON.

Sheba to King Solomon" he worked up into a gorgeous scenical piece in the style of Meininger. A journey to Egypt brought the beautiful serpent Cleopatra to his mind, and prompted him to paint his picture "The Death of Cleopatra," which, in its half romantic, half classical conception, might be the work of Rochegrosse. In the house which Kronberg built for himself splendour of colour, pleasure, and sportive exuberance were everywhere predominant. Like Makart, he has summoned the world of Loves and Bacchantes into life once more; nor are they pale and bloodless, but fresh, robust, and clothed in brilliant colours and the sumptuous beauty of youth. As in the Viennese master, the historical subject is merely an excuse for encompassing a great pictorial whole. And, like Makart, he has done his best in decorative pictures. His large ceiling-pieces in the Castle of Stockholm—an Aurora and a Svea amid the allegorical figures of Agriculture, Industry, and Art—are blithe and festal decorations, only distinguishable from those of Makart through Kronberg's gradual transition, in accordance with the tendency of the time, from the brown tone of his Munich period to brighter notes of colour.

Carl Gustav Hellquist, who was somewhat younger than the foregoing painters, belongs altogether to German art; he received his training in Munich, and he lies buried by the Isar. His melancholy fate excites compassion: he died mad just as he was beginning to be famous. His works, which are partly representations from the history of Sweden and the Reformation, partly *genre* pictures with monks like those of Grützner, and peasants like those of Defregger, are not such as have interest, thoroughly able as they are. After being in the beginning affected by Rosen, Piloty, and Munkacsy, Pradilla's "Surrender of Granada" caused him in 1883 to abandon brown bituminous painting in favour of a "modern" grey painting, which did more justice to the illumination of objects in open air. He likewise got the better of histrionic gesticulation. He represents events without any design of outward brilliancy and with the greatest possible fidelity to nature,—represents them honestly and straightforwardly, and avoids all straining after effect. Bronzed and weather-beaten figures have supplanted the fair regulation heads of Piloty, truth of sentiment and expression have taken the place of the traditional histrionic exaggeration. All his works result from an inflexible conscientiousness. But from an artistic standpoint this praise is equivalent to calling a man an honest fellow.

Hellquist's solidity may also be found in *Gustav Cederström*, likewise an exceedingly sound historical painter, who from his soundness hardly gets the better of being tiresome. His first large composition, which won him the second medal at the World Exhibition of 1878, represented the "Death of Charles XII," the episode of 30th November 1718, when the Swedish officers carried home the body of their fallen master across the Norwegian snowfields. Through its national subject it became one of the most popular pictures in Sweden, and the Government believed that they had found in Cederström the right man for the loyal discharge of all state orders which might be in question. He painted well, and to the satisfaction of his patrons, accounts of "The Death of Nils Stur" and "The Introduction of Christianity into Sweden through Saint Ansgarius." And when he occasionally found time to execute pictures on contemporary subjects—burial and baptism scenes, etc.—they, too, were merely good "historical pictures" with dramatic opposition of character and forced contrasts. Gustav Cederström has, in fact, a prosy, realistic talent; he is a reporter who avoids nugatory phrases, commanding a firm, compact style germane to the subject. Nevertheless, his art is descriptive; it renders an account of the subject, is better in portrayal than in painting, more energetic than refined, more sturdy than spiritual.

Nils Forsberg became the Swedish Bonnat. His "Family of Acrobats before the Circus Director" contained nude, virile figures of so much energy that Bonnat himself could not have painted them better. His last picture, which was awarded the first medal in the Paris Salon of 1888, "The Death of a Hero," was one of those attempts, in the manner of Hugo Vogel or Arthur Kampf, to bring the traditional historical picture into the province of modern painting of the time.

Through competition with the productions of historical painting, Swedish landscape was brought into the same peril as landscape in Germany. Painters only represented the great dramas of nature, and merely emphasised what was strikingly effective in them. Red mountains, green cascades, blue rocks, black suns, all the physical, geological, and meteorological phenomena of nature in Northern lands, were painted upon great spaces of canvas, which are valuable as descriptive accounts, but are seldom so in any artistic sense. The midnight sun plays a particularly prominent part in the picture market. And it was only discovered afterwards that even in the most Northern parts these phenomena of nature do

Bonnier, Stockholm.
AUGUST HAGBORG.

not take place in quite such a decorative manner as in the pictures of this period.

In *Marcus Larsson* Sweden had her Eduard Hildebrandt—a man whose reputation went up like a meteor and vanished as swiftly into the night. A peasant lad, a saddler's apprentice, an opera-singer, and a fashionable painter, he made himself talked about as much through his eccentric art as through his eccentric life, and finally died in poverty and want in 1864 in London. He had naturally a great deal of talent. Exceedingly enterprising, and gifted with great imagination, he received the most various impressions of nature, took up the most varied technical methods, saw things in a large way, and endeavoured to render their total impression. But he did not possess the love of truth or the strength of character to develop his talent. As soon as he discovered what people admired in his work he became a bold virtuoso, whose only object was to paint more vehemently and showily than his contemporaries. Ruysdael, intensified in all that is fantastically scenical and then embellished with Gudin's effects of light, would result in something more or less like Marcus Larsson. In his pictures he heaps together the stage properties of rugged Swedish scenery—waterfalls, huge cliffs casting reflections of themselves upon steel-blue lakes. And he boasts in his letters of having outstripped Ruysdael whenever he succeeded in making a composition " more opulent." The most insane effects of light, white and red mountains, waterfalls in the sunset, burning steamers, lighthouses, comets, and houses aflame by night had all to be introduced with their exaggerated decorative effects, to cover his want of intimate emotion.

Alfred Wahlberg is to Larsson more or less what Lier is to Eduard Hildebrandt. He had made in Paris a very thorough study of the masters of Fontainebleau, especially Dupré, and he communicated to his countrymen the principles of the French *paysage intime*, but only in an elegantly adapted and diluted form. His range, indeed, is wide: it extends from the Northern landscapes of snow to the brilliant summer splendour of Italy. Like Lier, he had a special love of dreamily glowing evening lights, and understood the means of soothing the eye by finely graduated harmonious tones. He delighted in searching for difficulties and showing off his technique. His art is rich in change, full of surprises, pliant, elegant, and superficially brilliant, but too merely intelligent and mannered, too calculated in its effects, for him to be brought into close relationship with the masters of Fontainebleau. The landscapes of those classic artists were the offspring of the most cordial devotion to nature, those of Wahlberg are the products of *chic*. The vigour of directness is wanting in his feeling for nature, his method of expression is the reverse of simple. His strength does not rest upon rapid sketching, but upon the pointing and rounding of an impression. He was, like Larsson, merely a painter of effective points, though he was less crude; his mood is not so forced, but his artificiality of sentiment is the same.

The living generation is far more disposed to award the palm to two other

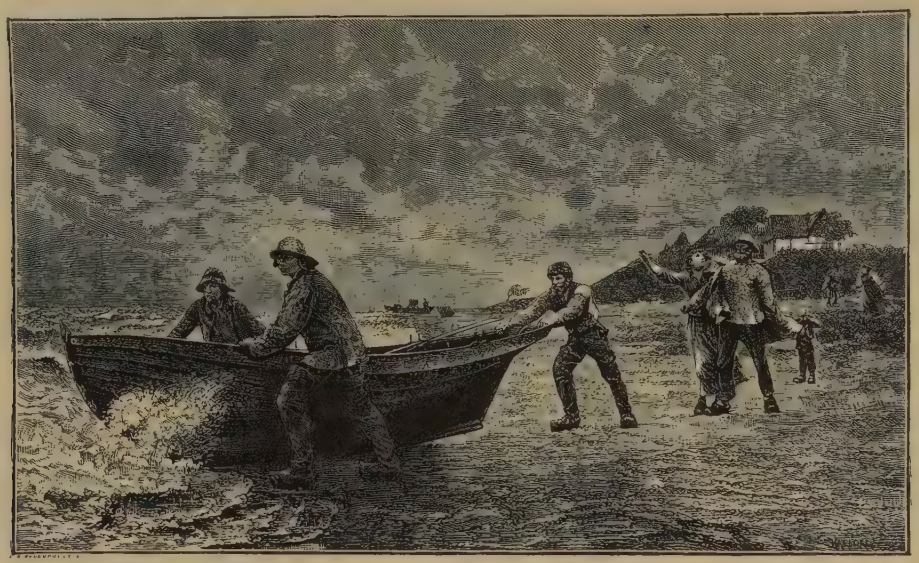
Bonnier, Stockholm.
HAGBORG. THE RETURN HOME.

painters who were held in less honour by their contemporaries, two who never came into contact with the school of Fontainebleau, though they are more nearly allied to it in the fundamental principle of their work.

Gustav Rydberg never got beyond a meagre style of painting, for he had no experience derived from foreign countries. All his details are worked out with diffidence. His pictorial method savours of the studio, his scale of colour frequently makes a trite effect, his handling is circumscribed in expedients. Nevertheless his pictures are preferable to those of Wahlberg, for they are delicate and full of intimate feeling, whereas those of the latter merely glitter. Like the Dutch landscape painters of the seventeenth century, he did not go far to find his motives. He buried himself in the meagre scenery of his home at Skon, and was at no pains to render it interesting by adorning it. Misty winter landscapes and summer moonlight pictures, with thatched cottages, mills in the mood of an autumnal afternoon, huge haystacks, green pastures, ploughed land, fields and forests, village streets, horses and waggons, such are the idyllic passages of nature which he has a preference for rendering. And his works are those of a man who followed his own way, consistently cleaving to his native-land with tender affection.

But the most sympathetic and personal effect is made by *Edvard Bergh*. When he returned home at the same time as Larsson in 1857, the course of the one was that of a waterfall foaming and raging and breaking its way with forceful vehemence between the rocks, only to lose itself sadly in the sand ;

the course of the other that of a quiet rivulet swelling to a stream, and at last discharging itself into a woodland lake, where the birches are mirrored and pale water-lilies flush in the beams of the setting sun. Marcus Larsson, a



Bonnier, Stockholm.

HAGBORG. BRADSKA.

celebrity in his lifetime, is now forgotten, and Edvard Bergh, almost unknown in his lifetime, is now held to have been a forerunner of more recent workers. Before he became a painter Bergh had finished his university studies. As a young official he sauntered through the rustic villages, seeing nature as much with the eyes of a botanist as with those of a landscape painter. After he had painted a little in a dilettante fashion in Upsala the works of the Düsseldorfers made him decide in 1850 to go to the Academy of the Rhineland. In 1855, the year of the World Exhibition, he was in Paris, and travelled thence to Geneva to Calame, who then stood at the zenith of his fame. But these foreign influences were soon overcome. The "View of Uri," in the Berlin National Gallery, is one of the few pictures in which Bergh followed Calame in aiming at the grand style. Home once more in 1857, he became the earliest representative of intimate landscape painting in Sweden. Bergh was, in fact, a man of harmonious temperament, happy and contented with his work, a quiet, thoughtful, dreamy man, whose blood never boiled and raged.

Thus he had no passion for nature in her majesty and dramatic wrath, but loved her soft smile and her still, dreamy solitude. There are no storm-clouds in his pictures, no motives of cliffs with hoary, foaming waterfalls, no grey quarries and mossy, primæval pines—no complicated problems of light and vehement *tours de force* of the brush. He delighted in the fir-woods

and glassy rivers of his home, the delicate birch-groves and the dreamy shores of its lakes, the bright summer sky of Sweden, the quiet pastures and grazing cattle, white clouds slowly floating onwards, and lonely paths leading between the spreading roots of trees to out-of-the-way and sheltered valleys. And his delicate painting, which is full of sentiment, corresponds with the soft intimate character of this landscape. Everything which afterwards became characteristic of the new tendency, the efforts to arrest the transitory and momentary moods of nature, the first direct impression, was also the note of Bergh's latest works. Some of his birch forests with water and cattle are so fresh and fragrant in their scheme of colour that they might belong to the most modern art. Always following his own taste, and as much a naturalist as an artist in colours, as much an analyst as an emotional artist, Bergh showed Swedish landscape the way which led to its present prime.

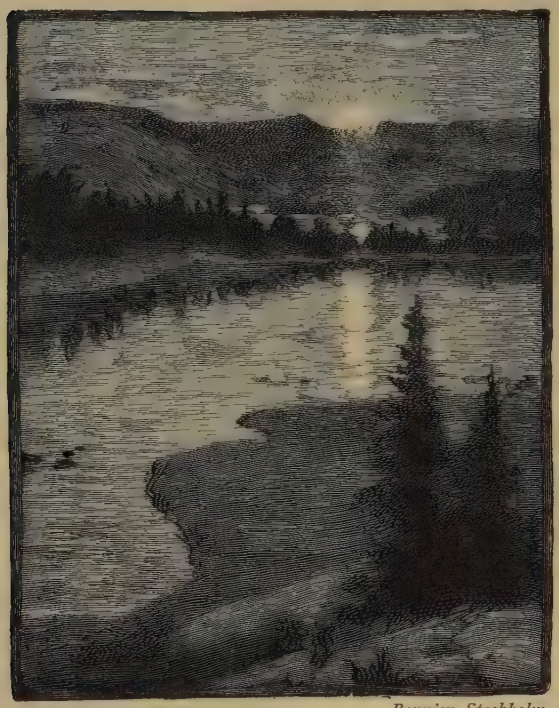
The turning-points in Swedish art coincide more or less with the years of the Paris Exhibitions : in 1856 it was ruled by Düsseldorf, in 1867 by Couture and Piloty ; in 1878 it began to enter on the lines of Manet and Bastien-Lepage. Some of the Swedes who had been long resident in Paris early communicated the new principles to their compatriots.

Many experiments had been already made by *Hugo Salmson,* who is now a man upwards of sixty, before he entered the province which has been his specialty since 1878. Under Charles Comte, whose studio he entered after his removal to Paris, he painted ornamental historical pictures of manners. Benjamin Constant incited him to his life-size " Odalisque," painted with a sleek brush. And Meissonier was his inspiration when he exhibited his " Rehearsal of Tartuffe," a spirited and pliant *rococo* illustration, in which the variegated costumes of modish courtiers stood out daintily in an elegant old-world interior. But as soon as the earliest open-air pictures of Bastien-Lepage appeared he immediately followed this new tendency. His " Labourers

Bonnier, Stockholm.

KREUGER. ON THE COAST OF HOLLAND.

in the Turnip Field " of 1878, now in the possession of the Göteborg Art Union, had an importance for Sweden similar to that which Liebermann's " Women mending Nets " had for Germany. The modern period for Swedish art had



Bonnier, Stockholm.
PRINCE EUGENE OF SWEDEN. A LANDSCAPE.

begun—the period in which a more austerely truthful painting followed an art of variegated and gorgeous colours. Even in France, Salmson had made his mark with this work, and his "Arrest"—a village street in Picardy where a couple of gendarmes have taken a young woman in charge—was the first Swedish picture obtained for the Musée Luxembourg. This was in 1879. In 1883 his "Little Gleaners" was admitted into the Stockholm National Museum. Yet this rapid success suggests that Salmson is not a master of haughty individuality, whom it takes time to comprehend. Beneath his hands Manet's hard, virile art has become a thing made for popularity. His peasant girls are graceful, his landscapes charming, and his problems of light meet with a solution which is rather piquant than sincere. His last pastel portraits and pictures of children are often completely mawkish. He is not a robust and original artist, but one who has gone tamely with the stream. However, he is a good painter, who acquired greater technical readiness in Paris than any of his countrymen. His representations of the life of the people in Picardy appeal to the great public by their confident and noble drawing, their refined treatment of colour, their dainty handling of the brush, and their characterisation, which is spirited even if it is not profound. Through this treatment, adapted to the requirements of the Salon, he won a more rapid popularity for the new principles than would have been otherwise possible.

And *August Hagborg*, whose success dates from the same years, and whose ductile talent ran through the same course of development, is his twin brother in the history of Swedish art. Having begun in Paris with little, hard, but carefully painted costume pictures from the Directoire period, he afterwards found his vocation in representing the sea-coasts and fisher-folk of Northern France. "The Ebb-tide on the English Channel"—a number of oyster-fishers coming home with their booty over the fresh, clear sea, and a bright sky with bluish strips of cloud—was bought by the Musée Luxembourg in 1879, and from that time he became a popular painter. A low, yellowish

strand, spreading broadly in the foreground, fishing boats, the peaceful sea, and a clear, bluish-white sky, beaming in the mild light of a warm noonday sun, or in the chill gleam of a dull morning, such are the phases of nature which Hagborg has chosen and repeated in all his pictures with various accessory figures.

Here there are fishers making for the shore, here a priest blessing a newly built fishing-smack, here nothing but the beach with a row of boats in shining, silvery morning mist, here the dwellers of the strand talking together before setting out. The veracity and roughness of Michael Ancher is not to be asked from him. His people are of a cleanly, blooming race, a people who are innocent of laxity, and know nothing of the wearisomeness of life. They are the types of the fine lad and the brave lass which may be found in the novels of Pierre Loti, a little more refined than they are in reality, and artificially polished and freshened up. Trim fisher-girls and young men are busy net-making; girls go merrily laughing homewards from the shore, talking, jesting; or silent and embarrassed couples sit on the grass or make a rendezvous with each other by a boat-side. Hagborg has often repeated himself, varied the types and moods which once made him popular, until they have grown tiresome; but besides many pictures turned out for the market, and striking rather through their *chic* than any personal emotion, he has produced several works in recent years, such as "The Potato Gatherers," "The Churchyard of Tourvilleu," and the like, which show a vigorous striving in an onward direction.

BRUNO LILJEFORS. *Bonnier, Stockholm.*

Wilhelm van Gegerfelt, the landscape painter, is the third of these Parisian Swedes. Since 1872 he has lived in Paris, and there he has become a thoroughbred Frenchman. At present, too, he seems a somewhat old-fashioned painter, whose Venetian lagunes and deep blue summer nights of Naples have more in common with Oswald Achenbach and Clays than with Billotte and Monet. Like Wahlberg, he had a greater regard for *chic* and "beautiful tone" than was favourable to the

sincerity of his landscapes. But when he appeared he excited a great deal of notice by his bright scale of colour and his refined taste. In his works the moonlight rests upon the Canal Grande, or a delicate grey is spread over some district on the French coast; the sun glitters on the snowfields of Upsala; bright, shining rain comes hissing down in a Swedish village; or skaters in the silvery dusk of a winter evening hum swiftly over the crystal surface of the frozen lake.

After 1875 the young Swedes studying in Paris banded round these three painters. As early as the winter of 1877–78 this Swedish colony could boast of eighteen names. Most of them lived at Montmartre, where Hagborg had his studio. Their general place of reunion was the Restaurant Hoerman in the Boulevard de Clichy, which was christened "The Swedish General Credit Company" in Paris, with reference to the kindly consideration of the proprietor in money matters. In the evening the company went across to the Café de l'Hermitage and played billiards. From the principal table, reserved every evening for the blond and blue-eyed guests there rose Swedish quartettes. Amongst these "knights of the stew-pan," of whom many a one did not know how he was to live on the next day, there reigned a wild spirit of youth,

OESTERLIND. *Bonnier, Stockholm.*
A HOUSE OF MOURNING.

an audacious levity, but there was also a sincere and fervent love of work which resulted in a sustained exertion of all their powers.

To two of the most talented it was not accorded to reap at home, in later days, the fruits of their labour. The wag of the Parisian clique, *Karl Skån-*

berg—a droll, little hump-backed man whom August Strindberg used as prototype for the painter in his charming sketch *The Little Beings*—died in 1883, just after he had come back to Stockholm, when he was scarcely three-

Bonnier, Stockholm.

BJÖRK. A SMITHY.

and-thirty ; and Swedish art was robbed of Hugo Birger at the same youthful age four years afterwards. The former was a fine landscape painter, who, making Paris his headquarters, searched for pictorial motives in Holland and Italy. In Holland he painted the harbour of Dort, in Italy the glowing blaze of Etna and the olive-groves of Naples, the blooming fruit-trees of the Villa Albani or the golden skies and rocking skiffs of Venice. He is most effective when he renders with large strokes a part of the harbour with glittering water, the little figures of fishermen, and glowing sails ; or when he steeps his pictures in a grey dusk impregnated with colour. In Venice he is peculiarly at home, not only the sunny joyous Venice of spring, glowing with colour, but Venice in rainy autumn in her widow's weeds. Sailing through the lagunes in a skiff, he sketched the wharves and canals with their black ships and deep red sails, and the diversified masses of the Giudecca.

A virtuoso who often displays great audacity, *Hugo Birger*, extended his field of study to Spain and Africa. The ideal which he pursued with feverish activity throughout his brief life was to meet with curious costumes, to paint with novel colours, to experience novel moods, and to stand upon the soil of a strange and distant land. The blue sky of Spain glares upon white walls, the glowing sun of North Africa glances upon the forms of negroes and gaudy turbans. One of his most luxuriant feasts of colour was called "Breakfast in Granada": a party of ladies and gentlemen in white and light blue are breakfasting out of doors; the noonday sun ripples, falling white through the foliage, and playing upon the bottles and fruits. Right in the sun stands a peacock, unfolding all the iridescent splendour of his tail. Having returned home for a short time, he painted the Stockholm theatres lit up by electricity, and the glowing colour-symphonies of the fjords. His last great picture represented the Swedish artists breakfasting in the Restaurant Ledoyer on the varnishing day of the Salon. But when it hung in the Salon of 1887 he had ended his career. In him and Skånberg Swedish painting lost two men of forcible talent; they were not great artists of fine individual sentiment, but they were two bold and vigorous painters, who loved painting for its varied colour, and rejoiced with their whole heart in being painters.

The others who at that time were members of the Swedish colony in Paris now work in their native-land. Like the Danes Tuxen and Kröyer, they regarded Paris merely as a high-school, to be gone through before they could begin a fresh course of activity in Stockholm. Those who came to Paris first adapted themselves almost more to French than to Swedish painting, for through their place of residence they were led to paint the life of the French and not that of the Swedish people. Fishers from Brittany and peasants from Picardy alternate with views of Fontainebleau and the French coasts. Even when a picture now and then seems to be Swedish, this Swedish aspect is merely an affair of costumes brought from the mother-country, and fitted on to Parisian models.

CARL LARSSON. *Bonnier, Stockholm.*

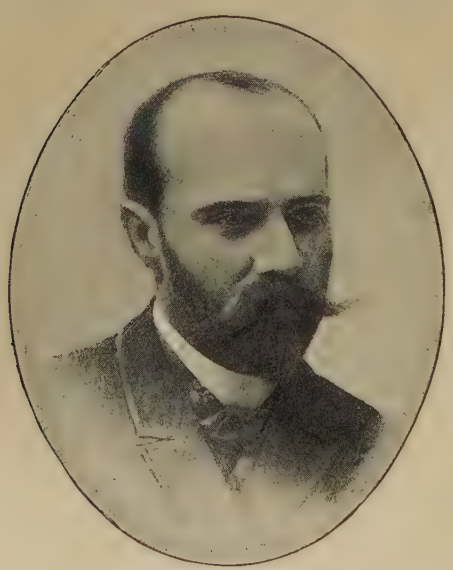
But the artists who returned to Stockholm gradually made Swedish art out of the Parisian art of Hagborg and Salmson. Nevertheless the cosmopolitan character still remains. In Denmark that curiously emancipated artist Kröyer is perhaps the only one who acquired a certain elegance, boldness, and nervous vibration through contact with French painting. Otherwise Danish painting has a virgin bashfulness, something self-contained and homely in

its preference for quiet corners and cosy rooms in lamplight. All those emotions which elsewhere find their way into outward life are turned inwards with the Danes, and live in their spirit in a sharpened, subtilised, and concentrated form. Swedish art is more mundane, more graceful and gleaming: it regards what is simple as *bourgeois*; it loves extremes, caprices, a bright, tingling Impressionism, the piquant, bizarre effects of light, vibrating chords. Swedish painters have a less national accent than the Danes, a less personal method of seeing things, but all the more taste and flexibility. It does one good to look at Johansen's pictures; they are so cordial in sentiment that one forgets the artist, while in the presence of Swedish works one thinks only of the dexterous technique. They are rather examples of technical artifice than works of art, rather graceful *bravura* paintings than intimate confessions; they originate rather from manual adroitness than from the painter's heart. Moreover, the Swedish painters are not to be found amongst those men of rough, forceful nature who are ridiculed and scoffed at by the great public at exhibitions. They are never austere and puritanical, but rather piquant, pleasing, charming, and gracious. What is *chic* has mastered what is natural in their pretty fantasies of colour, and has even made a sort of knicknacks out of the very peasants. Exceedingly quick in assimilation, they have made themselves more familiar than any other nation with all the sleights of art that may be learnt in Paris, and by these have created works which are exceedingly refined and modern.

Bonnier, Stockholm.

CARL LARSSON. THE WIFE OF THE VIKING.

In the province of landscape painting Réné Billotte would offer the most ready parallel to the works of the youngest Swedes. Nature in Sweden has not the idyllic coyness of Danish scenery, nor has it the rude air of desolation and wildness which gives the Norwegian its sombre and melancholy stamp. It is more coquettish, Southern, and French, and the Swedish painters see it with French eyes. Their works have nothing mystical, elegiac, and shrouded, like those of the Danes. Everything is clear and dazzling. In the one school there is a naturalness, a simplicity which almost causes the spectator to forget the work of the brush; the other gives, in the first place, the impression of a problem deftly solved. In the one is the most extreme reserve in colour, a soft grey enveloping everything; in the other a cunning play with delicate gradations of tone, an effort to analyse the most fleeting moods of nature and the most complicated effects of light. There are bright meadows and woodland clearings under the most varied phases of light: when the dazzling whiteness of the sun vibrates through silvery gradations of the atmosphere, or "rosy fingered dawn" dallies with the little white clouds, or the violet reflections of the deep-red setting sun fade wanly over a lily-covered pool. There are woodlands with graceful birches, the yellow autumnal leaves of which sparkle in the slanting rays of the light, and still forest lakes with white flowers which flush in the radiance of the sinking sun. Moreover, the wonders of the Mälar See, with the magical mazes of its glittering arteries of water, give an opportunity for the solution of difficult problems of light. The marvellous port of Stockholm is painted with its splendid bridges, palaces, and shining rows of houses, and creeks of the sea with the silvery reflections of the moonlight upon their curling waves and the turrets of lighthouses rising solemnly over the ocean like great moons, and the windows of houses, which have been lit up, blazing like flickering will-o'-the-wisps in the blue misty veil of twilight; little skiffs and graceful sailing vessels, which, in the dying sunset, glide across the blue waters as lightly as nutshells; shores against which the waves chafe foaming and dazzlingly white, scourged by the fresh morning wind; or rock-bound coasts, which lie, black and misty, beneath the dark starry sky. Parts of the streets are painted in that vague illumination which is neither bright nor dark, neither day nor night; bridges crowded with a fluctuating throng, and lighted by flickering lamps. Even when winter is celebrated, it is not its melancholy and its sad mists that are



RICHARD BERGH. *Bonnier, Stockholm*

painted, but its glittering gladness and its bright, invigorating cold, bouquets and wreath of snow, a fairy architecture of white snow with the bluest sky as background.

Bonnier, Stockholm.
R. BERGH. AT EVENTIDE.

Per Eckström, one of the older artists, paints the poetry of desolation; the silence of the heath, when all its outlines are dissolved in the dusk and all its colours are extinguished; the new moon over a clear lake, with groups of trees reflected tremulously in the water; the silvery tone of afternoon lying dreamily over half dim plains; still, sequestered pools, thick with luxuriant water-plants in the blood-red sunset or the vague light of moonrise. A quiet part of the heath in Oeland, in the subdued, tender, silvery tone of dusk; a glittering forest lake, in which the deadened sunshine plays in a thousand reflections; and the study "Sun and Snow," a mingled play of red and white colours, making the most intense effect, were the pictures by which he introduced himself in Germany, at the Munich Exhibition of 1892, as one of the finest landscape painters of the present day.

The painter of winter twilight and autumn evenings in the North was *Nils Kreuger*, who had already in Paris shown a preference for phases of winter and rain, dusk and vapour. In his delicate little pictures he rendered desolate village streets, with the soft twilight sinking over their poverty-stricken houses and gardens, pallid moonshine lying ghostly over solitary buildings, and deserted paths losing themselves in the darkness, wintry afternoons, and skaters whose fleeting outlines speed lightly like vague shadows across the glassy lake.

Karl Nordström, more uneven and less delicate, though always captivating through his bold experiments, chiefly celebrates the Northern winter with

its cold splendour of colour, its rarefied, transparent air, its dazzling sunshine and its soft snow resting like sugar upon the branches of the leafless trees. He has likewise worked much and successfully upon motives from Skärgard under sombre phases of night and animated by the varied lights of steamers slowly gliding past the hilly coasts, upon harbour views with glowing rocket-lights, yellowish-red pennons, and little steamboats darting like arrows from shore to shore.

Scarcely then thirty years of age, and already one amongst the best, *Prince Eugene* arrested melodious moods of nature in Skon and Soedermanland: in his pictures a still forest, with delicate birches and plashing streamlets, is touched by the violet mists around the evening sun; little golden clouds hang over the sea; or the sun shines with dazzling light upon a glad, green meadow-land; or else the moon trembles in long shining lines upon a bluish lake.

Robert Thegerström travelled much, and, in addition to delicate French harmonies in grey, exhibited pretty studies from Egypt and Algiers. A sturdy artist, *Olof Arborelius*, has produced Swiss and Italian landscapes, painted during his years of pilgrimage, and, in his later period, Swedish landscapes, true and powerful in their local accent, and of rich and luxuriant colouring. The dazzling rays of the summer sun and the glittering effects of winter snow have principally inspired his dexterous brush. *Axel Lindmann* paints honest, clear grey landscapes enlivened with delicate green, which show that he has more than once looked at Damoye. In *Alfred Thörne* the mountain and Mälar scenery has found an interpreter, in *John Kindborg* the environs of Stockholm, and in *Carl Johannson* the world in its wintry charms. *Johan Krouthén* painted quarries, forcible summer-pieces from Skagen, arable fields in autumn in the sunshine, pictures of spring with powerful, chalky effects of light, or garden pictures in which he united all kinds of gay flowers in joyous combinations of colour. The sea painter *Adolf Nordling* attaches himself to the great Danish sea painters by the confident manner in which he places his vessels in the waves. His air is fresh and clear; light and fluent his water. *Victor Forssell, Johan Ericson, Edvard Rosenberg,* and *Ernst Lundström* are other painters who devote themselves to the port of Stockholm.

In the province of animal painting the men of the older generation, *Wennerberg, Brandelius,* and others, have been replaced by Georg Arsenius and Bruno Liljefors. *Arsenius* has been known for many years by his bright, sunny, and dashing renderings of the Paris races, and by numerous rapid and confident drawings from the world of sport, published in the French journals. After making frequent contributions to the Paris Salon without exciting any special attention, *Bruno Liljefors* introduced himself to the German public, for the first time, in 1892, in Munich. Removed from the Stockholm Academy on account of unfitness, he withdrew himself and his models—tame and wild animals, birds and four-footed beasts—to an out-of-the-way village in the north of Sweden, and here became one of the most individual

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.
R. BERGH. PORTRAIT OF HIS WIFE.

personalities of modern art. The barren, commonplace scenery of Uppland, with its hills clothed with meagre woods and its sparse fir forests and its green fields and meadows in the winter snow, usually forms the background for his representations of animal life: they are the works of a man who, without having been in Paris, worked out by himself all the inspiring principles of foreign painting. In his earliest years Liljefors devoted himself with zeal and earnest purpose to open-air painting, painted woods and meadows in that most intense sunlight loved by Manet; then he studied the Japanese, and assimilated their spirited sureness in seizing transient movements. But in these days this technical *bravura* is only used as a vehicle for his fresh and healthy observation and intimate feeling. Liljefors knows his models. He has learnt to arrest the most instantaneous movements of animals; he has made himself familiar with their way of life, their characteristics and their habits. He represents the sport of birds in the sunshine, the hare sitting solitary upon a snowy field of a grey winter afternoon, the hound, the household of foxes, quails, magpies, and reed-sparrows as they hide shivering in the snow.

And just as he represents these animals with the essential accuracy of an old sportsman, he paints his men with the good-humour of a head-ranger, living in the country and playing cards with peasants in the tavern. His landscapes have been seen with the fresh, bright eyes of one accustomed to live out of doors, one who can go about without having numbed and frozen fingers. When he paints boys taking nests or getting over the palings to steal apples he does it with a boy's sense of enjoyment, as though he would like to be one of them himself. When he paints the sunny corners of a peasant's garden, where diapered butterflies poise on the flowers and sparrows scratch merrily till they cover themselves with sand, one would take Liljefors himself for the old gardener who had laid out and planted this plot of land. Whether he represents the darkness of a summer night, or blackcocks pairing

in a dark green valley, or the solitude of the forest, where the poacher is awaiting his victim with strained attention, or the sombre humour of afternoon upon the heath, where the sportsman is plodding wearily home, followed by his panting dogs, there runs through his picture a deep and unforced sentiment, a reverence for the mysticism of nature and the majestic sublimity of solitude. Living in a far-off village, out of touch with the artist world throughout the whole year, surrounded only by his animals, and observing nature at all seasons and at all hours, Liljefors is one of those men who have something of Millet's nature, one of those in whom heart and hand, man and artist, are united. It is only through living so intimately with the theme of his studies that he has seen Swedish landscape with such largeness and quietude, and learnt to overhear the language of the birds and the whisper of the pines.

Beyond this it is impossible to divide Swedish painters according to "subjects" or provinces. The more "Swedish" they are, and the more deftly they have learnt to play with technique, the more they are cosmopolitans who take a pleasure in venturing upon everything. *Axel Kulle* represents peasant life in South Sweden in a very authentic manner with regard to costume and furniture, yet with a humorous accent which is a relic of his Düsseldorf period. A sturdy, prosaic realist, *Alf Wallander*, is the leading representative of naturalism in the treatment of the proletariat. Old men and women in the street, the inn, or the market-place, he places upon canvas as large as life, and his works are energetic, fresh, and full of colour, though without delicacy or the play of feeling. *Axel Berg* paints peasant life in Orebro: street scenes and fairs, or farms of a Sunday forenoon, when the waggon stands ready for an excursion to the neighbouring village. The snowy landscape of Lapland, with its mountains, pines, and waterfalls, has a forcible and fearless interpreter in *Johan Tirén*, who is a robust and pithy painter. *Allan Oesterlind*, an artist who tells his tale with delicacy, has now settled in Brittany, where he paints rustic life in the field and at home, by daylight and firelight, in the market square and the churchyard, with Parisian flexibility. In him the child-world in particular has a fine observer: he surprises children in their games and their griefs, simply, and without mixing in them himself; they are all absorbed in their employment, and not one of them steps out of his surroundings to coquet with the spectator. And *Ivar Nyberg* delights in family scenes round the lamp of an evening, young ladies sitting at the piano by candle-

Bonnier, Stockholm.

ANDERS L. ZORN.

light, or old women telling girls their fortunes by cards; those twilight motives and those indeterminate effects of light in an interior which are so dear to the Danes.

There is something a little German about *Oscar Björck*, which is quite in accordance with his Munich training. He can neither be called particularly spirited nor particularly intimate, but he has a sound and sincere naturalism, a quiet and graceful style, and an even method of creation, which is free from all nervous intensity. In Skagen, where he worked for some time, he was affected by Danish influences which prompted him to pictures from the life of seamen—"The Signal of Distress" and so forth—in the manner of Michael Ancher. Intercourse with Julius Kronberg in Rome led him to paint a "Susanna," an adroit studio study in the style of French Classicism. The leading work of his Roman period was a representation of a forge, an exceedingly sound picture, in which he analysed correctly and with adherence to fact the play of sunbeams on the smoke-grimed walls of the smithy, their blending with the fire on the hearth, and the strife of this double illumination of sun and fire upon the upper part of the tanned bodies of the workmen. In Venice he painted the Piazza d'Erbe flooded with sunshine, and the interiors of old Renaissance churches, on the gleaming mosaics of which dim daylight plays, broken by the many-coloured glass windows. A "Stable," upon the walls and planks of which the early sun falls in large, sparkling patches, a "Sewing-Room" with the broad daylight glancing tremulously over the white figures of girls, and, occasionally, able portraits, were his later works, which were sterling and powerful, though they were not particularly spirited.

Bonnier, Stockholm.

ZORN. PORTRAIT OF HIS MOTHER AND SISTER.

Carl Larsson is amusing, coquettish, and mobile, one of those capricious, facile men of talent to whom everything is easy. He first made a name as an illustrator, and his piquant representations of fashionable life as well as

his grotesquely bizarre caricatures are the most spirited work which has arisen in Sweden in the department of illustration during the century. This facility in production remained with him later. Always attempting something novel and mastering novel spheres of art, he went from oil-painting to pastels and water-colours, and from sculpture to etching. The refined water-colours which he painted in France—pictures of little gardens with young fruit-trees, gay flowers, old men, and beehives—were followed by delicate landscapes from the neighbourhood of Stockholm and Dalarne, interiors bathed in sunlight, and amusing portraits of his family and his feminine pupils. But this was merely a transitional stage to " grand art," the decorative painting which had been the aim of his youthful dreams. Even in the days when he worked at a Stockholm photographer's, and was employed in retouching, he painted in an audacious effervescent humour pictures like " The Sinner's Transit to Hell," or old bards singing their last ballad to the sinking sun. Even then the motley old wooden figures of the Stockholm churches had bewitched him, and the fantastic woodcuts of Martin Schongauer and Dürer. In his decorative works he sports with all these elements like a spirited tattler who has seen much and babbles about it in a way that is witty and stimulating, if not novel. In the three allegorical wall paintings, Renaissance, Rococo, and Modern, which he designed for the Fürstenberg Gallery in Stockholm, Tiepolo, Goltzius, Schwind, and modern French plastic art are boldly and directly intermingled. In the series of wall paintings for the staircase of the girls' school in Göteborg, where he represented the life of Swedish women in different ages, the technique of open-air painting, naturalistic force, curious yearning for the magic of the *rococo* period, daring of thought suggesting Cornelius, and the pale grey hue of Puvis de Chavannes are mixed so as to form a strange result. It all has something of the manner of a poster, with but little that is monumental or, indeed, independent. But Larsson plays with all his reminiscences with such an attractive and sovereign talent, the total effect is so fresh and delightful, so vivid and full of fantastic point, so effective in colour and in substance, so far removed from all dry didacticism, that he raises himself to a position beside the finest decorators of the present age.

In *Ernst Josephson*, another spirited improviser, bold portraits and motley scenes from the life of the Spanish people alternate with robust, life-size pictures of forges, millers' men, and Swedish village witches. *Georg Pauli* painted little Italian landscapes with a fine, natural lyricism of feeling, sea and bridge pictures with gas-lamps, spring evenings with the setting sun casting a red light into the room, or bright moonlit nights when the very air seems transformed into chill light. In some of his expressive pictures of sick-rooms there was an echo of H. von Habermann, and in his last work, " The Norns," he followed, like the latter, a monumental and allegorical tendency in the manner of Agache. As a pupil at the Academy, *Richard Bergh* was called by his comrades the Swedish Bastien-Lepage. The tender absorption in nature and the quiet,

A. ZORN

THE MAJA

Bonnier, Stocknolm.
ZORN. THE RIPPLE OF THE WAVES.

contemplative method of his father, Edvard Bergh, is peculiar to him too. "The Hypnotic Séance," which made him first known in the Paris Salon, was rather a transient concession to the style of Gervex than the expression of Bergh's own temperament. He paints best when he represents the people whom he best knows, and his intimate portraits of members of his family and of particular friends only find their counterpart in corresponding likenesses by Bastien-Lepage. Specially charming was the simple picture of his wife which he sent in 1886 to the Paris Salon: a young woman with a bright and yet thoughtful look, who is sitting with a piece of white material upon her knees and her arms crossed in her lap; she has just left off sewing, and is looking dreamily before her. The pretty studio picture "After the Sitting," with the young model dressing with a tired air; the landscape "Towards Evening," harmonised entirely in yellow, and slightly tinged by qualities of the Scotch school, with a fair peasant girl sitting upon a hill with the evening sun pouring over her; and several other landscapes with young ladies dreaming in a lonely park, themselves bright and tender like the Northern summer, were further evidences of his refined and sympathetic art.

The most deft and ultra-modern of these men is *Anders Zorn*. From the first his whole career was one continuous triumph. He was a peasant boy from Dalarne, and had left the school at Einköping, when he came in 1875 to Stockholm, at first with the intention of becoming a sculptor. Even as a boy he had carved animals in wood while out in the pastures, and then coloured them with fruit-juice. At school he painted portraits from nature, without having ever worked on the usual drawing models for copying. Thus he acquired early a keen eye for form and character, and adhered to this vivifying

principle when in later years he began at the Academy to paint little scenes from the life of the people around his home. An exhibition for the work of pupils brought him his earliest success. He painted the portrait of a girl in mourning, a little picture full of delicate feeling, in which the piquant black veil specially roused the admiration of all ladies. From that time he had quantities of orders for portraits. He painted children and ladies with or without veils, and was the lion of the Academy. With the sums which he was enabled to save through these commissions he left home, and, after a circular tour through Italy and Spain, he landed in London in 1885, and took a studio there in the most fashionable part of the town. Purchasers and visitors anxious to order pictures came quickly. Making London his head-quarters, he led a life of constant movement, emerging now in Spain or Morocco, now in Constantinople or at home. His field of work was changed just as often, and the development of his power was rapid. He painted quantities of pictures in water-colours—old Spanish beggars and gipsy women, Swedish children and English girls. And he touched them all in a manner that was fresh, wayward, piquant, and full of charm, and with a dexterity quite worthy of Boldini. In his next period Swedish open-air motives were what principally occupied this painter, who was always seeking some new thing. Having busied himself with river motives in England, he now began at Dalarö to study waves. The large water-colour picture called "The Ripple of the Waves" represented a quiet lake, the clear mirror of which rippled lightly beneath the soft evening wind. A pair of summer visitors, a lady and gentleman, are sitting upon a jetty, and in front a washerwoman is talking with a boatman who is passing by. A quick eye and a sure hand are requisites for painting the sea. In its eternal alternation of ebb and flow it leaves the painter no time for deliberate study. Zorn attacked the problem again and again, until he finally mastered it. His first oil picture, exhibited in Paris and acquired by the Musée Luxembourg, rendered the peaceful hour when daylight yields softly to the radiance of the moon: an old seaman and a young girl are looking thoughtfully from a bridge down into a river. His next picture he called "Out of Doors." Three girls are standing naked on the shore after bathing, whilst a fourth is still merrily splashing in the water. After this picture he became famous in France. Everything in it had been boldly delineated. The water lived, and rocked, and rippled. The reflections of the light and the thousand rosy tints of evening were rendered with extreme sensitiveness of feeling, and played tenderly and lightly on the water and the nude bodies of the women. And how natural were the women themselves, how unconsciously graceful, as if they had no idea that a painter's eye was resting upon them!

Zorn has painted much of the same kind since: women before or after bathing, sometimes enveloped in the grey atmosphere, sometimes covered by the waves or the gleaming light of the sky.

The most refined picture of all was a sketch exhibited in Munich in 1892,

and now in the possession of Edelfelt. It made such a bright and light effect, it was so simple and entirely natural, that one quite forgot what sovereign mastery was requisite to produce such an impression. The same bold confidence which knows no difficulties makes his interiors and portraits an object of admiration to the eye of every painter. As he stood on a level with Cazin in his bathing scenes, he stands here on a level with Besnard. In his picture of 1892 the spectator looked into the interior of an omnibus. Through the windows fell the dim light of a grey afternoon in Paris, and carried on a vivid combat with the light of the gas-lamps upon the faces of the men and women inside. The study of light in the treatment of a woman asleep beneath the lamp almost excelled similar efforts of the French in its delicate effect of illumination. A ball scene made a fine and animated impression elsewhere only to be found in the works of the American Stewart. His portraits give the feeling that they must have been painted at a stroke : they have a sureness in characterisation and a simple nobility of colour which admit of a manifold play of tones within the very simplest scale. Even his etchings, although they are summary and merely indications, find their like in spirit and piquancy only in those of Legros. Zorn is the most dexterous of the dexterous, a conjurer whose hand follows every glance of his marvellously organised eye, as if by some logical law of reflex action—a man who can do everything he wishes, who rejoices in experiment for its own sake, one who never ceases conquering new difficulties in mere play, in every new work. He is a Frenchman in his *bravura* and bold technique, and in this mundane grace he is as typical of the Swedish art of the present as Johansen is of Danish art in his simple, provincial intimacy of emotion.

Finally, attention must be called to the fact that the stylistic tendency of modern art, as well, has found some capable exponents in Sweden. The landscapist, G. A. Fjaestad, especially, has made it apparent, through works that combine a broadly treated decorative effect with naturalistic truth. Whether he paints the starry sky, spreading clear as silver over snowdecked forests, gigantic crags hemming in a tranquil lake, or yellow fields, over which the eye sweeps far and wide into the infinite, a feeling of stateliness and majestic grandeur pervades his works. To naturalistic truth he adds a breadth of style, a flat sculptured effect, which gives his pictures the power of dominating the rooms in which they hang as forcefully as mosaic work.

CHAPTER XLIII

NORWAY

THE Norwegians made their entry into modern art with almost greater freedom and boldness.

What a powerful reserve modern art possesses in nationalities which are not as yet broken in by civilisation—nationalities which approach art free from æsthetic prejudice, with the young, bright eyes of the children of nature —is most plainly shown in the case of the Norwegians. That which is an acquired innocence, a *naïveté intelligente* in nations which have been long civilised, is with them natural and unconscious. They had no necessity to free themselves with pains from the yoke of false principles of training which pressed in other countries upon all the moderns. They were not immured for long years in the cells of the *École des Beaux-Arts*, they did not need to fight the battles which the strongest had to wage elsewhere, before they could find nature and themselves. As beings who had never had a share in any artistic phase of the past, and who had grown up without much academical instruction, they began to represent the soil and the people of their home with a clearness of vision peculiar to races in direct contact with nature, and with a technique as primitive as if brush and pigments had been invented for themselves. For this reason, of course, the barbarism of the uneducated nature which enters the world of art as a stranger is often betrayed in their works even now. As yet they have not had time to refine their ideas, to adorn and embellish them : they display them entirely naked ; they are unable to subdue their strong sense of reality, breaking vehemently forth, to a cogent harmony. Their art is sturdy and sanguine, and occasionally crude ; even in colour it is hard and brusque, and peculiarly notable for a cold red and a dull violet—those hues so popular even in the painting of Norwegian houses. The taste of an amateur formed on the old masters would be infallibly shocked with their glaring light, and those offensive tones which recur in their interiors, in their costumes and furniture. Indeed, Norwegian painting is still in leading strings. But it will cast them aside. The inherent individuality which it has already developed makes that a certainty.

Norway can look back to a great past in art even less than Denmark. What was produced in earlier times has only an architectonic interest. The history of painting begins for them with the nineteenth century, and even then it has no quiet course of development. For the student the earliest

name of importance in that history is *Johann Christian Dahl*, who in the twenties opened the eyes of German painters to the charm which nature has even in her simplicity. He was followed in the mother-country by *Fearnley* and *Frich*, who depicted with a loving self-abandonment, not alone the romantic element in Northern scenery, huge blue-black cliffs, dark and silent fjords, and dazzling glaciers, but the gentle valleys and soft unobtrusive hills of Ostland. The first figure painter, the Leopold Robert of the North, was *Adolf Tidemand*, with whom began the Düsseldorfian period of Norwegian art. The younger men of talent gathered round him and Gude, who came to Düsseldorf in 1841, four years later. *Vincent Stoltenberg-Lerche* painted the interiors of monasteries and churches, which he utilised for *genre* pictures, filling them in with suitable accessory figures *à la* Grützner. *Hans Dahl* produced village idylls *à la* Meyerheim, and survived into times when something more true and forcible was demanded from art. *Carl Hansen*, who later on settled in Copenhagen, began with *genre* scenes under the influence of Vautier, and afterwards acquired a prepossessing distinction of colour in such pictures as "The Salmon-Fishers," "Sentence of Death," "The Lay Preacher," and others of the same type. *Niels Björnson-Möller*, *August Cappelen*, *Morten-Müller*, *Ludwig Munthe*, and *Normann* glorified the majestic configurations of the fjords, the emerald-green walls of cliff, the cloven dingles of the higher mountains, the fir-woods and the splendour of the Lofoten. With the sleights of art which they had acquired at Düsseldorf there were some who even attempted to work upon scenes from the Northern mythology. *Knud Bergslien* represented people in armour flying across the whitened plains in huge snowshoes, giving as the titles of his pictures names chosen from the Viking period. Trained from 1851 under Sohn and Hünten, *Nicolai Arbo* became the Rudolf Henneberg of the North. The National Gallery of Christiania possesses an "Ingeborg" from his hand, and a "Wild Hunt," in which the traditional heroic types are transformed into Harold, Olaf, Odin, and Thor by a change in their attributes.

All these painters betrayed no marks of race. Schooled abroad, and to some extent working away from Norway throughout their lives, they merely reflect tendencies which were dominant in foreign parts. In fact, Norwegian art only existed because a corner was conceded to it in public and private galleries in alien countries. "National" it first became thirty years ago, like Swedish art, and its development proceeded in a similar fashion.

Like the Swedes, the Norwegians had, from the close of the sixties, a suspicion that Düsseldorf was no longer the proper place for their studies; and when Gude was called thence to Carlsruhe, the Academy of the Rhineland was no longer a gathering-place for Norwegian students. Some followed him to Baden, but the majority repaired to Munich, where Makart had just painted his earliest marvels of colour, where Lenbach and Defregger had begun their career, and Piloty, Lindenschmit, and Diez were famous teachers. But their sojourn by the Isar was not of long duration either. While they

were working there Liebermann came back with new views of art from Paris. Through the brilliant show made by the French at the Munich Exhibition of 1878 their gaze was turned in a yet more westerly direction ; so they deserted the studios of Lindenschmit and Löfftz for those of Manet and Degas, and left the contemplative life of Munich for the surging world of art in Paris.

The last and decisive step was their return home. *M. Grönvold* and *J. Ekendes* in Munich, *C. Frithjof-Smith* in Weimar, and *Grimelund* in Paris are probably the only Norwegians who are now working abroad. In the later and more forcible men there was strengthened that sentiment for home which has such a fertilising power in art. Having learnt their grammar in Germany and their syntax in Paris, they borrowed from the works of the modern French the further lesson that an artist derives his strength from the soil of his mother-country. And since then a Norwegian art has been developed. In the distant solitudes of the North, on their snowfields and fjords and meadows, the former pupils of Diez and Lindenschmit became the great original painters whom we now admire so much in exhibitions.

Men of various and ductile talent, like *Otto Sinding*, are but little characteristic of Northern sentiment. During his long residence in Carlsruhe, Munich, and Berlin he was affected by too many influences, and swayed by too many tendencies, from those of Riefstahl and Gude to those of Boecklin and Thoma, to proceed in any determined direction. With " The Surf " he made his first appearance, in 1870, as a richly endowed marine painter ; in his " Struggle at the Peasant Wedding " he was a *genre* painter after the manner of Tidemand ; to his " Ruth amongst the Workers of the Field " Bastien-Lepage had stood godfather ; several bathing scenes and peasant pictures recalled Riefstahl, and his " Mermaid " suggested Thoma. Once, indeed, at the annual exhibition of 1891 at Munich, it seemed as if he had come to feel at home on Northern soil. There he exhibited a beautiful picture of the Lofoten, " Laplanders greeting the Return of the Sun," and a couple of peasant pictures which gave a delicate interpretation of the grave melancholy life of the North. There was a peaceful picture of evening, one of sheep grazing on a gentle mountain slope. The day had sunk, and a glimmering Northern twilight rested over the hills, upon which a silvery light was falling from the clear vault of the sky. He had also a soft, delicate, languishing picture of spring, with rosy boughs laden with blossom, stretching along a verdant mountain country, while, on the far side of a blue lake, cliffs, still covered with dazzling snow, rose into the clear sky. A strange magic lay in this contrast between frost and blossom : it was as if a gentle breath of spicy fragrance rose from a snowfield, or as if the splash of rushing mountain streams were sounding in the air of spring. But in the following year he appeared once more with fantasies in the style of Boecklin—pieces which merely recalled Boecklin, and not Sinding. Artistic polish has robbed him of all directness. In fact, he is a man of talent, pushing his feelers into everything

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.

WENZEL. MORNING.

and drawing them back with the same ease; a sensibility to impressions which never wearies is his quality, and instability his defect.

Almost all the others stand firmly on the soil of their country, which has not been levelled by foreign civilisation, and they are in every sense its children. It is curious to note that, even in three countries closely united by race, religion, and language, like Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, the modern principle of individuality expressed itself in works of a distinctive character. As the Danes are yielding and thoughtful, vague and misty, and the Swedes elastic, graceful, mundane, and refined, the Norwegians are rough, angular, and resolute. There is a similar difference between the three dialects: the language of the Swedes has a vivid, emphatic, Parisian note; that of the Danes runs in a soft, lisping chant; while Norwegian speech is clear, simple, and positive, although when written it is almost the same as the Danish. Provincial geniality and loving tenderness are in the ascendant amongst the Danes; urbane grace, winning refinement, and mundane polish amongst the Swedes; and in the Norwegians there is a robust strength, something ascetic, honest, and at once brusque and warm-hearted, an earnest and quite unvarnished sincerity. One feels that one is in a country inhabited by a rude, scattered population, a nation of fishers and peasants. Stockholm

is the Athens and Christiania the Sparta of the North, and Norway, in general, the great fishing-centre of Europe. Its principal sources of income are the products of the sea : cod, cod-liver-oil, herrings, and fish-guano. In no country in the world has man such a hard fight with nature. And so it is that the Norwegian people seem so quiet, inflexible, and composed, such veritable men of iron. Denmark is a prosperous country, and its landscape is soft and without salient form. Its people have the struggle of life behind them. It is not merely the thousands of villas in the towns that are neat and trim, for the country farms are so pleasantly arranged and so spick-and-span that they might be taken for summer residences where guests of the educated class are masquerading in rustic dress. In Norway, where nature takes unusually bold proportions, man has still something of the iron rusticity of a vanished age of heroes, and a tourist moves amongst the old tobacco-chewing sailors, with their horny hands, their leather trousers, and their red caps, as amongst giants. These people, who are unwieldy ashore, look like antediluvian kings of the sea when they stand in their skiffs. And the painters themselves have also something rough and large-boned, like the giants they represent. Everything they produce is healthy and frank. The air one breathes in their work is not the atmosphere of the sitting-room, but has the strong salt of the ocean, a freshness as invigorating as a sea-bath. They approach *plein air* with an energy that is almost rude, and paint under the open sky like people who are not afraid of numb fingers. The trenchant poetry of Northern scenery and the deep religious feeling of the people find grave and measured expression in the works of Norwegian artists. They look at life with keen bright eyes, and paint it in its true colours, as it is, simply and without making pictorial points, without embellishment, and without any effort after "style." Such is the clear and most realistic ideal of the young Norwegian painters.

Scribner.

KROHG. THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.

SKREDSVIG. MIDSUMMER-NIGHT.

Niels Gustav Wenzel, Jörgensen, Kolstoe, and Christian Krohg are names which form the four-leaved clover plant of Norwegian fisher painting.

Wenzel, who went straight from his native country to Paris, excited general indignation when he exhibited in Christiania his first naturalistic and uncompromising pictures, which were almost glaring in their effects of light. One of them, " Morning," represented a number of good people grouped round a table, at the hour when blue daylight and lamplight are at odds. This light was so trenchantly painted that the figures had yellow rims thrown full on their faces. Around these stood uncouth, old-fashioned presses and benches, firm, clumpy chairs, looking as if they had stood for centuries in the same place, and must have been once used by a departed generation of greater and stronger beings. Door and window looked out upon log-houses and the Norwegian highland scenery. In a second picture, " The Confirmation Feast," he roused a feeling akin to compassion for the poor people he represented, people whose life runs by quiet and void of poetry even at their festivities.

It must be owned that *Jörgensen* has likewise a heavy hand, yet he gives an earnest and essentially true rendering of the life of labourers out of work, men staring vacantly before them, women with tired faces, and the cold light relentlessly exposing the poverty of little rooms.

Under Lindenschmit *Kolstoe* had already made many experiments in the treatment of light; then he painted landscapes in Capri, and lamplight studies in Paris, which were as glaring as they were sincere. At present he lives in Bergen. His fishers are as large and wild as kings of the sea.

But by far the most powerful of these painters of fishermen is *Christian*

Krohg, who is equally impressive as an author and as an artist. He is now a man upwards of fifty, and first took up painting in 1873 after he had passed his examination for the bar. Gude attracted him to Carlsruhe, where he worked under Güssow, and when the latter was summoned to Berlin he followed him, and stayed there three years. In 1880 he was in Paris, where he was affected by Naturalism in art and literature, by Zola and by Roll. With these views he returned to Christiania. Krohg is, indeed, a naturalist, who has often a brutal actuality, a painter of great and Herculean power. He seeks the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. As the author of the social novel *Albertine* he made a name even before he had worked with the brush, and pictures of the poor or scenes from sick-rooms were his first artistic efforts. In one there sits a poor, hard-featured sempstress, working busily by the dim lamplight, whilst the grey, lowering dawn has already begun to peer through the window. In another a doctor has been called from a brilliantly lighted reception-room to the side of the poor woman who stands shivering with cold in the dark ante-chamber. The large picture in the National Gallery of Christiania, " The Struggle for Existence," makes a strange gloomy impression ; there is a snowy street in the wintry dawn, and before the door of a house a pushing, elbowing crowd, where the various figures tell their tale of misery in all keys. From the door a hand is thrust out distributing bread ; otherwise the street is empty, except for a policeman in the distance, who is sauntering indifferently upon his beat, while elsewhere profound peace is resting over Christiania. He reached the extreme of merciless reality in his picture of a medical examination in a bare room at a police station, with the grey daylight streaming in.

Yet Krohg's proper domain is not that of Zolaism in pigments, but the representation of Norwegian pilots. The steaming atmosphere of rooms which filled his earliest pictures is changed in his later works for the fresh sea-air sweeping keen over the salt tide. Krohg knows the sea and seamen, the battle of man with the icy waters. What splendid figures he has represented, men with muscles as hard as steel, bronzed faces, oilskin caps, and blue blouses ! How boldly they are placed upon the canvas, with great sweeps of colour, while the cutting air blows in their faces. When Krohg paints the part of a ship, it is fearlessly cut off, and though the waves are not seen they are felt none the less. How impressive is the sailor standing upon the ship's bridge, taking observations of the weather, and the pilot spreading out the chart in the cabin ! Even Michael Ancher, who was with Krohg in Skagen, is a dwarf in comparison.

Christian Krohg's pictures are downright, but thoroughly healthy. And when, for the sake of a change, he paints a pretty fisher-girl in the fresh light of spring, this brusque naturalist can be delicate, and this large-thewed artist becomes gentle.

Christian Skredsvig and Eilef Peterssen represent this gentler side of Norwegian art. There is a soft kernel beneath the rough husk, great tender-

Kunst unserer Zeit.

THAULOW. THAW IN NORWAY.

ness beneath a rude appearance, something indefinable, something like the devotion to silence.

Corot had been *Skredsvig's* great ideal in Paris. He passed through Normandy, rendering the profound and melancholy spirit of sad, misty autumn days. He went to Corsica, and there he saw flowery meadows and pleasant sequestered nooks, such as no one had yet noticed in the coldly majestic scenery of the South. His "Midsummer Night," exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1887 and afterwards acquired by the Copenhagen Gallery, was his first work celebrating the still majesty of Northern landscape. A boat is gliding over the mirror of a quiet lake. The boatman has left hold of his oar to light his pipe, and not a wave troubles the peaceful surface of the water. A man behind is playing the harmonica, and two girls are listening. It is ten o'clock, and the light dusk of summer, the suave magic of the Northern nights, has shed over everything its soft mantle of clear blue. In the background the light greyish-blue mountain heights rise transparent and aerial, like a train of evening clouds. No one utters a word, the boat glides on its course peacefully and inaudibly, and the tones of the harmonica, borne by the night-wind, alone vibrate in silvery strains over the serene, faintly quivering water. Everything lies in a sort of dreamy half-light, and the lake reflects the scene, dimmed and subdued like an echo. The total effect stands alone in its solitude, peace, and freshness.

In Munich Skredsvig delighted every one in 1891 with two works. In

one which he called " Evening Rest " a rustic in front of a log-house, with his hands thrust into his pockets, was playing with a cat in the grass, which fawned at his feet. Described in so many words, it sounds like the subject of a *genre* picture. But in the painting one was only conscious of the scent of the hay and the field-flowers, the sentiment of evening peace. The second work, " Water-lilies," has not its fellow for familiar lyrical poetry; three pale lilies are floating in the dusk upon quiet water, and that is all. But out of this Skredsvig created a picture expressing a mood, and one of profound feeling, such as the old painters never knew. A more recent work made a somewhat startling effect. Uhde and Soeren Kierkegaard stood godfather to his " Christ as Healer of the Sick," but Skredsvig went further than Uhde, by not merely transplanting his peasants into the nineteenth century, but the Saviour Himself. In the foreground to the right a countryman is driving his sick wife past in a cart. Straight opposite, an old woman is spreading a carpet for the Son of Man to walk upon. From the background He is seen advancing in the Sunday garb of a Norwegian artisan with a little round hat in His hand. Children are led to Him, and he blesses them tenderly. Poor and simple folk are standing round, amongst whom there is one who is like a Protestant minister. Of late years this religious painting has been considerably abused, but Skredsvig made atonement by the deep earnestness with which everything was touched, as well as by a naïveté recalling the old masters. A trait of benevolence ran through the picture, something biblical and patriarchal, far removed from that suggestion of malicious naïveté with which Jean Béraud profanes the sacred legends.

During his years of study under Lindenschmit *Eilif Peterssen* made a beginning with historical anecdotes. " The Death of Corvis Uhlfeld," " A Scholar in his Study," and " Christian VI signing a Sentence of Death," were all good costume pictures more or less in the style at that time affected by Georg von Rosen in Munich. A group from the last-mentioned picture he repeated in the composition " Women in Church," which has the appearance of an early Habermann; in colour it is Venetian, and it is old German in dress. Love of the Venetian colourists, whom he had already studied with enthusiasm in the Pinakothek, induced him to make a journey to Italy. He was in Rome in 1879, and painted there a " Kiss of Judas," under the influence of Titian, as well as various altar-pieces for Norwegian churches: a " Repentant Magdalene," an " Adoration of the Shepherds," and a " Christ in Emmaus." A picture called " A Siesta in Sora," a group of fine Italian artisans, showed that he was beginning to treat modern life. In his " Piazza Montenara " he produced a vivid and airy picture of the Roman streets. And since settling down in his home once more, in 1883, he has become a delicate and expressive modern landscapist. His " Laundresses " was, in 1889, one of the best pictures of the Munich Exhibition, gleaming with exuberant colour and a dazzling glow of sunshine. In another picture he represented nymphs, in a landscape by night, leaning against a tree, and

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.
WERENSKIOLD. A NORWEGIAN PEASANT GIRL.

softly touched by the subdued light. Yet in his "Woodland Lake" of 1891 he achieved a still more striking effect without the aid of such mythological beings. The still water, over which the trees leaned so dreamily, was an enchanted lake, casting its spell over every one and holding him fast, a lake full of quiet harmonies and soft dreams.

In general, this exquisite delicacy is the note of Norwegian landscapes. These same angular, unvarnished artists who face objects with such open-eyed frankness in their figure-pictures, show great refinement of feeling in their landscapes. Their predecessors had glorified only what was romantically wild or meteorologically interesting in nature as she is in Norway, and had cultivated, even more than their German colleagues, that superficial panoramic painting which blazed out with sun, moon, and stars to excite the interest of tourists. What attracted them was the element of strangeness in scenery, and what drew others to their pictures was the interest of an album of travel. All those midnight scenes glaring in blue and red, those fantastic beauties of the Lofoten, those flaming tournaments between sunset and dawn, were merely striking as curious phenomena very accurately rendered in an impersonal style. These landscape painters supplemented Baedeker and corro-

borated Passarge. They were an inciting cause of journeys to Norway. Otherwise their works bore the stamp of ordinary prose ; they amazed people and instructed them, but they could barely have existed apart from the mere interest of subject-matter. The moderns, who were as composed as the earlier painters were explosive, discovered Norway in its work-a-day garb, the poetry of winter and the charm of spring. For them Norway was no longer the land of wild romance, of Alpine peaks effectively lit up by the limelight man, nor the land of phenomena through which nature only speaks with an accent of vehemence, but the land of brightness, sunshine, snow, and silence. Norwegian landscapes are, indeed, characterised by their remarkable and apparently exaggerated clearness of atmosphere, a rarefied, shining, transparent atmosphere where all colours join in a revel of brightness. The sea, the houses, the snowfields, the men and women in multi-coloured garb, seem to sparkle and flash in the most dazzling tones ; everything is clear, aerial, and full of quivering light. Yet they are exceedingly simple ; it almost seems as if the painters beheld a younger earth with fresher eyes than our own. The elder generation painted the dash of waterfalls and the devastating might of the elements ; but nature, as seen by these moderns, is as peaceful as it is solitary. In Danish landscapes she seems to stand closely bound to man and to be his friend. She resigns, as it were, her majesty, to nestle round the dwellings of men, and is the medium of their intercourse. But in Norway everything lies in ghostly peace, as silent as the grave : nature is austere and vast, and all the works of men emerge like something forlorn and strange. One artist celebrates the marvellous splendour of autumn, when the yellow leaves of the lithe birches sparkle like gold and their slender white stems gleam like silver. Another renders lonely lakes, where no boat furrows the water, no human being is visible, and no shout is heard, where not even a bird is to be seen, nor a fish darting to the surface. Here the sun is sinking clear and cold ; in its parting it does not shed the faintest gleam of purple over the land. There it is winter, which has enveloped the country in a great, glittering mantle of snow. The spectator feels how sunny and how cold it is in these Northern latitudes ; how the air chills you to the marrow, let the sea be ever so blue. The atmosphere has an icy transparency, the snow a glittering whiteness. If it is through no accident that the greatest landscape painters of the century have been city-bred, it is also comprehensible that the most delicate pictures of spring should have been painted in wintry Norway. The longer the spring is in coming, the more men know how to prize it,—that spring which is not as ours, but a season less adorned, a season without luxuriance, though full of fragrance and moist, fertile warmth, a season rich in fine, tender, yellowish verdure ; spring as it is only known in islands, where the freshness of the sea calls forth a succulent and yet pallid and colourless vegetation.

Born in 1833 in Tidemand's birthplace, Mandal, *Amandus Nilson* was probably the first to discover all these refinements of Norwegian scenery.

Scribner.
WERENSKIOLD. PORTRAIT OF BJÖRNSON.

Having arrived at Düsseldorf in 1861, he moved at first entirely upon the lines of Gude. But after he had returned to Christiania in 1868, where *Johann Theodor Eckersberg*, who died early, worked with him at the time, Nilson entirely altered his style. While the Düsseldorfian Norwegians turned out their works for the market, Nilson submitted himself, in a simple and direct manner, to the influences of Norwegian scenery, in its barren meagreness and its grave and severe melancholy. At first he thought himself obliged to make concessions to the reigning taste, "rounded off" his pictures, and robbed them of the freshness of work done without revision. But when he ventured to "retain the result of the sketch" the younger men began to honour him as a forerunner. Nilson is the real autochthonous Norwegian landscape painter who, without having ever come in touch with the Fontainebleau school, was nevertheless the first to make their principles valid in the North. On his journey for study through South Norway, where he had lived as a child, he painted in a robust and downright style barren mountains, and lonely, poverty-stricken houses, and hills with a few pines forcing their way from the stony soil. In contrast with the works of Gude, which are "seen" in a cool and positive fashion, and painted well, in the style of the old masters, though they display no trace of temperament, a sombre and often moody poetry, which is nevertheless full of force and energy, runs through those of Nilson. He loves the poetry of waste places. A melancholy twilight rests over his cold, snowy landscapes, over his coasts, where the weary waves at last find rest, over his silent strands unbroken by a human habitation. He takes a peculiar delight in painting black autumn nights, where the dark pastures seem asleep, and the murmuring waves sing a lullaby. The emptiness of a vanished world broods over his pictures, the love of nature felt by a man who is happiest in the autumnal season and at night.

Fritz Thaulow, whose portrait has been painted by Carolus Duran—it is

that of an attractive-looking man with fair hair—introduced the refinements of French technique. His favourite phases of nature are the glitter of snow, the clear air of winter, and the sparkle of ice ; one envies him the delightful nooks which he discovered in the environs of Christiania. The usual elements in Thaulow's pictures are little red houses, lying deep in snow, with great shining patches of sunlight, a clear sky, and perhaps a peasant woman coquettishly attired, and walking in boots which are so gigantic that they must have some special name ; or else a river half choked with snow, or snow and nothing beside. And how admirably this eternal snow is painted ! How blue and still the air is above ! Not a cloudlet floats in the azure of the sky. A feeling of boundless solitude is expressed in his works, a feeling such as steals over the wanderer in the high mountains despite the brightness of the snow. He awakens a longing for those lonely fields of the North. And this although he is never in a proper sense expressive of " mood." In Munich one of his pictures once hung beside that of a Scotch painter. In the latter there was a deep and fervent passion for nature, and glowing splendour, and joy without reserve, melancholy, sensuousness, and reverie ; in the former clear and peaceful sunshine over an open plain, stillness, health, childlike simplicity, brightness of vision, quietude.

As Thaulow had the art of rendering winter, *Gerhard Munthe* knew the secret of depicting the amenity of spring, its young verdure, its budding leaves—depicting it by a painting of nature penetrated through and through with a feeling for its moods. One sees in his pictures only soft, green meadows gleaming tenderly in a pale light of noon, great cherry-trees white with blossom, hanging beeches, and green fences—so green that they seem to have been painted with the damp air itself. Here and there a still, silver-grey pool twinkles between the trees, or a log-house painted deep red emerges brightly.

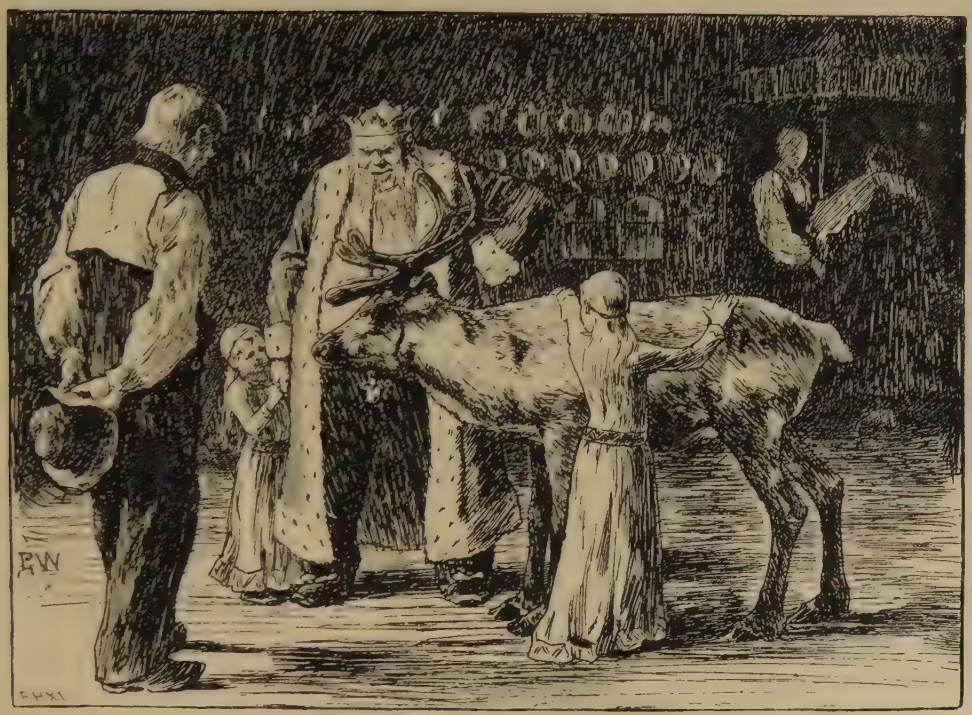
Dissen, who returned to Norway from Carlsruhe in 1876, was won back from Gude, and turned to the painting of lofty cliffs. He delights in naked masses of rock, stretching out in brown monotony and shrouded in thick mist, glaciers, and Norwegian waterfalls. *Skramstadt,* who was in Düsseldorf and Munich in 1873, has devoted himself to the scenery of Ostland, and loves chill moods of autumn, clear, ringing winter days, and snowfields stretching to the horizon. For Northern Norway *Gunnar Berg* was in painting what Jonas Lie was in literature. On a mountain peak high in the Lofoten he has his studio, the most northerly in the world, fastened by great cramp-irons to the rock. Here it is that Berg, a true descendant of the defunct race of Vikings, paints, come frost or rain, his fresh and boldly naturalistic pictures. Mention must likewise be made of the dazzling sea-shore landscapes of *Karl Edvard Dircks,* and the ploughed fields, saturated with light and exhaling the smell of the earth, which are painted by *Eylof Soot.* The animal painter *Carl Uckermann,* who, after leaving Munich in 1880, became a pupil of Van Marcke in Paris, continues the good traditions of Troyon. *Harriet Backer* paints convincing pictures of interiors : blond girls reading by lamplight in

Gyldendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen.
WERENSKIOLD. FROM ASBJÖRNSEN'S FAIRY-TALES.

blue-washed rooms. *Kitty Kieland,* a sister of the author of that name, delights in lonely woods, little white, red-tiled houses, and dreamy trees casting reddish and pale green reflections on the clear water of still pools. A sense of great peace underlies the seascapes of *Hansteen* : rainy phases of morning on the fjord of Christiania. Grey is the sea, grey the clouds, grey and leaden the sky, and all these greys unite with the gloomy atmosphere in creating a grave and deep harmony.

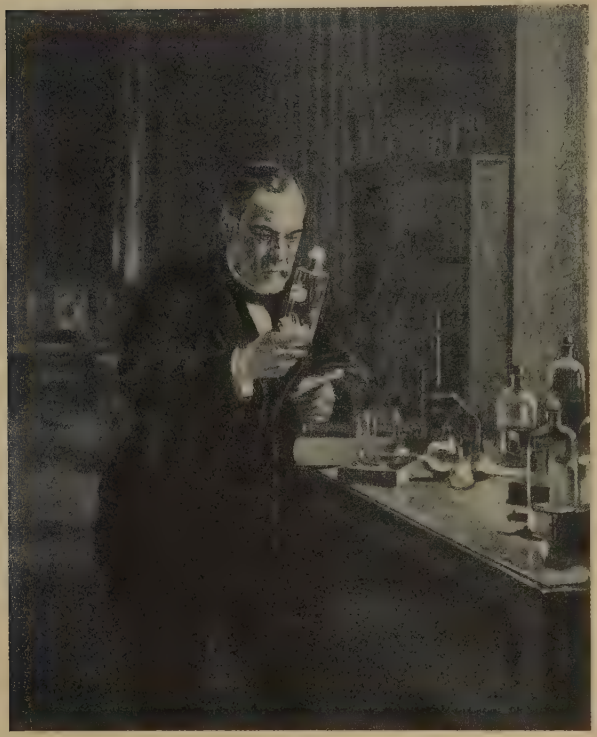
But Norway is not alone the land of snowfields, but of fairy-tales also, of giants and dragons, of nixies and the daughters of ogres. On this ground of the sagas *Erik Werenskiold* stands out as the most poetic and creative of Norwegian artists. As a painter he made his advance slowly and very cautiously. Upon the little *genre* pictures which he painted under Lindenschmit in Munich there followed fresh open-air pictures in Paris : " The Meeting," that summer scene, so expressive of individual mood, with the young peasant lad and the girl greeting each other as they pass in the meadow ; " The Prodigal Son," sitting ragged and famished upon a bench in his father's garden. In the Munich Exhibition of 1890 there was a simple but deeply poetic " Mood of Evening," which was only pictorially effective by the great contrast of the broad green plain and the clear ether. Children are walking in a meadow, and a lonely cot rises in the middle distance. A second picture, now to be found in the National Gallery of Christiania, represented a peasant burial with peculiar earnestness, depth, and truthfulness. In a churchyard bare of all adornment, overgrown with grass and weeds, and enclosed by walls,

above which are to be seen the tops of trees and a wide green land, there stand a few peasants in their shirt-sleeves, holding the pickaxes and shovels with which they have just been filling in a grave. A young man, not wearing a particularly ecclesiastical garb, is reading out a prayer. There is no excitement, and no cry of sorrow is raised. These large, robust men have done their Christian duty, and now they are all going back to their customary work. A still, warm summer air quivers upon the hills, and rests gently upon the quiet gathering. But Werenskiold is also an excellent portrait painter, and his portraits of Kitty Kielland, the composer Edvard Grieg, and the novelist Björnson are, in their unvarnished simplicity, to be reckoned amongst the best in Norwegian art. That of Björnson was perhaps a little forced, or at any rate showed only one side of Björnson's individuality : in this portrait he is the great agitator, the tribune of the people, the mention of whose name, according to Brandes, is like hoisting the national flag of Norway. But in these hard eyes, these tightly closed lips, and this air of concentrated energy, the tender and sensitive poet and the noble and warm-hearted friend are not to be found. These, however, are not the works which fully display the importance of Werenskiold. He is only completely himself when he has a pencil in his hand. The fairy-tales of Andersen, the stories of Christian Asbjörnsen and Jorgen Moe, which were published by Gyldendalsk in Copenhagen with drawings by Werenskiold, contain the best that has been done in Norway in the way of illustration. In their bizarre union of elfish fancy and rustic humour these plates have caught the spirit of the Northern tale in a way which is perfectly marvellous. Werenskiold makes you believe whatever he pleases. He has given the impossible and invisible an air of probability with such convincing naïveté that one is tempted to believe that the simple spirit of olden times lives in the man himself. Fairies and monsters he has seen hovering upon waste and heath, and giants and enchanted princesses dwelling in strongholds of the bygone world. Dreamland and reality he rules over with the same ease, so that he draws the spectator irresistibly into his magic circle. Black and white suffice him for the expression of all the secrets of light. The interior of peasants' cottages and wide, open nature are rendered alike by a few strokes with the whole force of realism ; and yet everything is enveloped in a dim atmosphere of dreams, from which the supernatural arises of its own accord. The hill above the fjord where the three princesses sit and dream is in Norway, but it is in fairyland too. The little birch-woods, with their shining boughs, may be seen in every Norwegian landscape, but in Werenskiold's drawings they are like magic groves, where the little silvery trees bear golden leaves. With as much fancy as intimacy of feeling, he knows how to approach these legends from all sides, expressing their comicality and their horrors, their childish laughter and their virgin grace, the drollness of gnomes and the brutality of three-headed giants, the primitive fantasticality of fabulous animals dwelling in desolate, rocky wastes, the elfin delicacy of creatures pervading the air.



WERENSKIOLD. *Gyldendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen.* FROM ASBJÖRNSEN'S FAIRY-TALES.

As with the Swedes so it is with the Norwegians, several artists have taken part in the modern striving after decorative effect. Gerhard Munthe, for example, already famous for his fine spring and winter landscapes, now devotes himself to the stylistic treatment of line, and from another direction through a broad treatment of colour in flat tones, somewhat in the style of Cézanne—Edward Munch is trying to reach the same goal. Munch, who lives sometimes in the farthest North, sometimes in Paris, Berlin, or Thüringen, has long held the world in thrall with his pictures. Much more has been written about him than is commonly good for an artist—from the *Hymnus* of Przybyszewki, 1894, to Mase Linde's book, that extols him as the painter of the future. Naturally this extravagant praise excites contradiction, but no one can deny that in the works of Munch there is a quite unprecedented greatness. He belongs to the minority to-day, those who put their whole soul into their work ; there is a weirdness in many of his pictures which makes one stand aghast. Madness and death are his terrible themes. Though he holds the spectator spellbound by works of this sort, because they are so grimly in earnest, with no empty posturing, no awkward phrasing to distract the attention, he knows, too, in other pictures how to fascinate by the forcefulness of his painting, pictures in which he treats of quite simple subjects of everyday life. His great picture of a northern summer night, for instance,



EDELFELT. PASTEUR IN HIS LABORATORY.
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is beyond compare in its decorative force. Even in the far distance it is still effective, the colours in it glow in such broad symphonic harmonies. In his portraits he knows how to seize the personality, how to penetrate to the very core, in spite of, or perhaps, because of his very simplicity. What rhythm there is too in Munch's small landscapes. How well he understands how to give even these works, in spite of their small size, a truly monumental effect, through the way he masses together the forms in clear harmonious groups, and reduces all details to their rudiments. With Munch one has a feeling that there is no need for him to meditate or calculate effects, but that under his hand picture after picture grows of its own accord, that a modern genius of painting is revealing himself in the clearest and most unconstrained manner possible.

The art of Finland is an appanage of that of Sweden, and has gone through the same French training. Its leading representative is *Edelfelt*, by no means a vehement force in art, but a graceful and many-sided painter, who combines the healthy brightness of Scandinavian vision with the coquettish *chic* of Paris, and the pictorial sensitiveness of the French with that irresistible breath of virginal freshness only to be found in nationalities which have never been worn out. The work which first made him known was a portrait of Pasteur, whom he painted examining a preparation in his laboratory. In "The Women in the Churchyard" he produced a pretty picture of the life of the Finnish people. In "Boys Bathing" he painted the swing of the waves, like Zorn; the setting sun, in this picture, cast its last rays across quiet waters, and played gently over the elastic young frames of the bathers. His "Laundry," a harmony of yellow on white, was one of the pearls of the Munich Exhibition of 1893, and in "Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene" he followed the lead of Uhde, and treated the theme as if it were a Finnish legend. Christ stands in a Northern landscape, and at His feet there kneels, not the splendid courtesan

of the gospel, but a poor peasant woman in that heavy nun-like costume worn in the Baltic provinces of Russia.

In like manner Ecro Tärnefeld painted charming scenes and gleaming landscapes. Magnus Enkkell, Pekka, Hallonen, and Viktor Westerholm are others who have appeared in the exhibitions of recent years. Beside these fresh, naturalistic painters Aseel Gallén should be mentioned as the exponent of the decorative stylist's art ; in fact, his pictures, treating as they do of legendary lore, awaken almost the same thoughts as the works of Jan Toorop. Those who know nothing of old Finnish poetry will be able to find little to interest them in the subject of his pictures, which depict the fate of Joukahainen or Kullerwo, though they who do not know the legend must at the same time be constantly impressed by the artistic treatment of figures as well as landscape. Gallén's works treat of a solemn, peaceful northern world, in which everything is of sublime and heroic mould : a world where the snow glitters, where pines and firs tower above purple heather, where the mountain ash, the sloes, and hips and haws peap out from the wild, dark undergrowth. His figures, too, remind one strongly of Giotto, both in movement and expression.

CHAPTER XLIV

RUSSIA

(In collaboration with ALEXANDER BENOIS, St. Petersburg.)

A STRANGE fable has currency amongst the Russian people ; it is rather Oriental than Slav in its colour, and was probably brought by the Mongols from the highland desert to the lowland Steppes. Among these Steppes, runs the fable, a magic plant raises somewhere—who knows where ?—its tender blossom, everlastingly green, deathless, and freed from all the laws of growth and decay. So long as it grows and blossoms on the earth it cannot be perceived, for the reed-grass and the flowers of the Steppes lift their heads higher and hide this tender plant from view. But the eternally green flower becomes visible to any one who travels over the bald Steppes in the sad autumn, and even from a distance its fragrance assures him that it is the magic flower which he has seen. For this fragrance is peculiar to itself, and ineffably rich and sweet. There is no other to equal it, no other even like it. And if any one breathes it the whole world is changed for him. He understands everything ; what is dumb speaks to him, and what has speech cannot lie. Beneath the sound of a hypocritical phrase he penetrates to the most profoundly secret thoughts : animal, tree, and rock talk to him with tones that have a meaning ; he overhears nature, and learns how she breathes and works and creates ; he hears the song of the stars in their nightly courses. Yet every one becomes sad who has drunk in this fragrance ; every one becomes sad, for—say the poor folk in the great plain—it is not a joyous song which vibrates through the universe.

Now the great Russian authors have wandered out in the autumn, and have sought the magic flower and found it. They have understood the song, and grown wise and tender and pitiful. " The sorrow of created things " has passed through them like a shudder.

And, in truth, it was under the star of pessimism that mystical, credulous Russia first struck a grandiose and original note in the spiritual concord of the nations.

The French Naturalists wished to create " human documents." Their aim was the objective representation of naked nature. Each individual man, they taught, was a material, which, when brought into contact with others, entered into definite relationships, and it was the business of the author, as a man of science, to represent their character. In the hands of the Russians the living, suffering human spirit celebrated its new birth after a long morti-

fication. The monotonous desolation of the brown Steppes spreading beneath a grey sky, the lamentable existence of man in a country over the spiritual life of which the thought of Siberia rested like a dark veil, induced an infinite compassion for humanity. Never has the world heard such repining, sympathetic, sorrowfully resigned, and deep and tender tones, as Turgeniev, Dostoievski, and Tolstoi reserved for their down-trodden heroes : " poor people, deadened souls, idiots, branded and debased and possessed."

But has any one of the Russian painters heard this song ? In these days there is such a fervent longing for spiritual originality, freedom from scholastic forms, and youthful inwardness of feeling. The world is eager for something naïve, for a natural art born in a country where there are no museums, and amongst simple people ; it desires pictures like none that have been seen elsewhere, it has need of a stream of fresh life and a new taste in art. The Russian authors are Russian in every drop of their blood. Nowhere does the bond between the written word and the most secret sorrows of the nation seem more closely formed. They sympathise with their own race in the most direct fashion, and the beating of its pulse is also theirs. Everything in their work is pervaded with the odour of their native soil, with the sap of popular life. Their feeling for nature adheres so closely to the secret working of the elements, and the atmosphere is so charged with the germs of a spiritual life peculiar in character, that in Russia, above all countries, one might expect an art allied to the sturdiest sentiment of nationality, an art laying bare the quivering nerves of the people, an art in which violent sobbing would be united with mocking peals of merriment, blithe laughter with gloomy funeral bells, feverish unbridled wildness with sorrowful abnegation, the acrid smell of brandy with devout mysticism. One dreams of strange things : knouts and sacred pictures, desolate steppes, plaintive gipsy songs and sombre pine-woods, moon and mist, death and the grave, longing and affliction, the parching July sun and rigid seas of ice ; men whose days go by in empty monotony ; hollow, broken, somnolent lives which come and pass away without needs or desires, like grass by the wayside, regarded by no one and by no one pitied ; bold flaming spirits famishing before the pictures of saints in religious stupor ; high-born aristocrats casting riches and titles aside, to find their lost peace of mind by working in the sweat of their brow ; Cossacks bounding upon fiery horses across the endless, sunny meadow-plains; and peasant children crouching round the glimmering fire and telling each other ghost-stories.

But art has to reckon with more difficult conditions than literature ; and, indeed, perfect artistic form is wanting even in the works of Russian authors. In a sense, Tolstoi and Dostoievski can do no more with the inkpot than any other educated man who can give clear expression to his thoughts. What distinguishes them is not their facility, but their naturalness and simplicity, which so entirely retain the directness in conception, and the freshness and vividness of the first draught, that one scarcely thinks of the manner in which their works have been produced. A French author would have polished the

mere shell of his book in a different fashion, though he would have rendered the kernel less sweet and savoury; and he would have divested his ideas of their elementary force. In art, too, the spirit is not full grown before the body has matured; thought and feeling do not become self-conscious before the outward frame has been developed into clear and sensuous forms. It is the acquired mastery of technique which is the first condition for the minting of a spiritual individuality. But Russian painting has not yet arrived at this subtilised æsthetic stage. With barbarism on one side and civilisation on the other, it wavers between the blind imitation of foreign models and the stiff, rude, and awkward expression of inborn emotion. Some have studied diligently under foreign masters, and lost their individual character in following an alien style; and in studiously pursuing the academical pattern they have wilfully suppressed every personal note. In the case of others it is evident that they had something to express, feelings and desires of their own, the special secrets of their strange race, but they failed to body them forth; they plagued themselves, stuttering helplessly in an intractable language to which they were not accustomed. Nevertheless Russia, during the past hundred years, has contributed to the general development of painting a creditable total of artistic power. Whereas the earlier period was merely receptive of jejune impressions of foreign styles, artists are now in a better position to make something of their own from the result. Amongst the discoverers and initiators of European art there is certainly no Russian name to be found, but there is usually a Russian to be met with amongst the followers of men of other nationalities who have broken new ground. And in the annual "wandering exhibitions," as they are called, there is an increase of pictures which seem the heralds of an approaching outburst in Russian art. From parasitic works of borrowed sentiment Russian painting rises to national, barbaric strength, utterly wanting in the discipline that comes of taste; and out of this evil originality it rises again, and, in individual cases, highly refined and well-balanced performances are produced—works in which the spirit of the people is felt none the less to vibrate. That is more or less the course of development which has been run through in the nineteenth century.

What was produced in Russia before the year 1700 is only of value for those making researches in Byzantine art. The connection between the Empire of the Czar and the West dates from Peter the Great. This prince wanted European pictures for his palaces arranged in the European style—ceiling-pieces and wall-paintings—and for the execution of them he summoned from foreign parts a number of mediocre painters, who adapted in a workmanlike fashion for Russian necessities the courtly allegories invented by Lebrun. Dannhauer, Grooth, the elder Lampi, and afterwards Toqué, Rotari, and others, were employed as portrait painters at the Court of St. Petersburg. For the genesis of a "national Russian art" their appearance was, of course, ineffectual. The Asiatic Colossus merely received a superficial Western varnish. Nevertheless the barbarians acquired a taste for

BOROVIKOVSKY. PRINCESS SOUVOROF.

pictures, luxury, elegance, and refinement. As a result commissions were multiplied. During the fabulous splendour which flooded the Court and was in favour with the aristocracy under Elizabeth, whole regiments of artists were needed. Demand creates supply; and so amongst the crowd of foreigners there emerged native artists, some of whom gave a good account of themselves beside their French comrades. In particular *Levitzky*, the first remarkable painter of the Empire of the Russias, may be reckoned amongst the best portraitists of the eighteenth century. As a colourist and master of characterisation he does not stand upon the same footing with Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Graff, but his portraits might easily be mistaken for those of Madame Vigée-Lebrun or Rafael Mengs. His contemporary, *Rokotov*, is more common-place and less vivid. The fine portrait of Catherine II by his pupil, *Borovikovsky*, which represents the Empress in a plain morning-dress, passing through the park of Zarskoe Selo, accompanied by her favourite dog, makes a specially striking effect in the private collection in Moscow, where it is to be found. His church pictures are void of any religious feeling, as is always the case in those of the eighteenth century; but they are flowing in line, effectively decorative, and show great taste in colour.

Through mere intercourse with the foreign masters whom they saw working around them, they had all three formed themselves on the style of the old painters. In 1757, still during the reign of the Empress Elizabeth, Russia made a further advance in the cultivation of art: the St. Petersburg Academy of Arts was founded. It was the time when Rousseau's *Émile* had created the wildest confusion of ideas, and an exceedingly strange programme was accordingly taken up. The ground-floor of the Academy was occupied by an infant school. Boys of from three to five were taken there, being sometimes brought from the foundling hospital. After they had gone through the elementary course of teaching they entered the more advanced school, being then from eleven to thirteen years of age. There they were

drilled to become artists, and finally sent abroad, where Mengs and David stood at the zenith of their glory. In St. Petersburg young Russians were compelled with the knout to make Oriental reverences before Poussin and the Bolognese. When they came to Rome they transferred their servile veneration to the two younger princes of painting whom the world delighted to honour. Thus the Classicism of Mengs and David—icy rigidity and tediousness aiming at style—found its way into Russia. Like a new Minerva, armed with diplomas and arrayed in academical uniform, Russian art descended to the earth, ready-made. Artists complimented each other on being a Russian Poussin, a Caracci, a Raphael, or—highest honour of all—a Guido Reni: they painted Jupiter, Achilles, Ulysses, Hercules, Socrates, and Priam; that is to say, wax-dolls, provided with frizzled hair and yellow and blue togas, moving majestically in bare landscapes, painted in the style of Valenciennes.

These productions of *Egorov*, *Ugrümov*, and *Andreas Ivanov*—honoured artists in their lifetime—look down from the walls of the Hermitage, sad and silent in these days, like reduced heroes of Cornelius in a state of emaciation. They were one and all stiff and buckram painters making a frightful abuse of Greek and Roman names, and staring with their dull Mongol eyes into the blithe world of antiquity. *Count Theodor Tolstoi*, the sculptor and designer of medallions, is the only one amongst them who makes an oasis in the wilderness of French Classicism resembling that made by Prudhon in France. His illustrations to Bogdanovitsch's translation of the tale of Psyche take a place immediately below Prudhon's drawings in grace, charm, and aristocratic elegance. He neither imitated nor troubled himself about academical formulas, but felt like a Greek; and his compositions are fresh and delicate where others were stiff and formal. But, as a genuine *painter* of the epoch, the only one of

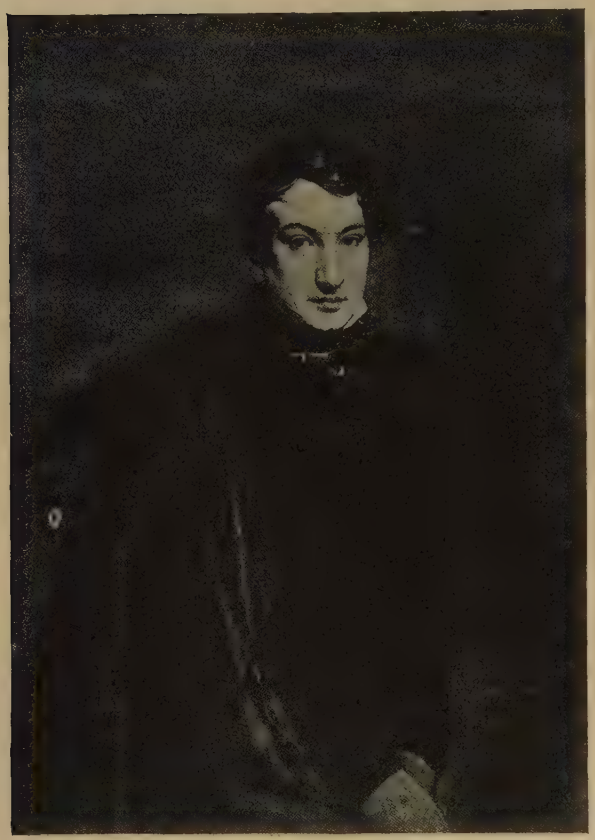
BOROVIKOVSKY. THE EMPEROR PAUL I.

BOROVIKOVSKY. COUNTESS BEZBORODKO AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS.

them who survives is *Orest Kiprensky*, a man of naïve artistic temper who had a delight in colour and was inspired by Rubens and Van Dyck, and not by Raphael, Poussin, and Mengs. When one comes, in the Russian section of the Hermitage, across Kiprensky's portrait of his father — an obese, cherry-cheeked old gentleman with goggle eyes, wrapped in fur and standing broad-legged with a stick in his hand — one fancies that one has unearthed a Rubens in the thick of these tedious, dismal Classicists. Almost all his works have unusual breadth of technique, rich and liquid tone, bold drawing, and astonishing characterisation. Very fine is his portrait of himself in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, a masterpiece of energetic conception, with colouring which recalls the old masters; and to this must be added his portrait in the St. Petersburg Academy of Arts of Captain Davydov, the famous poet and military author, who as Colonel of a Hussar regiment played such an important part in 1814 under Blücher in the war against the French.

The Napoleonic campaigns brought about the beginnings of realism in Russia as in Germany and France, and what Gros was in Paris and Albrecht Adam in Munich, *Orlovsky* was in the Empire of the Russias. Born in Poland, but working throughout his life in Russia, Orlovsky had, like Adam, not a little of the temperament of a rough infantry soldier; as a boy he had seen the gaily accoutred troops defiling past for the war, and as a young man he had himself taken part in many a skirmish. When he came home he painted with great verve the things he had witnessed on the field. The æsthetic connoisseurs of St. Petersburg accepted him half against their will, and searching for a title through the great archives of art, as was their usage, they called him the Russian Wouwermann, which at that time was not intended to imply high praise.

Having had a Wouwermann, they soon had a Teniers also. For Russia

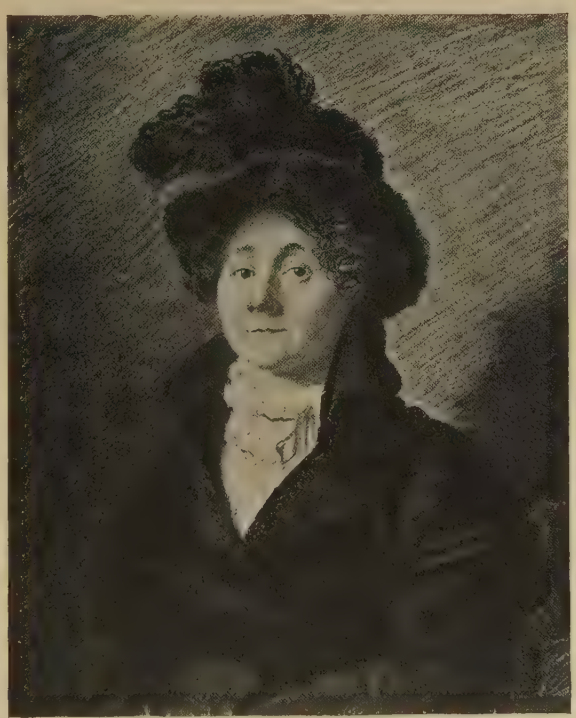


O. KIPRENSKY. PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

Venezianov has much the same importance as Bürkel for Germany. Having been born in 1779, he lived at a time when *genre* was considered the lowest grade of art, although it was extremely easy to gain a reputation equal to that of Poussin and Raphael; indeed, it was only necessary to draw in due form after plaster casts, and reproduce old pictures as accurately as possible. Nevertheless Venezianov, without troubling himself about the reigning precepts in æsthetics, turned to the representation of peasant life with the utmost delight in his subject and the most ardent striving after truth; and this, remember, was in an epoch when the Russian peasant was sold like a beast, and the poor, rough, and dirty devil had no picturesque national costume. Such an abrupt entry into art makes Venezianov a very remarkable person, and indeed the true father of Russian painting. And, although he was inspired by English copper engravings, this makes it all the more surprising that, instead of falling into anecdotic and narrative painting, he should have aimed at the most unvarnished reproduction of what he had actually seen. His pictures, it is true, are cold and heavy in colouring; they have not the vividness of the old Dutch masters, but the frigidity of Debucourt and Boilly. Nevertheless they give pleasure by the loving manner in which they are treated, by the delicate observation which they display now and then, and, above all, by the intense earnestness with which he showed a generation of eclectics that the salvation of art lay in truth and nature alone. At the same time *Sylvester Stschedrin*, a powerful painter who revealed a good deal of inward temperament, emancipated himself from the conventional landscape of Poussin. Realism was furtively gaining ground, a national Russian school was going through the process of fermentation, and the awkward, lazy camel began to bestir itself at last.

But the phase of historical painting had also to be overcome. Just as in Germany the healthy art of Peter Hess and Bürkel was long overshadowed by the glittering histrionic vehemence of Piloty, so, after 1834, the era of great historical canvases came into existence in Russia.

For many years past rumours had come from Rome to the effect that a young man of genius, *Karl Brülov*, many of whose glorious " revelations of colour " had been already seen, had completed a picture over which all Italy was in a fever of excitement. And in this at least there was no exaggeration. In the whole history of art there is scarcely an example of such a dazzling success as that achieved by Brülov's picture " The Fall of Pompeii." Substantial volumes might be compiled from the numberless eulogies which appeared in Italian journals. To compare the young Russian with Michael Angelo and Raphael was a thing which seemed faint praise to the Roman critics. People took their hats off to him, as they did to Guérin in Paris ; he was allowed to cross the boundaries of states without a passport, for his fame had penetrated even to the custom-house officials. When he appeared in the theatre the public rose from their seats to greet the master ; and a dense crowd gathered round the door of his house or followed him wherever he went, to rejoice in the contemplation of such a man of genius. Sir Walter Scott, who was then the idol of the Russians, had sat for an hour in the painter's studio examining the work with the greatest attention without uttering a word, until he at last declared that Brülov had not painted a mere picture, but an epic. And even Cammuccini, the ironical David of the Italians, called Brülov a Colossus.



O. KIPRENSKY. MLLE. DE VILLOT.

At length, having won a European fame in this fashion, the picture arrived in Russia. The public was excited to the highest pitch both by the notices in papers and the accounts of travellers. Of course the enthusiasm of the Italians, who were still reckoned the only artistic nation, by the grace of God, was enough to silence criticism. People streamed in masses to the Academy where the masterpiece was

exhibited, with the firm determination of admiring it, and they were not in the least disappointed.

A colossal canvas with falling houses and swarms of people painted over life-size, a motley chaos of luminous colours, where " the fire of Vesuvius and the flash of the lightning seemed to have been stolen from heaven," could not fail to make a thrilling impression upon people who had hitherto been able to enjoy nothing but dead and dreary compositions. Brülov was said to have eclipsed Raphael and Michael Angelo, and he alone had the art of combining awful tragedy with the noblest beauty. And language such as this was not merely used by petty journalists. Following the example given by Scott, the greatest geniuses of Russia went one beyond the other in the cult of Brülov : Gogol wrote an article filled with unmeasured praise ; Puschkin flung himself upon his knees before the painter, imploring him for a sketch ; Shukovsky spent whole days in Brülov's studio, and spoke of his religious pictures as " divinely inspired visions."

At the present time this enthusiasm is as hard to understand as that which was accorded about the same epoch to the works of Delaroche, Wappers, and Gallait. Of course there can be no doubt that Brülov's " Fall of Pompeii " has an historical importance in Russian art. By breaking the monotony of Classicism with a loud fanfare it awakened a sense of colour, and directed the drowsy attention of the Russian public to native painting. The interest in art grew stronger ; with every year a larger number of people began to visit exhibitions, and the career of Russian painters was followed with eagerness.

ORLOVSKY. PRINCE SUWAROFF.

But all this gives no measure for an artistic judgment. As a matter of fact, Brülov's picture was a tame compromise between Classicism and Romanticism. The public seemed to be receiving something novel without being called upon to alter its taste, and it was just this which rendered the painter, like his contem-

A. VENEZIANOV. RUSSIAN PEASANTS.

porary Delaroche, the favourite of the old and the idol of the young. Instead of ordinary people and horrible, commonplace reality, such as Venezianov had painted, there was a pretty stage scene with ideal figures elegantly posing. The type in favour with the Classicists was, certainly, a little altered ; for in the place of the Antinous and Laocoon heads there was a mixture of those beloved of Domenichino and that of the Niobe ; but the fair and lofty ideal of yellowish-white and brownish-red wax figures in artificial and theatrical poses was still held in honour. That worse than mediocre opera of Paccini, *L'Ultimo Giorno di Pompeji*, had given Brülov the first idea for his picture. All his later career was a compromise : when he returned from Italy the opinion was that his best was still to come ; it was expected that he would execute something grandiose and bold ; the public was convinced that he was a genius of worldwide reach, whose every stroke would be a revelation. It made a mistake, for, defective as it was, " The Fall of Pompeii " remains the painter's masterpiece. The things which he produced afterwards were either banal Italian scenes, which scarcely bear comparison with those of Riedel, or church pictures, such as " The Crucifixion "

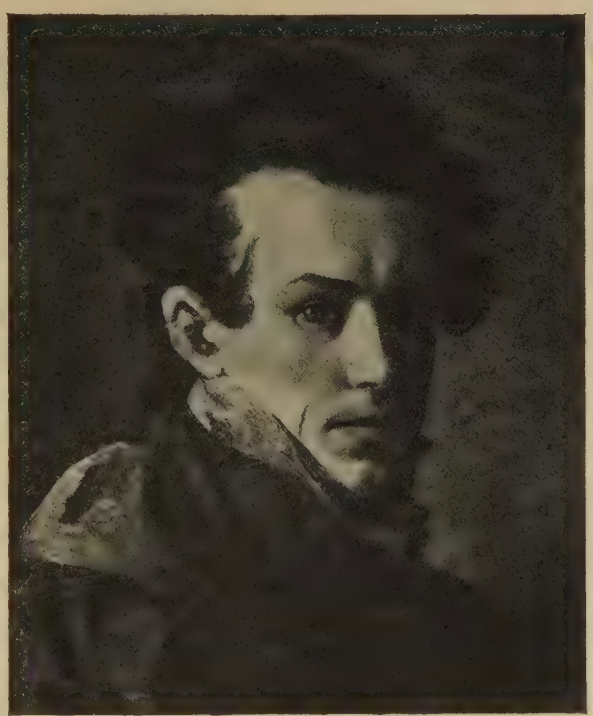
or " The Ascension of the Virgin," which might be the work of a third-rate Bolognese. Everything about them is correct, intelligent, well-intentioned, cleverly devised, but tiresome and inanimate all the same. Shortly after his arrival in St. Petersburg he began that colossal picture "The Defence of Pskovs," in which he meant to surpass himself. He worked upon it more than ten years, yet the result was a badly painted patriotic stage scene in the braggadocio style of Horace Vernet. However, a few energetic portraits and unassuming water-colours have survived his tawdry historical pictures.

But none the less lasting and fateful was the influence which he exerted over the Russian art of his time. The incense offered to this prince of painters mounted to the heads of other artists. To be Brülov, to approach Brülov—since to outstrip him seemed impossible—was the aim of them all. Who cared any more about Orlovsky or Venezianov! What dwarfs were such disciples of the old Dutch masters beside the Colossus who had vaulted to the highest peak of Parnassus with a single bound. From this time there was in all directions a constant search after strained effects of light and impossible poses. The exhibitions were flooded with huge compositions. The most varied periods were chosen from antiquity, the Middle Ages, and the Bible, but less frequently from Russian history, and they were all illustrated with the same superficiality, the same glare of colour, and the same false idealism. Encouraged through purchases made by the Academy and the Emperor, who wanted a " grand art," like Ludwig I and Friedrich Wilhelm IV, and welcomed by the enthusiastic applause of the great public, historical painters shot up in denser ranks. *Bassin*, *Schamschin*, *Kapkov*, and later *Flavitzky* and *Moller*, were idols looked up to upon all sides, though they were absolute nonentities who, if they were all added together, would not yield the material necessary for one solitary artist of real personality. One of the most talented, *Hendrik Siemiradzky*, threw himself into panoramic representations of Greek and Roman antiquity, or spoilt his tasteful and sunny landscapes by the lifeless puppets with which he filled them in. *Bruni*, who is generally mentioned in the same breath with Brülov, became the Russian Hippolyte Flandrin. He provided church pictures, etc., in particular the ceiling-pieces of St. Isaac's Cathedral in St. Petersburg, in which he added to the puritanic hue of Overbeck and the frigid Michael-Angelesque ideal of Cornelius a certain warm, piquant Neo-French elegance. *Neff*, who was considered the greatest colourist after Brülov, painted with an enervating mawkishness bashful nymphs and holy saints, who even now have lost nothing of their candied freshness of colour. Every one of these men awakens a reminiscence, so that his pedigree can be guessed at once, and his name entered under the proper heading. They all bear the brand of the ruling tendency in Italy, France, Germany. Russian painting could only recover when Russia came to a consciousness that Brülov was not a Colossus, and that " The Fall of Pompeii " was a strained operatic climax, provided with anæmic waxworks, and not a poem.

The first breach in the citadel of " grand art " was made by a few painters

A. VENEZIANOV. THE HOUSEKEEPER'S MORNING.

who move on lines more or less parallel with those of the English pre-Raphaelites. That notable man *Alexander Ivanov*, who has become known in Germany through a publication of the Berlin Archæological Institute, had conceived the idea of representing " The Appearance of the Messiah amongst the People " as early as 1833. In his earlier days Ivanov was a conscientious, industrious young man, who submissively followed academical precepts, and hardly dreamed of anything beyond an historical picture in the style of Bruni and Brülov. But he possessed too great a soul to remain on this smooth and easy path, he had too serious an idea of the mission of an artist ; and so stereotyped idealism, balance of composition, and all those easily acquired matters, which led so many painters to fame in the age of Classicism, were not enough to satisfy him. He wanted to create a work which should place the great moment of history truthfully before the eyes of men ; he wanted to embody the scene in real accordance with the spirit of the gospel. There was nothing which seemed too hard for him in the way of his attainment. With the zeal of a young man, Ivanov, who was then thirty, settled to his work : he read through everything he could lay his hands upon, sat whole days in different libraries, starved himself to buy books, and painted and drew without intermission. Nothing was to recall to any one's mind composition and plaster-casts, the stage, or the academy. Landscape, human types, and underlying idea were to be all true to reality, faithful to the spirit of history. His work took him more than twenty-five years. With boundless patience and a faith entirely worthy of primitive Christianity, he laboured by means of fervid studies of nature to express everything to the last stroke, just as he had it in his mind. His effort to be authentic went so far that he had the intention of going to Palestine to get his ideas of the scenery upon the very spot, and to study genuine Hebrew types. As he had not the means for carrying out this plan he repaired, without giving the malaria a thought, to the most deserted regions of the Campagna, to become familiar with the aspect of



K. BRÜLOW. P. KONKOLINK.

the wilderness; and every Saturday he went to the synagogue in Rome to hunt for the most pronounced Jewish countenances.

From the standpoint of the present day only a very small amount of truth has been reached, in spite of all his endeavours. Much of his work is academical, and at the first glance the picture hardly seems to deviate from other compositions constructed according to the Classical ideal and illuminated after the manner of Cornelius. But as soon as one looks into the detail one understands the artist's intention. There is no sentiment superficially borrowed from the old masters. Everything, even the awkward composition, bears the impress of truthfulness. From the sublime and inspired St. John to the stupid, hideous slaves, the characterisation of the different heads is wonderful, full of serious majesty, conceived in a large and convincing style, and free from every trace of academical beauty. There is something which is almost genius in the way in which Christ has been imagined: He is quiet and composed, by no means a beautiful Jupiter, but a hard-featured man, and at the same time a thrilling, superhuman figure, advancing towards the people with the lofty bearing of a spiritual presence, though His gait is none the less natural. The colouring is obviously the weakest part of the picture, and has a languid, dismal appearance beside the dazzling theatrical effects of Brülov. But the numerous sketches—over two hundred—which Ivanov has left in the way of landscapes or studies of figures and drapery in oil and water-colours, throw peculiar light even upon his efforts at colour. In these studies he was one of the first to practise in some degree the principle of *plein air*, and in many of his open-air sketches he shows an understanding of light such as elsewhere only Madox Brown possessed in those years. But in the large picture he failed to attain harmony. The total effect is weak, there is a want of

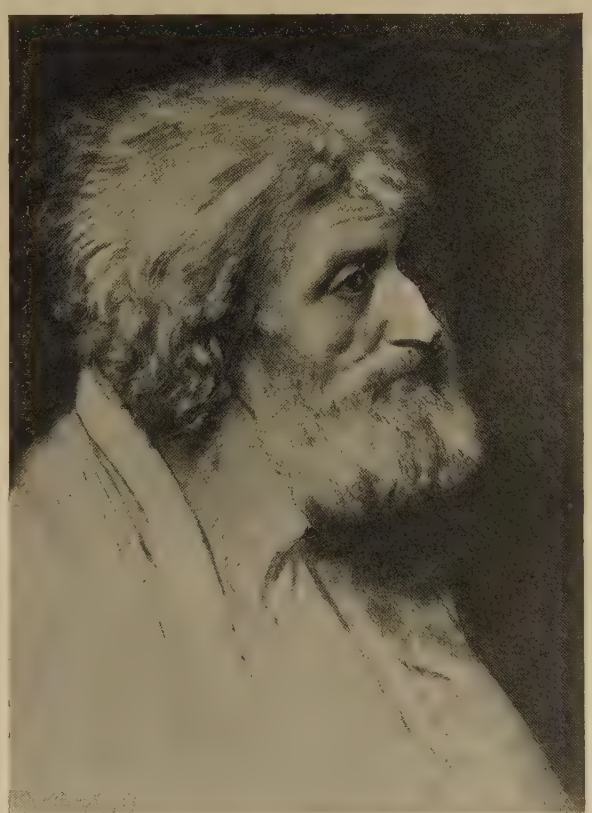
K. BRÜLOW. A FOUNTAIN.

K. BRÜLOW. M. AND MDME. OLENINA.

unity, and the orchestration of the tones is interrupted by discords. In spite of this, however, there is assured to him in the history of painting a place of honour amongst the earliest tough and knotty realists, a place of honour amongst the founders of the modern intuition of colour.

In the field of portrait painting *Sarjanko* was inspired with similar principles. Every wrinkle, every little hair, the texture of the skin, and almost every pore are laboriously and slavishly reproduced in his likenesses with the pains of a Denner. As a result of this his works have often the spiritless effect of a coloured photograph. Nevertheless this austere and merciless pedantry essentially contributed to the gradual purification of taste. As a result of such work artists at last began to have eyes for true and simple nature, and, after the burden of spurious idealism had been got rid of, the national tendency, which was begun unobtrusively after the Napoleonic war, was gradually able to grow to its full strength.

Literature paved the way for it. In 1823 Gribojedov represented Russian society in his comedy *Woe to the Man who is too Clever*, in highly coloured scenes and pithy, energetic verse. In 1832 Puschkin completed his *Eugen Onegin*. In the same year the great Gogol came before the public with his *Evenings at the Farm near Dikanka*, in which he gave Russian poetry the tendency towards modern realism in the representation of human life. It was in this work that he portrayed with a harmless sense of fun the officials, landlords, and popes of Little Russia, and their life which runs by so cheerfully in its narrow rounds. In 1836 his *Examiner of Accounts* was put upon the stage, a comedy which was likewise an objurgatory sermon. At the same time his *Russian Tales* appeared, as well as his novel *Dead Souls*: in these works he was thoroughly serious and bitter, giving in all its veracity, and with a terrible force, the very essence of Russian life in a genuinely



ALEX. IVANOV. HEAD OF THE APOSTLE ST. ANDREW.

Russian form of literature. Painting followed suit. Previously it was Crusaders, Italians, Turkish ladies, and views of Constantinople and Naples which had ruled in exhibitions by the side of the large historical pictures, but from the end of the thirties artists began to seek their materials upon Russian soil. It must be admitted that they did this, at first, only for the purposes of *genre* painting, which flooded Europe at the time with its plenitude of sentimental anecdotes. It was necessary to give pictures a jovial or didactic turn to attract the attention of the public from the captivating episodes in history, and the richly coloured and motley pictures of Italian women, in which people took delight. Gogol's intense feeling for beauty, and healthy, animated naturalism were weakened into swooning sentimentality which could be used in little *bourgeois* stories.

A beginning was, at any rate, made by *Sternberg*, who died in Rome at the age of seven-and-twenty. He portrayed peasant life in " Little Russia " with a good deal of rose-coloured sentiment but with a sympathetic gift of observation and great technical dexterity. *Stschedrovsky* represented types of street life in St. Petersburg in a series of energetic lithographs. *Tschernyschev*, *Morosov*, *Ivan Sokolov*, *Trutovsky*, the pretty though superficial illustrator *Timm*, *Popov*, *Shuravlev*, and others also appeared with fresh and unassuming pictures of Russian popular life. And the victory of *genre* painting was decisive when *Paul Andreevitsch Fedotov* appeared in the exhibition of 1849 with three pictures, " The Newly Decorated Knight," " The Major's Match," and " The Morning after the Wedding." These works have the importance for Russia which the works of Hogarth have for England.

Fedotov, the son of poor parents, was born in Moscow, in 1815, and had been an officer in the army before he turned to painting. Even as a cadet he drew portraits of his comrades and parade and street scenes, and when he retired he entered the class for battle painting in the St. Petersburg Academy, the only section of the institution where pupils came into a certain contact with life. His works of this period, such as the large water-colour picture, " The Admission of the Grand Duke Michael into the Finnish Regiment of Lifeguards in 1837," have a plain matter-of-fact style which is more or less paralleled in the paintings of Franz Krüger. He has drawn the rigid, self-satisfied soldiery, in their tight uniforms and absurd shakos, very vividly, and without satirical intention. Gogol's success induced him to make a transition from the painting of uniform to the representation of citizen-life, and his pictures in exhibitions were justly held to be a piquant pendant to the creations of Gogol.

In " The Newly Decorated Knight " he painted the room of a subordinate official who has received his first decoration, and given his colleagues a banquet, to celebrate the occasion, on the previous evening. This worthy cannot resist the temptation of pinning his new token of glory to his dressing-gown as soon as it is morning, though his maid-of-all-work holds up in triumph his worn-out broken boots which she is carrying off to black. The floor is strewn

ALEX. IVANOV. THE ANNUNCIATION.

with broken plates, bottles, glasses, and remnants of the feast, and a tipsy guest, who has just come to his senses and is rubbing his tired eyes, is lying under the table. In St. Petersburg the picture created an immense sensation ; such audacity in making mock at imperial distinctions was an unheard-of thing. And when the work was to have been lithographed the censorship interfered. The decoration had to disappear, and the harmless title " Reproaches in Consequence of a Festive Meeting " was substituted for the original.

Fedotov's second picture, " The Major's Match," to which he appended an explanation in a hundred and fifty lines of humorous verse, depicted two parties who want to overreach each other : a major with debts, who wishes to marry a fat merchant's daughter for the sake of her marriage portion, and a rich tradesman who is anxious to be the father-in-law of a noble. In honour of the day the bride has thrown on an exceedingly *décolletée* white silk dress, her father has arrayed himself in his best coat, and her mother, too, is majestically dignified. They are seated like this in the drawing-room, and are awaiting with beating hearts the arrival of the lofty guest. Suddenly the door is opened, and the lady who has been making the match rushes in, exclaiming, " The Major is here ! " And thereupon there ensues one of those comical scenes of consternation in which Paul de Kock delighted. The daughter, who has sprung up blushing, wishes to make her escape, but is held

back by her mother catching hold of her dress. The portly old father cannot succeed in properly arranging his fine raiment, which he is unaccustomed to wear; servants are bustling about bringing refreshments, and an old maid who has ventured to intrude is all eyes and ears. Meanwhile through the open door the elderly and very threadbare figure of the *fiancé* may be seen in the ante-chamber, casting a critical look in the glass and giving his moustache a martial curl.

In the third picture it is the young man who has been hoaxed. He believes himself to have married a rich and guileless maiden who would give him a complete establishment; but on the morning after the wedding a sheriff's officer appears and makes a seizure of everything; the young wife kneels imploring pardon, and through the open door the stepmother may be seen in the bedroom wringing the neck of a dove, whose blood drips on the wedding bed.

"The Mouse-trap," "The Pet Dog is Ill," "The Pet Dog is Dead," "The Milliner's Shop," "The Cholera," "The Return of the Schoolgirl to her Home," arranged other episodes *à la* Hogarth in complicated scenes of comedy; but, although forcible contributions to the history of Russian manners, they are throughout more suitable for literature than for art. The colour is crude, and the characterisation verges upon caricature. It is only the element of still-life that he often handles with charm, though here he almost approaches the "little masters" of Holland. In his later years he attempted to go further in this direction, but madness, followed soon afterwards by death, brought his plans to an end.

Those who came after him made no progress in this respect either. They stand to their predecessors as Carl Hübner or Wiertz to Madou and Meyerheim. The elder men regarded painting as a toy or an amusing comic paper, and could seldom resist giving their pictures a jovial or a smiling trait. All their scenes have a roseate tinge, and reveal nothing of real life—nothing of all the tragic and saddening miseries of Russia languishing beneath the yoke of serfdom. These humorists were followed by doctrinaire preachers. The "picture with a social purpose," which supplanted the optimistic painting of anecdote in the rest of Europe, found particularly fertile soil in the Empire of the Czar. The death of Nicholas I and the accession of Alexander II, who had been long beloved and looked forward to on account of his Liberal opinions —"the angel in human shape" he was called as Czarevitch—had freed Russia from a heavy and oppressive burden; men began to breathe freely, and a fresh breeze went through the land. The Government itself, with its great programme of reform, which began so energetically by the abolition of serf-dom, summoned all the Liberal thinkers to its assistance; and, encouraged by these efforts at emancipation, ideas and views which had been hitherto con-cealed and suppressed came to light in all regions of intellectual life, with an official passport to justify their existence. Literature, which had been muzzled up to this time, muttered and thundered in a fearful manner: "Life is no

VERESTCHAGIN

A RUSSIAN BEGGAR

SARJANKO. COUNT J. ROSTOVZEF AND HIS FAMILY.

P. FEDOTOV. THE MAJOR'S MATCH (DETAIL).

jest and no light sport, but heavy toil. Abnegation, continual abnegation, is its inward meaning, and the answer to its riddle." Painting also, it was held, must become an educational influence, and take part in the great battle; it must join by taking up its parable and teaching. It was not created to soothe the senses, but to serve ends that were higher, more progressive, and more ennobling to the world. The droll and farcical element of the earlier pictures was abruptly cast aside for more melancholy ideas. An argumentative didactic painting, in alliance with the social programme, came then into existence, and as a result of these views, technique, the purely pictorial element, had to suffer. It was only necessary to have humane ideas, to dash off in colours mordant innuendoes and loud complaints, and to bring fresh evidence of the sad condition of the peasantry, the evils of the administration, the inebriety of the people, and the corruption of the nobles, to be praised not merely as a good Liberal, but as a great painter too.

Perov is the most interesting of these painters with a complaint against society. It is not, indeed, that he had more talent or loftier ideas than the others, but he was the first to give them shape, and he underlined his bold notions as heavily as possible. In his earliest pictures, with which he came forward in 1858—"The Arrival of the Official of Police" and "The Newly Nominated Registrar of the Board"—he chiefly aimed at the officials, the heartless and merciless oppressors of the peasantry. Later he attacked by preference the rural clergy, whom he depicted incisively in all their brutal coarseness. "An Ecclesiastical Procession in the Country," in particular, is one of the typical pictures of this second period. The procession issues from the house of a rich peasant, where its members have been drinking freely, and pours into the street. Old rustics and young lads and girls are reeling in the mud with images and relics, while the priest staggers along behind, followed by the deacon. The host is leaning drunk against the door-post, and others are lying unconscious in the dirt. In 1865 he produced one of his best pictures —"A Funeral in the Country." A poor widow is seated in a miserable peasant

sledge, with her head sunk forwards and her back against the coffin of her husband; two children—a little boy sleeping, wrapped in his father's great sheepskin, and his pining and crying sister—crouch behind her, but otherwise a sheep-dog is the only follower in the funeral train. In the "Village Sermon" the fat squire has fallen asleep, while his wife improves the occasion by whispering with her lover. Behind them stands the flunkey keeping the villagers at a respectful distance by blows and abuse. And in "The Troika" three ragged and half-famished apprentice boys are drawing a sledge laden with a great cask of water; the ground is frozen hard, and the poor fellows are almost fainting with exertion. "A Woman who has drowned herself" is the epilogue to a tragedy, and "The Arrival of the Governess" the prologue to a drama—a poor, pretty girl coming to a fresh family and encountering the sensual glance of the brutal master of the house.

Over most of his contemporaries Perov has the advantage of standing upon entirely national ground, and displaying his own qualities instead of making a show with those of others. He is a man who has had real emotions in life, and has therefore something serious to express. In his hand the pencil changes into a lancet, with which he has probed deeply into the diseased spots in his own nation. He despairs and hopes, fights and grows faint, has always a keen eye for the good of the people, accuses the rich, and deduces evils from the open condition of society, but while he points to its bleeding wounds he offers it healing balm. And so his pictures betray a complex frame of mind, out of which tears or laughter may arise at any moment. He stands to his own people as a mother to a dearly beloved child. And as she chastens it with a rod and compels it to take the better part by severe admonition, and then presses it to her heart and covers it with kisses, Perov protects and idolises the people, and in the next moment smites hard with the might of his satire. Like a severe judge, he unveils the misconduct of the great and the abuses practised by officials, tears the mask from high society, and reveals its withered features. He turns to the poor like a kind father, like a man following the rule of the gospel, and praises their righteousness. He is at once the accuser of society and its physician, and his course of healing is to return to nature, righteousness, truth, and compassion.

One is grateful to him for his philanthropic intentions. But there is no

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VERESTCHAGIN. THE PYRAMID OF SKULLS.

enjoyment in looking at his pictures, for the schoolmaster is the assassin of the artist. What is properly pictorial comes off second-best in them, since he does not command the handicraft of art. In fact, he might be most readily compared with Wiertz, and, like him, he exercised an evil influence upon a whole group of painters. It is not merely his contemporaries *Pukirev, Korsuchin, Prjanischnikov,* who have deprived many of their prettily painted pictures of artistic charm by lachrymose complaints against society or satirical didacticism, for *Savitzky* and *Lemoch* did the same afterwards.

The most familiarly known of the men with this bent is *Vassily Verestchagin,* an apostle of peace tinged with Nihilism.

The exhibition of his pictures, which took place in the February of 1882 at Kroll's in Berlin, will be remembered. They were not to be seen by day, but only under electric light. Concealed by curtains was an harmonium, upon which war-songs were played, accompanied by subdued choruses; the hall was decorated with Indian and Tibetan carpets, embroideries and housings, weapons of every description, images and sacred pictures, musical instruments, antlers, bear-skins, and stuffed Indian vultures. In the midst of these properties the painter—a little black-bearded man, like one of those Caucasian warriors who appear in Theodor Horschelt's work "From the Caucasus"—himself did the honours to the guests who had been invited.

Although still young, Verestchagin had already seen a great deal of life.

After leaving the school of Gérôme in Paris he accompanied the expedition of General Kaufmann against Samarcand. Horschelt, with whom he made acquaintance at the scene of war in the Caucasus, took him in 1870 for a couple of years to Munich. When the Russo-Turkish War broke out in 1877 he again accompanied the Russian troops, and even took an active share in the struggle: he was in the Shipka Pass, went with Gourko over the Balkans, was present at the siege of Plevna, and worked as the secretary of General Skobeleff during the peace negotiations at San Stefano. And, having fought everywhere with the savageness of a Caucasian, he began to preach peace as an apostle of humanity.

"The Pyramid of Skulls—dedicated to all Conquerors past, present, and to come," was as it were the title-page to his thrilling works. In "Forgotten" a wounded soldier lay upon the field of battle with famishing ravens gathering round him, whilst his battalion was seen disappearing in the distance. In another of his pictures there was the Emir of Samarcand lost in agreeable contemplation of a heap of decapitated heads strewn at his feet. In another there stood a fair-haired priest blessing a whole crowd of mutilated Russians upon a steppe. Still more ghastly was the picture entitled "The Street after Plevna." It is an icy cold winter's day, and the desolate landscape and the bodies of those who have died upon the transport car are covered with a light crust of snow. The artillery of later columns have driven with indifference over the dead, crushing them, and the crows and ravens thank the Lord for the richly spread table which has been prepared for them. In dense swarms they flutter down to the opulent banquet, and most densely of all where the wheels of the gun-carriages have made a way for their beaks. Then, thoroughly sated, they alight upon the telegraph wires to digest their meal in peace. Ghastly corruption reigns in "The Turkish Hospital before Plevna," a gloomy cellar where sick and wounded men welter in confused masses amid mouldy corpses. Near this hung the trilogy of pictures representing the sentinel freezing with cold. At the side of that was the picture of the Czar Alexander with his staff, regarding the battle raging around as though it were a stage play. "Skobeleff in the Shipka Pass" brought the series to a conclusion. There he is, fat, and with a full, flushed countenance, dashing over the ground, which is covered with snow and strewn with corpses, as he good-humouredly summons his freezing comrades to a champagne breakfast, crying, "Brothers, I thank you in the name of the Emperor."

In spite of his Parisian studies Verestchagin's work in all these pictures was very crude—full in colour, but thin and uninteresting in technique. Moreover, the ostentatious arrangements which he made for his exhibitions, and the cleverness with which he calculated the effect upon the great public, did not contribute to enhance his artistic reputation. And his coarseness and crudity when he works by legitimately artistic means may be seen in his ethnographical pictures from Turkestan and India, which stand in technique incomparably below similar works by Pasini, and will lose what remains of their interest with

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VERESTCHAGIN. THE EMIR OF SAMARCAND VISITING THE TROPHIES.

STSCHEDRIN. NEAR NAPLES.

the discovery of photography in colours. Nevertheless Verestchagin's significance for Russian art is great.

What had been hitherto produced in the matter of battlepieces—Orlovsky's work excepted—is scarcely worth mentioning. *Sauerveid* and *Villevalde* were lifeless copyists of Horace Vernet. *Kotzebue*, the son of the well-known author, no doubt showed deftness in composition, grouping, and scenical accessories. There are swarms of soldiers in his pictures. Huge cliffs, ancient fortresses and houses tower picturesquely one above the other. But the men are made of lead, and the landscapes are stage scenes, at once empty and banal. In fact, he was merely an opulent *arrangeur* who was learned in uniforms, and the dramatic element of war escaped him altogether.

Now Verestchagin struck out an entirely new path. A short time before his appearance Tolstoi's great novel *War and Peace* had been published, and there war had been for the first time depicted, not from the prejudiced standpoint of a patriot, but with the lucid spirit of a cosmopolitan author. The mere painting of horrors is avoided : it is a thing rather indicated than brought out in detail ; but the great figure of the Destroyer with his hyenas and his terrors is nevertheless the principal figure of the narrative. Even Tolstoi's patriotism sometimes mocks at itself, and from the midst of his representations of soldierly loyalty and the contempt of death there rises the heart-breaking

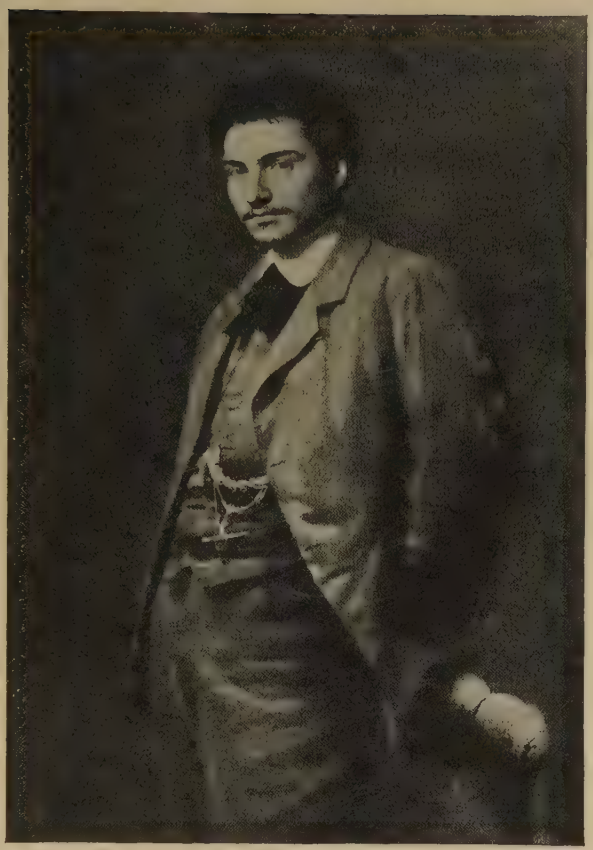
cry: "To what purpose?" The painter continued the motives which the author had indicated. All who had gone before him—and not in Russia alone—were official illustrators who glorified the theme "Dulce et decorum est" in the service of victorious Governments. True to the principles of young Russia, Verestchagin became the accuser of the military system, by making the reverse side of martial splendour—all the misery and the sanguinary destruction of masses, with which glory is purchased—the subject of representation. In the one case war is represented from the standpoint of the regimental captain; in the other from one which is purely human. He wanted to paint war as it is, and not as a suitable embellishment for the Winter Palace. And here he is a pioneer on the path leading to truth, which assures him an honourable if not a lofty place in the history of the development taken by the modern principle in art.

This storm-and-stress period in Russian art came to an end with Verestchagin. It was impossible to be for ever laying on the scourge, uttering curses, and thundering against the evils of creation. After the storm there came a calm, and disillusionment after the revolt. Society became quiet again, literature laid down its arms, and painters also grew weary of forgetting their own calling in the service of progressive ideas. The sensational style of painting with a purpose and a grievance was thrown into the background, and all the greater weight was laid upon conscientious and harmonious execution.

In this battle to establish what was purely pictorial, landscape played the mediating part in Russia as in the rest of Europe. Russia possesses in Turgeniev's *Diary of a Sportsman* one of the most remarkable books in modern literature. Turgeniev discovered the forests and steppes of his country, and made them speak, and made them silent. He loves nature as though she were a mistress, clings to her, and becomes so wedded to her that he feels in solitude like a fish in the cool tide. What a charming idyll of the forest it is when in the course of the day's sport he lies on his back and looks up into the cloudy sky, or when he roams of an evening through the fragrant meadow-land or crouches at night beside a shepherd's fire and watches the sky from midnight to the glimmering of dawn; when he describes little farms where content and poverty are mingled, or those of the gloomy boundless regions in the interior of Russia where everything is sad, like a vaporous grey rainy day. This strange mixture of love and dread, the fervour for nature and the horror of her, stands alone in the whole literature of the world. Every blade of grass lives; everything stirs, and the creative impulse is everywhere; the spirit of the steppe floats visibly over the earth, weird, mysterious, cold, dumb, and awful. And in art also landscapes are the most enjoyable productions which modern Russia has brought forth.

The founder of this Russian school was *Stschedrin*, who died at thirty-eight in Naples. He was a painter who was so simple and had so much warmth and temperament that Europe could not show the like in the twenties of the

century. His work towers above everything which was at that time painted by Bertin and Valenciennes, or even Rottmann and Koch. He was the direct successor of Dujardin, Berchem, and Pynacker, and their equal in spirit. His landscapes, indeed, which are principally views of Naples, have great delicacy of colour, although they are sometimes heavy and bituminous in their shadows. Moreover, they are so full of light and air, so splendid and so finely and energetically painted, that it is astonishing to read the date 1820 underneath, for 1650 or 1660 might be more readily ascribed to them.



KRAMSKOI. THE PAINTER VASSILIEF.

Lebedev, who also died young in Naples, was Stschedrin's energetic follower in the battle against Winckelmann's principles. Indeed, if he had lived a few years longer and returned to his native-land, Russian painting would probably have been able to set up a worthy rival to the great European landscapists of 1830. Even his earliest little pictures, painted before his Italian journey—thin and grey views of St. Petersburg—give him a place amongst the first champions of *paysage intime*, and this in spite of their hard tone and their childish and awkward technique. And in Italy he and Blechen were the first who rendered the South without any strained effort at style. "Gradually," he writes, "I am setting myself free from all prejudices. Nature has opened my eyes, and I am beginning to be her slave. In my last works you will not find composition or effects, for everything is simple there."

But the period of historical painting led artists astray for some time. In Russia, as elsewhere, the polished, exotic, picturesque views, cultivated for years by *Vorobiev*, *Rabus*, *Lagorio*, *Horavsky*, *Bogoliubov*, *Mestschersky*, and others, had their vogue. They all wished merely to see nature through a prism which would render her beautiful; they imitated Calame and Achenbach, sometimes adroitly and sometimes mechanically, indulged in platitudes which

have been long outgrown, and are tedious and insipid, in spite of all their Oriental towers, Gothic castles, calm or agitated seas, rocky regions, and glaring effects of light. *Aivasovsky* alone takes high rank amongst them, although he was a rapid painter, a *décorateur* for ever seizing upon loud, pyrotechnical effects *à la* Gudin. But in spite of their glaring and violent colours many of his sea-pieces reproduce with great cogency the grandeur and crash of the storm, and others the limitless peace of the sea; and in virtue of these he seems a forerunner of the later landscape of "mood."

This was, in fact, developed as soon as Russian landscape painting returned to Russian soil. But, until the forties, painters were under the persuasion that their home, the flat, sad country where grey was harmonised on grey, could offer no subject worth painting, and that it was only richly coloured Southern prospects that were artistically possible. The brothers *Tschernezoff* and the copper-engraver *Galaktionov*, indeed, drew views of towns according to all the rules of the books of topography, but without higher pretensions.

Schischkin, however, recognised that the Russian painter could only love and understand Russian landscape, and reproduce it artistically. When he was sent abroad he begged to be allowed to return and paint without hindrance what was dearer to him than all else beside. The north of Russia is a pallid, melancholy land. It is without great lines and imposing masses, and everything is lost in vanishing *nuances*. Nevertheless Schischkin succeeded in grasping the individuality of the scenery, and in rendering it in his drawings with unrivalled mastery—in drawings, for the life of colour was a thing alien to him throughout his life. All his oil pictures are phlegmatically prosaic, paltry, and pedantically correct; but the fresh spontaneity and chromatic delicacy which he attained in his etchings and charcoal drawings are all the more striking.

His direct followers show no advance in technique. *Baron Klodt* had a certain proclivity for the picturesque, in consequence of which his pictures lost in plainness and intimacy, while *Orlovsky*, *Fedders*, *Volkov*, and others remained always hard in colour, arid, and pedantic. The stripling *Vassiliev*, who died at three-and-twenty, was, in fact, the first to prove that the landscape painter did not need to be a photographer immortalising this or that region in a superficial portrait, but could become a medium between man and nature, an interpreter of that secret musical language through which nature in all places speaks to the human soul. With him the Russian landscape of "mood" was first born. There was no further requisition of Alpine peaks and ocean, and motley colours straining after effect, for the artist learnt tenderly and simply to celebrate the scenery of his native-land. *Levitan* painted his "Quiet Monastery," a deeply moving picture full of feeling; *Kuindshi* painted Southern nights and bright birch-woods full of quivering air and moonlight or sunshine; *Savrassov*, delicate spring landscapes impregnated with great poetic feeling; *Sudkovsky* interpreted gravely the majesty of the sea; *Albert Benois* produced brilliant pictures of the East,

C. MAKOVSKY. THE RETURN OF THE HOLY CARPET TO CAIRO.

and delicate, sensitive Russo-Finnish landscapes ; and *Svjetoslavsky* seized the character of Moscow.

Through these landscape painters, who went their own way quietly and modestly, far from the tumult of philanthropical ideas, there arose an impulse to give artistic treatment to the figure picture likewise. The sense of the purely pictorial was strengthened, and artists began to turn from narrative and didactic art and to represent simply what they saw around them, without ulterior designs. At first they did so feebly and laboriously, then with more energy and with increasing perception and ability. *Svertschkov* painted animal pictures, but could hit off the Russian peasant and the Russian proprietor very finely indeed. His representations of horses in particular—those poor little patient Russian horses, now sinking in the snow, now scorched by the sun or trotting merrily in the troika—are exceedingly truthful, animated, and sympathetic. *Peter Sokolov* produced hunting scenes, funerals, and tavern-rooms—all in a plain and vigorous style, which was now and then cynical, though always striking. He is a painter of individuality even in his technique, for his pictures are a mixture of delicate aquarelles, heavy *gouache* colours, pastel, and ink. Through the most remarkable combinations he succeeds in attaining an impression which is sometimes crude, but frequently exceedingly piquant and full of character.

But the principal advance was made by a phalanx of young artists who worked their way upwards during the sixties and seventies. In 1863 thirteen pupils completed their studies at the St. Petersburg Academy, and entered into competition for the gold medal, which took the place there of the *Prix de Rome*. Their leader was a somewhat older student, *Ivan Kramskoi*, a poor young fellow who could barely earn his bread as retoucher at a photographer's. The pictures which he had produced at the time of his death are few, and have long been surpassed by the performances of younger men. There are some portraits which for all their earnest veracity do not get beyond the arid effect of photography. And even his few figure pictures, such as "Anguish that will not be Comforted" (a mother bewailing her son), only produce a mediocre effect in spite of their forcible realism and their sincerity, which is free from all forced vehemence. But in the history of Russian art Kramskoi has the importance of one who had a quickening influence. He served the young school with his head rather than his hand. He was an ardent spirit, an energetic agitator, and soon gathered around him all who were healthy, fresh in mind, and enthusiastic. His ideas upon art and the loftiness of the artist's calling were worked out so completely, and he had the secret of laying them before his younger comrades with such conviction, enthusiasm, and impressiveness, that they all looked up to him as their standard-bearer. In Kramskoi's tiny room, where the furniture consisted of a few broken chairs, and poverty was a daily visitant, those seeds of thought were developed which soon became the guiding principles of the new Russian painting.

When the Board of Professors at St. Petersburg refused to give the thirteen competitors free choice of subject for their prize exercise, wishing to compel them to represent "The God Odin in Valhalla," they one and all left the Academy in open feud. They were tired of having an official style prescribed to them by the accepted "school," and no longer cared to have a uniform forced upon their work. Imagination and creative energy were more to them than laws or code, for they wanted to be free men and not to purchase diplomas by convention and medals. Between academicianism and individual purpose there was the same breach in Russia that took place sooner or later in every other country. "The Society for Wandering Exhibitions," which up to the present has remained the centre of the Russian national school, and which comprehends in itself all the young, animated, and promising men of talent in the country, was recruited from these seceding painters in 1870. And though it is a centre, it is one that wanders through the entire land. The "Wanderers" have emancipated Russian painting from everything alien, anecdotic, didactic, and eclectic; they have placed it upon a thoroughly national soil, endowed it with a new and independent technique, and within a few years they have won an honourable position amid European schools of art.

Meanwhile some of those thirteen students have forgotten their storm-and-stress period and become different men. Most of all is this true of *Constantin Makovsky*, who is now but a caricature of what he was when he painted his "Carnival in St. Petersburg" and the gloomy "Child's Funeral in the Country." All the decorative panels, visionary heads of maidens, musing "bojar" women, and indecently voluptuous bacchanals, which he turns out by the dozen, have an insufferable light rosy crust of colour; they have all the same weak drawing, and the same sensuousness unredeemed by a trace of taste. Even his pictures from the life of "bojars" in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which are in great request in America, are spoilt by sickly sentimentality or a misapplied air of distinction and *comme-il-faut*.

His younger brother, *Vladimir Makovsky*, has still a weakness for lachrymose anecdotes, aimed in a commonplace way against society; or in an effort at characterisation he falls into obtrusive caricature *à la* Brütt. But in his smaller and less ambitious pictures, which are delicately painted after nature, he is tasteful, luxuriant, and really fine.

The greatest of them all, from the very first day, was *Elias Répin*, and he remains so still. In him was embodied the artistic power of contemporary Russia. His works, with those of Tolstoi, Turgeniev, Gontscharov, and Dostoievski, will hand down to later times a vivid and characteristic account of the Russia of the last five-and-thirty years in all its completeness—an account including all grades of society, from the nobles to the outlaws, the village clergy and the peasants.

Répin is now slightly over sixty years of age. Springing from an old Cossack stock, he was born in 1844 at Tschuguev in the department of Charkow.

AIVASOVSKY

ON THE BLACK SEA

As the son of an indigent officer, he received his first instruction in the village school, which was carried on by his mother, being taught at a later period by the sexton of the parish church. Then he entered a military school, which was broken up when he was thirteen. A mechanical painter of saints of the

RÉPIN. THE RETURN FROM SIBERIA.

name of Bunakov gave him his first knowledge of drawing. And at the end of three years he was already in a position to gain a livelihood by painting the pictures of saints, and three years after that he wandered to the distant imperial city upon the Neva to enter the Academy there. During the six years that he remained as an Academy pupil his talent developed rapidly. Even the picture entitled "The Raising of Jairus's Daughter," produced for an Academy prize competition, revealed him in his power and energy, gleaming

like a diamond amongst pebbles beside the other works sent in for competition. The medal, accompanied by a travelling scholarship of some years' duration, was awarded to him. So he went abroad to Paris and Rome, studying both the old and the modern masters. Yet he was not ensnared by foreign influences. In fact, the best picture which he painted in Italy, "Szadko in the Wonderful Realm of the Sea," was based upon a national Russian saga. In a gulf of the sea penetrated by the sunshine, nixies and sea-nymphs, embodying the different feminine types of Europe, are vainly striving to catch the young and handsome Szadko; but it was only *Tschernavuschka* emerging vaguely in the distance that enchained him. And the painter himself was drawn homewards. Even before his scholarship had expired he begged permission to return, and in 1873 he completed his "Burlaki," the men who tow vessels along the Volga, the masterpiece of modern Russian art.

"In the blaze of the noonday sun, youths, men, and boys are tramping along in the burning sand on the flat, unsheltered banks of the river, with the thick ropes round breast and shoulders, and their tanned, naked feet planted upon the hot ground. The hair falls in disorder upon their brownish-red brows, which drip with perspiration. Here and there a man holds his arm before his face to protect himself from the scorching rays. Singing a monotonous, melancholy, barbaric melody, they drag the high-masted bark laden with crops up-stream, through the wide, deserted plain; their work was yesterday what it is to-day and will be to-morrow. It is as if they had been tramping like this for centuries, and would be pushing forward in the same way for centuries to come. Types they are of the life of serfs in Europe, types cast variously together by the hand of Fate from the North and the South and the East of the vast empire: the children of different slave-races, most of them figures of iron, though there are some who seem feeble; some are indifferent too, whilst others are brooding gloomily,—but they are one and all pulling at the same rope."

With this picture, an epic embodying the spirit of the Russian people, Répin stood out as a finished artist. He had looked upon those worn-out men, set to the work of brutes, with the eye of a philanthropist and the eagle glance of an artist; their sorrowful songs had moved him deeply, and he grasped the dreadful reality with an inflexible hand, and placed it with glowing colours upon the canvas in all its fearful veracity. A dumb sorrow overshadows the picture, all the pessimistic gloom that hovers over Russia. As yet no other work had expressed with all the resources of European painting the resigned suffering and that weary absence of desire which are the peculiarity of this race of people. And let him paint portraits, or rustic life, or pictures from Russian history, Répin remained, even in his later works, ever the same inherently forceful master.

An element of gloom, oppression, and debasement reigns consistently throughout. Even when he represents, for a change, the village youth in the joy of the dance, the merriment resembles inebriation. But the de-

RÉPIN. ST. NICHOLAS STOPPING AN EXECUTION.

Hanfstaengl.

RÉPIN. THE COSSACKS' JEERING REPLY TO THE SULTAN.

nunciatory narrative element has been finally cast aside. In place of the vehement extravagances of inartistic painting with a moral purpose there is in Répin a mild fervour reconciled with suffering and subdued to a spirit of still humility. There rises from his pictures a heavy feeling that weighs upon the heart, and this simply because he painted so plainly what he saw. There is in them an ineffable luxury of woe, a low yearning cry for the peacefulness of death, something of the resigned melancholy of Russian songs with their slow movement. There is in them, as in the works of the Russian authors, a profound compassion for the poor and miserable—the suffering, hopeless mood which weighs upon the country everywhere, the entire spirit of this strange nation, which is still young and in its prime, and yet sick in spirit and looking faint and weary to a leaden sky.

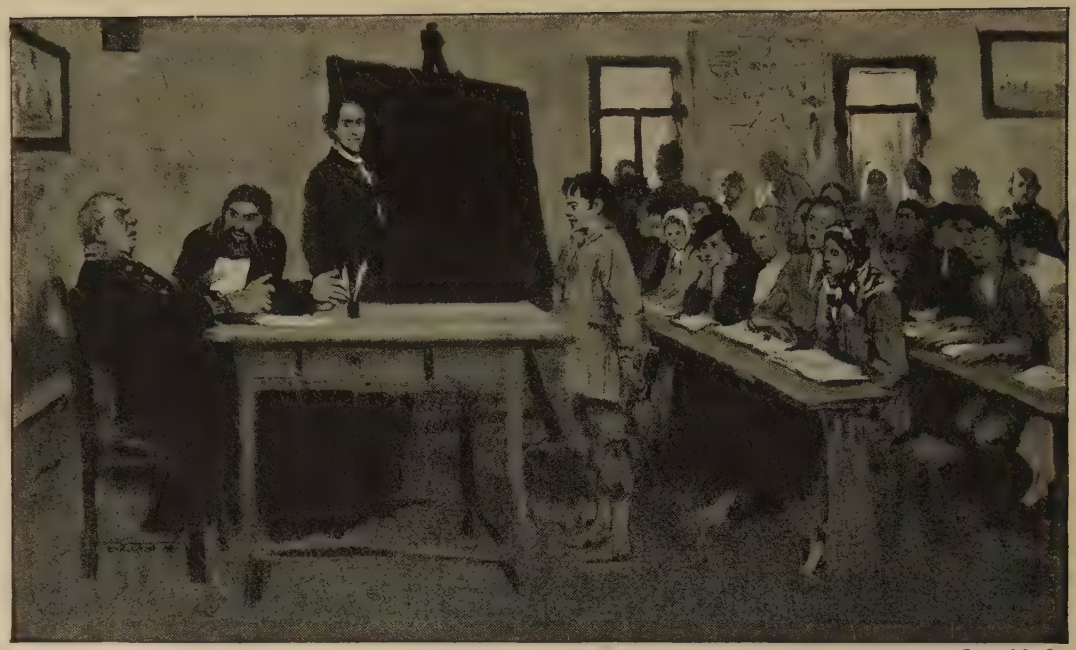
In a large picture of 1883 a church procession may be seen upon its way forth. All the people from the neighbourhood of the village have set out, young and old, halt and sound. A troop of peasants, in torn furs and patched clothes, are panting as they carry along with stupid looks a heavy shrine, hoisted upon poles and festally adorned with ribbons. The crowd are pressing and elbowing behind—cripples and hunchbacks, a dirty sexton staring straight before him, and old women muttering prayers in a dull, smothered ecstasy ; and a tall country gendarme is laying into them right and left with the knout, to make room for the clergy, the head of rural police, and the village elders. Then there are again masses of people, fluttering banners and crucifixes, an endless defile of misery, hebetude, helplessness, and filth, and at the tail of

the body another gendarme with a whip. Huge volumes could tell no more of the history of the country than this simple picture, in the centre of which the knout is whistling in the very midst of ecclesiastical banners.

Amongst Répin's portraits, those of the poet Pissemski, with strange, vivid eyes ; that of the composer Mussorsky, sketched a few days before his death ; that of the novel writer Vassevolad Garschin, who died young by his own hand a few years ago ; and those of Count Tolstoi, are worthy of special praise. Tolstoi he has painted several times, representing him upon one occasion striding behind the plough.

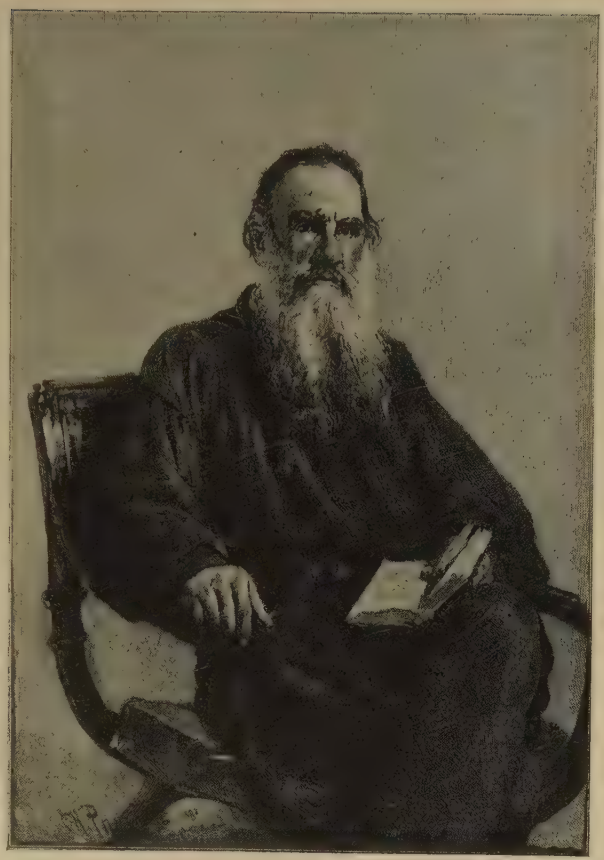
At comparatively recent exhibitions some historical pictures of his made a sensation. After Russian painting had gone through the school of life, and bold naturalism had taken the place of classical abstraction, painters could venture to utilise national history without falsity or theatrical costume. The first attempt of this kind had been made by *Tschistjakov* in his picture " Sophie Vitotovna." In the sixties *Schwarz*, who died early, came forward with his energetic representations from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. *Jacoby* sought to catch the historical physiognomy of Russian Court life in the eighteenth century. With his " Puschkin " and his " Peter I " the portrait painter *Gay* was very successful. *Surikov* produced his " Bojar Woman Norosovna " and " The Execution of the Strelitzes," gloomy and thoroughly Russian pictures, bearing witness to an earnest attempt to live the life of the past. But in this field also Répin distanced all his predecessors, plunged into the past with most energy and freedom, broke with all tame compromise the most abruptly, and conjured up things long gone by with a terrible force of conviction, as though they had been seen and lived through. His " Ivan the Cruel, who has slain his Son in a Sudden Paroxysm of Fury," made such an impression at the exhibition of 1885 that the public stood before it horrified, while ladies were carried away fainting. It might have recalled the best modern historical pictures of Spain, except that Répin's work made a more gloomy, elemental, and barbaric effect. An old man, with his face spattered with blood and his savage features distorted with despair, kneels on the floor in the centre of a wide hall of the Kremlin : his eyes start from their sockets, dilated with horror, and stare vacantly in the torture of conscience ; in his arms he holds the fainting figure of a youth, over whose countenance, which streams with blood, death casts its awful shadow.

Répin's picture " The Cossacks' Jeering Reply to the Sultan " is a combination of magnificent military heads, a collection of figures conceived with a force recalling Gogol ; they are figures that are really made of flesh and blood, and barbaric to the bone and marrow. No brilliant painting of material has been aimed at, no grace in line and composition. He makes use of historical painting merely to depict children of nature in their primitive passions. His picture of St. Nicholas preventing the execution of three innocent men who have been condemned to death has something butcherly in conception, and in execution something inherently thrilling. At once imperious and impressive



Cassell & Co.

RÉPIN. THE EXAMINATION.



Seemann, Leipzig.
RÉPIN. COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

is the gesture with which the saint strikes the arm of the brutal and astonished executioner, a man of muscular build, while the enthusiasm of the victims, in their gratitude to their good genius, is powerful and convincing. In technique, also, Répin is a great modern master, with a sharp decision in drawing and colour, and an earnest, almost ascetic simplicity, which admit only of what is indispensable and subservient to the designed effect of the picture. His "Ship's Crew" of 1873 was praised as the sunniest picture at the Vienna Exhibition; and from that time he has gone forward with a firm step. His works became lighter and brighter from year to year; and Répin found what Ivanov had sought in vain —sun, air, and life. To Russian art he is what Menzel is to German, and what Manet was to French. He breathes the atmosphere of his own time and his own people, and since his appearance there has been a greater number of masters who have painted Russian life with a knowledge of all the resources of the new French technique, together with that feeling for nature and humanity which marks the most eminent performances of Russian literature. The secret song of the steppes, that song of boundless love and boundless sufferings, is becoming intelligible to painters at last. Their tale is not yet complete in the European sessions of art, and beside the Western nations they are "dead souls" as yet. But they began a great period of liberation in Russian painting, and when that master-spirit comes who shall arouse these souls from slumber, he may hope the best from their youthful vigour which has never been exhausted.

In 1900, at the Paris Centennial Exhibition, the Russian rooms created a powerful impression. One saw there examples of Autokolsky's work in Sculpture, barbaric, it is true, but in their very barbarism all the more imposing

and effective. One discovered there, artists whose works combine almost savage originality with a wonderful knowledge of technique. There were historical pictures, almost antediluvian, enormous in size ; pictures of national life, gloomy, apathetic, melancholy; poor people driven by the police, staggering about listless and indifferent ; priests striding across the lonely steppes prayer-book in hand ; gipsy children lying around the glimmering fire ; heavy-featured peasants mumbling prayers in dull ecstasy before crucifixes—the pictures are full of the same stifling, benumbing feeling that pervades the Karamasow Brothers, or the Power of Darkness. It showed likewise that the traditions of a thousand years lie over Russia. One stands before an ecclesiastical art that is as different from the productions of modern times as the works of the Monks of Mount Athos are from those of a Renaissance master : before an art in which nothing has been imitated, but in which dwells mighty and strong the whole rigid tradition of the Byzantine Middle Ages. Lastly, there were landscapes so frail and delicate that they might have been painted by a Dane.

Viktor Wasnezow, the powerful creator of the cupola pictures in the Vladimir Church at Kiev, is the greatest phenomenon of them all. None but a man inspired by the spirit of the Church could have created these pictures. The art that in bygone ages brought into being the mosaics of the Church of St. Sophia is alive even to-day, in an atmosphere of spirit immune from the lust of gold. But not only has Wasnezow painted with priestly zeal these pictures of the saints, he paints Scythians fighting with lance and battle-axe, knights, like Böcklin's Adventurer, on their way across the lonely Steppes, harpies that with Cassandra-like mien stare into the infinite woods in which dwell the ghosts of Russian legend. Next to Wasnezow one is struck by *Michel Nesterow* ; also a painter of monks and saints, but as different from Wasnezow as Zurbaran from the Venetian Mosaicists. Then *Valentin Serow,* with his forceful portraits and fascinating landscapes ; and near by, the works of *Maliavine* : peasants powerful and gigantic as gods of the nether world, and that marvellous picture which he called " Le Rire," women like the witches in Macbeth, veiled in flame-coloured rags, grinning with the laughter of madness out of the landscape, and the whole scene dashed in with such vigour that even Zorn's most vivid pictures look tame and flat beside it. *Apollinaris Wasnezow,* the landscapist, must also be mentioned. He has for some time been well known as the great artist who interpreted in a style as simple as it is strong the gloomy wastes of Siberia, its sombre plains and endless, trackless forests ; but he had never before shown himself such a powerful artist as he did in Paris. The small panel pictures which he exhibited in the Grand Palais, as well as the Siberian landscapes, interpreted with such breadth of style, with which he decorated the frieze of the Trocadéro pavilion, belong to the most powerful creations of modern landscape painting. Beside these exceptionally talented masters, *Constantin Somoff* has of late years come into prominence as the highly cultured interpreter of the eighteenth century, over whose refined portraits

and park-like landscapes lies the whole romantic witchery of a faded and crumbling *rococo*.

Here, too, mention must be made of the other interpreters of the Slavonic in art. I mean the Czechs. They likewise have by degrees developed from an old-fashioned, characterless, cosmopolitan art a young and vigorous art that is characteristic of themselves.

True, one seldom meets with the "smack of the soil," the national "aroma," in examples of modern painting. It would be just as useless to expect to find with the Czechs plaintive gipsy songs and gloomy pine-forests, blind superstition and the reek of burning brandy, as to look among the American for "leather-stocking" tales, prairies afire, grazing buffalo and gangs of Redskins, gold-diggers and Niagara Falls. Modernity takes no note of national boundary-posts: the whole epoch is surveyed by the same hopes and fears, the same thoughts and the same modes of expressing the thoughts. So the Czechs, too, have given up playing the wild man: they have made themselves familiar with everything within the limits of Europe, and outside too. The Japanese, the pre-Raphaelites, and Rodin—they will remind you, if you like, of each or all of these,—only, you must bear in mind that no song sung to-day is the invention of one folk, but that the spirit of the times itself dictates the melody. It is only in the timbre, only in the peculiar production of the tone, that one recognises the true Czech characteristic.

In the works of *Joza Uprka* there pulsates the joy of life, the wild holiday pleasures of the Czech peasantry. Joza Uprka lives in Mähren in Roznovolota. There the peasants seem still possessed by a colour-goblin. Purple breeches and black astrachan caps, green waistcoats and white shirt sleeves make up the dress of the young men, and the girls wear short flame-coloured skirts, long boots, orange and black beflowered kerchiefs, and pale blue ribbons; and Uprka understands how to blend together all these loud,

N. GAY. CHRIST IN THE GARDEN.

flaring, glaring, blaring colours; he even searches for scenes in which human life presents itself in a glittering maze of colour like a magic kaleidoscope. Corpus Christi processions pass along with baldachins and waving banners: at the annual fairs the crowd jostle each other, laughing, talking, and gaping towards the booths, or if it is a country fair they dance around the maypole. Few possess like Uprka the sense of movement in a crowd; few have set forth with such exuberance of joy the absolutism of colour.

And the gay coloured costumes of the peasants are but the accompaniment to the variegated hues of the landscape. They dress themselves in all the colours of the humming-bird in exactly the same way as a black-cock or a pheasant adapts its colour to its environment. Bohemia possesses nothing romantic, nothing picturesque in the way of line: monotonous flat lowlands spread in all directions. But how wonderful it is in summer when thousands of flowers—red, blue, yellow, and white—are embroidered like glittering specks of ornament over the green carpet of the meadows, when one stands before a cottage garden and amid a waving sea of colour allows the eye to wander over the golden yellow pumpkins, the blue cabbage-heads, deep red dahlias and bright yellow sunflowers, bright red poppies and purple asters. *Slavieck's* landscapes possess the beauty of a garden of country flowers. He has painted the most varied subjects, the gloom and melancholy of a rainy autumn day, and the bursting buds of springtime. But he is at his best and freshest when he treats of the wealth of colour of the summer-time, the glowing, scorching sun pouring down his rays over red-tiled roofs and flowery meadows.

Hudecek differs from Slavieck in that he is weaker and softer, more dreamy and subtle. The glamour of eventide enslaves him, the twilight effects that Billotte and Cazin painted in France; when from a cottage window the pale yellow lamplight sheds its timid gleam and dies away over the lonely plain, when moonbeams quiver on the mirror of a pearl-grey pool, or ash-trees, poplars, and birches wave softly in the evening mist. *Svabinsky* is the most versatile and facile of them all. He has painted Maeterlinck, has been in France and in London; and to be a citizen of the world means likewise to polish off the rough corners, to lay aside provincialisms, to get to oneself the knowledge of foreign tongues. This Svabinsky has accomplished. His portraits of Massaryk Madel, Baron Rieger, and Hugo Salus remind one of Leibl's portrait studies, by the straightforward, impersonal style in which they are painted, so do those pen-and-ink drawings in which he depicts the weather-beaten heads of old peasants, or the gnarled branches of old trees in all their richness of detail, but without any pettiness.

Wonderful, too, was the allegorical picture of Rodin, the great sculptor, crowned as the genius of plastic art. The character of the head was seized with astounding intensity of feeling, the long wavy beard, the prominent forehead, the short, bristly hair standing straight up at the side, so oddly resembling Michael Angelo's Moses. Among other great works of Svabinsky must be mentioned "The Poor Lands," the picture with the peasant girl and

the fragrant heather, the quivering silver birches and the balmy breeze so softly caressing that lovely spot of earth; later on "The Loom," the poor girl sitting huddled up at her work in the dismal glimmer of an oil-lamp. Here, perhaps, it is shown that to be a citizen of the world entails a certain amount of loss of personality. In many of his works there are signs of that wan sweetness which sets such a uniform stamp upon the works of the new pre-Raphaelite school in England.

Preisler, above all others, seems destined to become the narrator of Czech legends. Before his works, too, one cannot help being reminded of all sorts of things: he has much in common with Aman-Jean, for instance, and Knopff; his delicate chalk drawings, that look almost as if they had been breathed upon the paper, awaken the memory of Ludwig von Hofmann. But, after all, such resemblances are due not so much to the influence of any particular persons as to the general uniformity of modern methods. Girls with red or straw-coloured hair lie dreaming in green meadows, or young men lean against blossoming apple-trees and gaze thoughtfully into space. Sometimes the youth is clad in knight's armour, sometimes the peasant girl is transformed into a fairy princess with a tiny glittering crown on her golden hair. This sort of thing is painted in every country of Europe to-day. Preisler is at times not altogether successful in catching the true feeling of those legends and fairy-tales of which he is so fond; one gets here and there a sort of after-taste of the model; nature is not always brought into the proper mood. Still, all his works show that he possesses great temperament as fine as it is rare.

Whether he tells of the dawning of love, or of that feeling of sadness that comes over youth on the evening of a sultry summer day, when filled with a presentiment of the transitoriness of life—there is in his art something of the freshness of spring and at the same time a suspicion of a tear, a rare intermingling of fervent longing and weary despondency. There is a scent of white cherry-blossoms and faded roses. One can almost fancy one hears the nightingale singing, the lark's shrill note, and the chirp of the cricket; while from among the branches of the young birch trees there seems to come a rustling, a whisper of happiness and love and quivering in the air, a note as of a violin softly played, a plaintive tone. In all his works you catch that undertone of melancholy which is heard in the long-drawn wail of the Czech folk-songs. The portrait artists *Hofbauer* and *Zupantsky*, the painters *Karel Spillar* and *Milos Tiranek*, show further how fresh and young is the stream of life that flows through the creations of Czech art.

CHAPTER XLV

AMERICA

IN spite of its greater geographical distance, America lies nearer to the artistic centres of Europe than Russia. It is only possible to become acquainted with Russian painting in the country itself, at its "wandering exhibitions," but the successes of the Americans are chronicled in the annals of the Paris Salon. Their art is an exact echo of that of Europe, because they have learnt their technique in the leading European Academies. Indeed, the drama of America is divided into the very same acts as that of Europe. The piece which has gone the round of the theatres of Europe is produced in America, though the names of the actors are not the same.

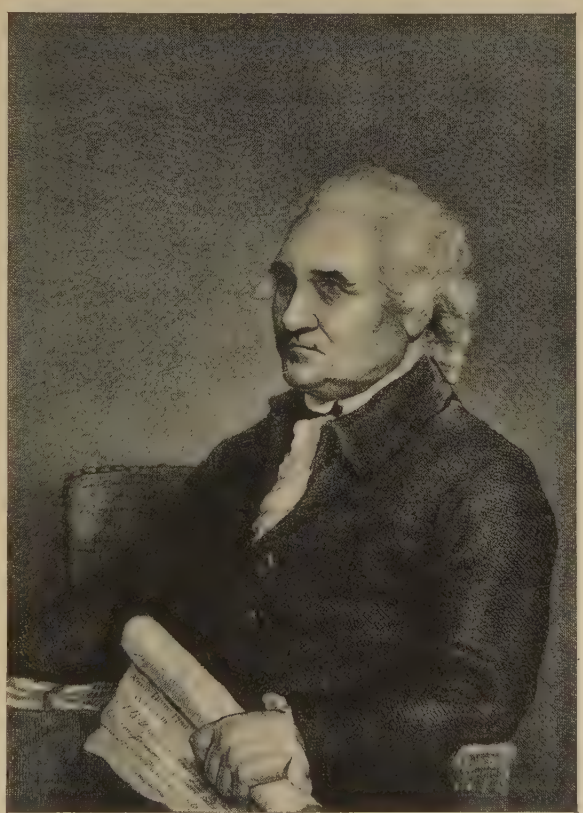
Up to the Declaration of Independence in 1776 there were neither painters nor sculptors in America. People ate and drank and built and reclaimed the land, and multiplied. But a large bar of iron was of more value than the finest statue, and an ell of good cloth was prized more highly than "The Transfiguration" of Raphael. Here and there, perhaps, there were old family portraits which some emigrant had brought with him from Europe, but these were not calculated to awaken a taste for art. As a rule public buildings were made of wood, or of brick at best, and they had no pretensions to style. The settlers were poor, and far too much occupied with getting fish and potatoes for the daily support to trouble themselves about problems of colour. In addition to this, art was repudiated by the Quakers as a bauble of the world. It was only when the dollar began to display its might that enterprising portrait painters, who had failed in Europe, occasionally crossed the ocean to make the New World happy with their dubious art.

Incited by these strangers, a few young men on the far side of the world cherished the belief that they could find a lucrative vocation in painting; but, since the ground was not yet ready for them at home, they first set to work in Europe. As soon as he was one-and-twenty, *Benjamin West*, the first artist born in the New World, went over to London, where he afterwards became the President of the Royal Academy. He was followed by *John Singleton Copley*, who opposed the Classical productions of the age by his vigorous representations of contemporary events of war, while *Gilbert Stuart Newton* and *Charles Robert Leslie* play a part in the history of English *genre* painting.

When, at the close of the War of Independence, the population gradually

came to know more of peace, artistic needs were first felt in America itself; but a favourable field was at first only offered for portrait painters, as was the case in England also. Born in Narraganset in 1756, *Gilbert Stuart* was notably active in Boston from the year 1793, after he had returned from Europe; and he, to begin with, is a man who might hold his own with honour beside the great British portraitists. He was a man of independent mind, who neither imitated his master West, nor yet Reynolds and Gainsborough, nor borrowed anything from the old painters. "I mean to see nature," he said, "with my own eyes. Rembrandt looked at her with his and Raphael with his, and although they have nothing in common, both are marvellous." He was a masterly colourist, and in some of his portraits, such as that of Washington in the Boston Athenæum, or that of "Mr. Grant upon the Ice," he reaches the level of Gainsborough. The latter picture, in fact, was exhibited in England in 1878 over the name of Gainsborough, and was then first put to the credit of the real master.

In addition to Stuart, *Charles Wilson Peale*, *Joseph Wright*, *Chester Harding*, and, more particularly, *Loring Charles Elliot* acquired fame as incisive masters of characterisation. Elliot, as a matter of fact, was one of the best of his age. A trait of greatness combined with exceedingly keen and fine characterisation runs through his pictures. The people he painted are gnarled and genuine types of that race which felled the woods, cultivated the wide and desolate lands, and in the space of a single century gave their republic strength to take a place amongst the foremost nations. One of these portrait painters, *John Trumbull*, who had taken part in the War of Independence as Washington's adjutant, and who had been for a long time one of West's pupils when a political prisoner in London, made a transition from portrait painting to the glorification of his country's deeds in war. In-



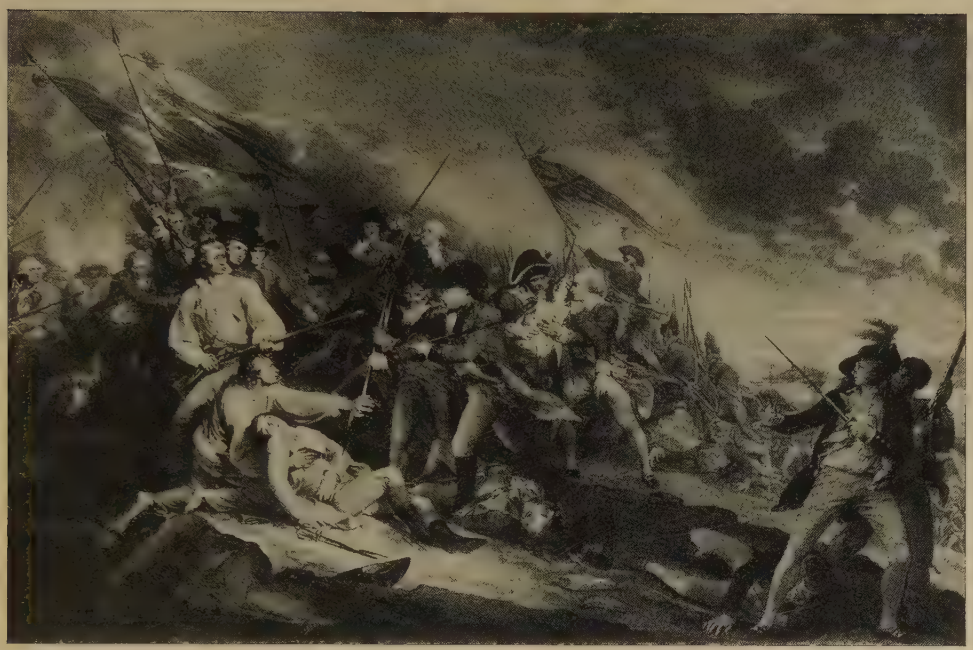
STUART. RT. HON. ISAAC BARRE.

fluenced by Copley's London pictures, he addressed a letter to the President of the Republic, offering "to preserve the memory of every national event by a monumental work." Evidence of his muscular energy is specially found in the series of mural paintings from the American War of Independence with which he embellished the Capitol at Washington in 1817. Besides these there are to be seen in American collections historical pieces of his, such as "The Battle of Bunker's Hill," "The Death of Montgomery," "The Declaration of American Independence," "The Departure of the Garrison from Gibraltar," and other works of a similar kind, which in their healthy realism are more or less of a parallel to the pictures of Gros.

By the Romantic movement America was only moderately affected, for there were no knights or monks or bandits over whom it was possible to wax enthusiastic; and the tendency which reached its climax in Ingres and Cornelius only found a representative in *Washington Allston*. He was a many-sided man who had first studied under West, and then for some years in Italy, while from 1818 he painted in Boston representations from the Bible and from history, portraits, ideal figures, *genre* pictures, and landscapes. He was lauded for his poetic vein, and named the American Titian. Such enthusiasm on the part of contemporaries is, of course, invariably followed by a more chastened style of criticism, and Koehler, in his history of American painting, can find nothing to say to Allston's advantage. Nevertheless, so far as his principal works can be judged by reproductions, he seems to have been a strong and forcible artist. "The Two Sisters," "Jeremiah and the Scribe," and "The Dead Man raised after touching the Bones of Elisha" are favourable samples of his work. The drawing is noble and large, the idea simple and deep, and the figures betray something bluff, outlandish, and realistically angular, which brings him nearer the English pre-Raphaelites than the Idealists.

With Allston's death in 1843, however, his style became extinct, and the genius of grand painting departed from the New World for ever, while a German, *Emanuel Leutze*, went further on the path trodden by West and Copley. Born in Würtemberg and nearly chosen as Director in Düsseldorf, he cannot altogether be reckoned amongst the Americans. And, indeed, his pictures from the War of Liberation are really American in nothing except subject; while it is, at most, the staid, virile trait in his work which distinguishes him from the Düsseldorfers. However, his "Washington crossing the Delaware" is a sincere and loyal historical picture, which in its quiet, matter-of-fact composition rather resembles an earnest artist like Copley than Lessing, with his sentimentalism and exaggeration.

After Leutze had shown the way, Germany for a time took the place of England and Italy as a training school for American artists. A whole troop—*Edward White*, *William Henry Powell*, and *Henry Peters Gray* amongst the number—followed him to Düsseldorf, and, after their return, endowed the world with historical pictures of a sentimental and academical cast. Even the *genre* painters in America differed little from their Düsseldorf contemporaries.



TRUMBULL. THE BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL.

Mention should be made of a pupil of Meyerheim, *Thomas Hill*, who was fond of making his Californian landscapes the stage for idyllic scenes of childhood, and there was *Daniel Huntingdon*, who at the close of his life, when he was President of the New York Academy, indulged in allegorical pictures, such as "Mercy's Dream," "The Sibyls," and the like. The place taken in England by Wilkie belongs in America to *William Sydney Mount*. Himself a farmer, he found subjects for his humour in the life of American countryfolk and negroes. But though he made use of a studio upon wheels, with which he was able to go round the country, his pictures—"Bargaining for a Horse," "The Cheat," "The Little Thieves," and so forth—might just as well have been painted in England or Germany as in America.

Indeed, the most original work produced in American painting in those days was done in the field of landscape. William Cullen Bryant's *Thanatopsis* appeared in 1817, and this was a book which had the same significance for America as the works of Thomson and Rousseau had for England and France: soon afterwards "The Hudson-River School" began to rise, glorifying the marvels of the Rocky Mountains, the banks of the Hudson, and the American lakes, though at first only in the Classical style. The real initiator of the movement was *Thomas Cole*, who goes on lines more or less parallel with those of the Germans Koch and Reinhart, and in some of his works with those of Joseph Vernet. Poussin was his ideal, historical composition his strong point, and colour his weakness.

Then for a time German Romanticism, with its lyrical temper and its sickly passion for moonshine, became the determining influence. As Cole, who came from England, applied the principles of Wilson to American mountain scenery, *Albert Bierstadt*, who was born in Düsseldorf, introduced the Düsseldorfian manner of landscape into the New World. Having studied under Lessing on the Rhine in 1853, he took part in 1858 in an expedition of General Lander to the Rocky Mountains, and these wild regions of the West gave him henceforth the material for his pictures. Whole mountain chains stretch out like a panorama, deep mountain lakes and wild masses of shattered cliff, headlong waterfalls and silent forests. Only a trapper, a cowboy, or an Indian riding bareback after buffalo gives occasional animation to the desolate wilderness. Matters of such ethnographical interest met with approval in Europe also, and quite naturally. At the time when Gude represented Norway, his native-land, for the benefit of the European public, Bierstadt put into the market the boundless American prairies with their herds of buffalo, the defiant, gigantic forms of the mountain cliffs, and the valleys of California—pictures which united geographical accuracy with the effort to compass dazzling meteorological effects. *John B. Bristol* and *Frederick Edward Church* followed a similar course, representing with strong effects of light or mere photographic exactness views of Chimborazo, of tropical moonlight in Mexico, of the thundering falls of Niagara, and of the huge mountain masses of the West. The Alps were also popular, and the rich fields of Italy. *J. F. Kensett*, who is said to have had a fine feeling for the poetry of colour, and to have painted admirably the lovely shores of the mountain lakes in America, enjoys the fame of being the best master of technique, while *Sanford R. Gifford*, an American Hildebrandt, who glorified all the phenomena of light in America, Italy, and the East, is reputed to be the most versatile of this group. Amongst other

LEUTZE. THE IMAGE-BREAKER.

MOUNT. THE VIOLIN PLAYER.

landscapists of the sixties *George Loring Brown*, a sort of American Claude, *Worthington Whitredge* of Ohio, a pupil of Achenbach, *John W. Casilear*, *Albert Bellows*, *Richard W. Hubbard*, *W. T. Richards*, *F. Cropsey*, *Edward Gay*, and *W. Stanley Haseltine* may be mentioned; but it is impossible for one who is not an American to judge of their work. In general the career of American landscape seems to have been that, under the influence of European *paysage intime*, artists gradually came to lay less weight upon mere subject, and aimed at producing an effect by purely artistic means. Gracious studies of light, and intimate views of forest paths, and distant huts and meadowland, took the place of pompous dramatic efforts, wild mountain landscapes, and glaring fireworks. A knowledge of the English water-colour artists De Wint and Cox was communicated by *James Fairman*, who was by birth a Scot, while the three brothers *William*, *Peter*, and *Thomas Morgan* have been manifestly influenced by Turner in their strong sense of the effect of light. A couple of Dutch emigrants, *Albert van Beest* and *F. de Haas*, painted the first sea-pieces, and were followed by *Harry Chase*, who had gone to Holland in 1862 to study under Kruseman van Elten and Mesdag. These were no longer

scenes with a dramatic intention—ships wrecked in a storm upon the cliffs or labouring against high-running waves—such as *C. Petersen*, *W. E. Norton*, and *A. T. Bricher* had a predilection for painting. On the contrary, they were quiet representations of the simple poetry of the sea. *James M. Hart* and *Hamilton Hamilton*, under the influence of the Fontainebleau school, turned to the portrayal of the American forests, resplendent in red and yellow foliage, and of animals lying on the rich meadows. The most important of these men was *William Morris Hunt*, who from 1846 had been for some time a sculptor in Düsseldorf, and had undergone a long apprenticeship under Couture in Paris and Millet in Barbizon before he returned to settle down in Boston. In particular he has painted certain pieces with sheep which approach Charles Jacque in delicacy.

Such essentially was the result of the career of American art up to 1860. America had individual painters, but no formed school. But the ambition to stand on a level with other nations was gaining ground, and to do this it was necessary to study systematically abroad. Earlier artists had only left America on brief trips, which left no permanent impressions; the next generation made itself at home all over Europe. Düsseldorf, to which Leutze and Bierstadt had directed attention, was no longer even thought of as a training school. As for Munich, it wavered indecisively between Kaulbach and Piloty. But Paris enjoyed all the greater celebrity. Here, under Gérôme, *Lemuel Everett Wilwarth*, who was a teacher of the New York School of Art, had already gained the principles of knowledge with which he impressed his pupils. Hence had come *François Régis Gignoux* and *Asher Brown-Durand*, two French landscapists who made a great sensation in New York during the sixties. So Paris became for the American generation of 1860 what it had been for the Germans of 1850; and, treating the Parisian Americans alone, it would be easy to write a short history of French art, for they distinctly reflect the French methods of various epochs.

When the first Americans came to Paris the new seeds planted by Courbet and the Fontainebleau landscapists had not yet forced their way to the surface. The scholastic and externally brilliant painting of Couture was the centre of interest. Bouguereau had achieved his earliest successes, and the cold porcelain style of Gérôme was an object of admiration. And there was also the discreetly chastened peasant-painting of Breton, whose "Return of the Reapers" had placed him in 1853 in the front rank of French *genre* painters. To these masters the first Americans who came to study in Paris most naturally turned.

The old *genre* painting found its representative in *Henry Mosler*, who was born in 1840 in New York. His most lasting impressions he received in the years when Knaus made his successes in Paris, and when Breton came forward with his earliest pictures of peasant life. Mosler's works—for example, "The Tinker," "The Harvest Festival," "The Last Moments," and "The Prodigal Son"—are good *genre* pictures, which might be ascribed to Vautier or Bokel-

THOMAS COLE. A DREAM OF ARCADIA.

mann, or one of the French painters of the village tale, say Brion, Marchal, or Breton.

Bouguereau's Neo-Classicism, highly perfumed and with a tendency to be feebly fanciful, had its satellite in *Carl Gutherz*, a Swiss by birth, who had come to Paris as a boy in 1851. One of his principal pictures, which was painted in 1888, was called "Lux Incarnationis." From the manger in Bethlehem there shone a beaming light: the air was filled with the heavenly host spreading throughout space like gleaming and hovering clouds. In the foreground beautiful, slender young angels, with many-coloured wings, issued from the glittering throng, with golden aureoles crowning their young heads. There were nude little boy angels also, following them, and scattering the flowers of heaven, which turned to rosy clouds. All these angels, however, were modernised French Cinquecento angels; they were feeble and mawkish every one of them, and suggested a monotonous atmosphere of perfume. "Ecce Homo," "Sappho," "The Temptation of St. Anthony," "The Golden Legend," and "The Midsummer Night's Dream" are titles of other pictures of his which are as motley as they are feeble.

Frederick A. Bridgman is Gérôme translated into American. From 1863 to 1866 he was steel-engraver to an American company for making banknotes, and thus was well prepared when he came to Gérôme, the hard Classicist, whom he resolutely followed to the East. He trod the soil of Africa for the first time in 1872, travelled through Algiers and Egypt, and then became the painter of these regions—and not alone of their present inhabitants, but of their classical past as well. His "Burial of a Mummy" won the gold medal at the Paris World Exhibition of 1878, and in 1881 he was able to bring together three hundred and thirty pictures of the East at an exhibition in New York. Under Gérôme, Bridgman acquired great dexterity, learning from him all that was to be learnt; he is, indeed, a little more flexible than his teacher, though at bottom a hard Classicist also. White

W. M. HUNT. THE LAMBS.

draperies, dark flesh tints, shining marble and keen blue atmosphere, ethnographical accuracy and a taste for anecdote, are the leading characteristics of his pictures. He does not fail to specify that his negro festival, for example, takes place " In Blidah " ; and when he shows a beauty of the harem fallen upon by a sensual assassin in the series called " The Sacrifice of Virtue," he pays tribute to Gérôme's delight in executioners. His white, cold porcelain pictures are, like those of Gérôme, judiciously composed, deftly carried out, and exceedingly pretty in detail, but they are hard and motley, paltry and inexpressive of temperament.

After working under Gérôme, *Edwin Lord Weeks* (born in Boston in 1849) penetrated yet further into the East. The earliest pictures which he sent to the Paris Salon represented scenes from remote parts of Morocco. With caravans organised by himself he pressed into the hidden interior of this empire to paint the strange reality. Not to become monotonous, he then passed to India, which he explored in all directions, finding that scenery, architecture, and the ways of men provided him with a yet greater wealth of materials. With peculiar delight he lingered in the sacred city of Benares, on the banks of the Ganges, where pagoda follows pagoda and mosque follows mosque, and the reek of the funeral pyres where the corpses of devout Hindoos are burning mounts into the air. The streets swarm with figures clad in white and with white turbans, and protected from the rays of the sun by huge and gaudy umbrellas. Brown and half-naked men and women occupied in washing clothes squat upon the bank ; and slender dark-skinned girls with fans of Indian palm walk along past dazzling marble palaces. In his studies from Hindostan, Weeks has portrayed with great knowledge of Indian nature the pictorial and grotesque features of the Hindoo, and the splendour of burning sunlight shed over all their doings. The intense white tropical sun pours down upon the white marble temples, gleams upon the variegated silken costumes, broods upon the brown skin of the people, glitters upon the tails of peacocks and the gold-embroidered hangings of the elephants : such a dazzling tropical effect is found elsewhere only in Verestchagin's oriental pictures.

A third pupil of Gérôme, *Harry Humphrey Moore*, turned to Japan, though before doing so he went through a second course of apprenticeship, for he worked under Fortuny in Rome. The latter gave him the pungency and sparkle of his painting, and as, some twenty-five years ago, the bold, capricious pictures of the Spaniard were deemed worth their weight in gold, the refined Japanese studies of Moore, glittering in red and yellow, are at present much sought after in America.

Julius L. Stewart, a Parisian from Philadelphia, and the son of an American collector who possesses the best pictures of Fortuny, reversed the course of Moore—that is to say, he had been a pupil of Fortuny's pupil Zamacois before he placed himself under Gérôme—and the lively variety of colour and spirited improvisation of his works bear witness to his artistic descent. In result of Fortuny's influence, Stewart has become a thorough man of the world, a

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MOSLER. THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

BRIDGMAN. *D. Appleton & Co.*
ORIENTAL INTERIOR.

painter of society, and one of captivating grace, whose "Hunt Ball" and "Five-o'clock Tea" were amongst the most refined pictures of the Paris Exhibition of 1889.

Straitened by no old artistic traditions, the Americans had no occasion to do homage to conservative opinions in their painting. The words Classicism and Naturalism had no meaning for them. They merely repaired to the studios where they believed themselves able to learn most. Having given a preference in the beginning to academicians of the *École des Beaux-Arts*, they were the first to join with the new movement in Paris which set in the direction of landscape and Naturalism. Even those who studied under Bonnat and Carolus Duran in the beginning of the seventies did not remain faithful to the method of their teachers, but with an astonishing instinct found out the masters to whom the future belonged. Counsel was sought from Manet and Monet, Bastien-Lepage and Dagnan-Bouveret, Millet and Cazin, in turn. In many of these Americans it is only their particular *métier* that is interesting, what the Parisians call *faire les Rousseau, faire les Carrière, faire les Bastien.* In all of them one recognises certain influences, whether they follow the landscape of 1830, move in the train of Puvis de Chavannes or Besnard, or frequent the neighbourhood of Giverny to study the bold atmospheric vibrations of Claude Monet. But as they never follow old-fashioned models, but invariably the most modern, they are characteristic, if not of American, at all events of the most novel tendencies of French painting, and that in a very striking way.

WEEKS. *Hanfstaengl.*
THE LAST JOURNEY.

Charles Sprague Pearce of Boston, who came to Bonnat in 1873, when he was two-and-twenty, and has since lived on the Seine as one of the finest artists of the American colony, has a preference for Picardy. His shepherdesses, peasant girls, and women chopping wood or minding their herds are the works of a man who acquired a forcible technique under Bonnat and studied Bastien-Lepage with understanding.

Then there is *William J. Dannat*, a broad painter, who began his studies in Munich, and then went to Munkacsy in Paris. Now he is a man upwards of fifty, working as teacher at the *École des Beaux-Arts*, and notable as a spirited observer of the pictorial peculiarities of Spain. He is a dandy in art for whom conventional beauty is a thing utterly thrashed out, a juggler of the brush who can do whatever he likes, and therefore likes to show all that he can do. His earliest pictures—" A Quartette," " A Sacristy in Arragon," and so forth—obviously owe their existence to similar works of Manet. At present Degas is his ideal, and the study of artificial light his field of experiment. The representation of a Spanish *café chantant* made him the *enfant terrible* of the Munich Exhibition in 1892. Six rouged and squalling Spanish girls, clattering castanets, and each more hideous than the other, are sitting upon a bench against a light grey background. The electric light falling full upon them makes a caricature of every colour, and plays upon their faces in violet, pale red, green, and blue reflections. The whole thing looked like an audacious

tavern sign, and only those who were not disposed to lose their temper with it noticed that the scene had been observed with the ready instinct of a Japanese, and painted *alla prima* with a sureness which only few living artists could command.

Alexander Harrison has made a close study of Besnard and Cazin. He has not painted much, but every one of his pictures has made a palpable hit. The earliest and most unassuming, a small landscape, discreet and delicate in its effect, displayed a streamlet and trees, in the midst of which a gap allowed the sight of a peaceful landscape in the light of evening. The second, "In Arcady," was one of the finest studies of light which have been painted since Manet. The manner in which the sunlight fell upon the high grass and slender trees, its rays gliding over branch and shrub, touching the green blades like shining gold, and glancing over the nude bodies of fair women—here over a hand, here over a shoulder, and here again over the bosom—was painted with such virtuosity, felt with such poetry, and so free from all the heaviness of earth, that one hardly seemed to be looking at a picture at all. The luminous painting of Besnard had here reached its final expression, and the summit of classic finish was surmounted. His third picture was called "The Wave." To seize such phenomena of nature in their completeness—things so fickle and so hard to arrest in their mutability — had been the chief study of French painters since Manet. When Harrison exhibited his "Wave," sea-pieces by Duez, Roll, and Victor Binet were also in existence; but Harrison's "Wave" was the best of them all. The rendering of water, the crystal transparency of the billows with their changing light, was in this case so extraordinarily faithful that one was tempted to declare that the water of the others was absolutely solid, compared with this elemental

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PEARCE. A SHEPHERDESS.

essence of moisture. If one looked long at this heaving and subsiding tide, this foaming revel of waves, one almost felt a sort of giddiness, and fancied one's self riding upon the high-running crests of the billows over the unfathomed sea. Air and the motion of waves were, during the following years, the chief objects of Harrison's study. In his picture of 1892 a greenish-yellow evening sky arched over a motionless stretch of green-yellow sea, where nude women were bathing in the full play of green-yellow reflections. The entire picture was almost one monotony of greenish-yellow in its discreetly wavering hues; but with what delicacy were these varieties of tone differentiated! What play of light! How the sea flashed and glittered, and with what a bloom the bodies of the women rose against the air! Evening lay dreamy and darkling over a still woodland lake in his picture of 1893. A skiff, with the naked figure of a young man in it, sailed in this far-off solitude. The effect was large and solemn, unostentatious and yet great.

A pupil of Bonnat, *Walter Gay* of Boston, seems to feel specially at home amongst the peasants of the west of France, and, with that rather tiresome frankness of Northern painters—a frankness which fails to express the temperament of the artist—he studies the manners of the people where they are primitive and naïve. Through large windows hung with thin curtains the bright daylight falls into the clean rooms of peasants, gleaming on the boards of the floor, the shining tops of the tables, and the white caps of the women, who sit at their work sewing; it is the familiar problem of light for which Liebermann, Kuehl, and Uhde have also a predilection. *Eugene Vail*, who was influenced by Mesdag and De Nittis, shrouds his Dutch sea-pieces and pictures of the port of London in a heavy, melancholy mist. *Walter MacEwen* of Chicago paints interiors with delicate light, moist sea air, and monotonous dunes with labourers returning in the evening from their day's work.

Before migrating to Paris both of these painters had long worked in Holland, whither Liebermann had shown the way at the close of the seventies, and where Gari Melchers and George Hitchcock are occupied at the present time.

Gari Melchers, once a pupil of the Classicists Boulanger and Lefebure, has something thoroughly Dutch in his temperament, as indeed his name would indicate, only he lacks the peculiar tenderness of the Dutch. Like the Dutch amongst whom he lives, he paints scenes from the life of peasants and fishermen in Holland, and has discovered a peculiarly congenial field of study in the plain, whitewashed village churches of the country. His first effort of this kind, "The Sermon" of 1886, was painted in a very robust style, and seen with sincerity. A few peasant women, in their picturesque costume, are sitting piously following the words of the preacher, whom one does not see, though the expression of the faces is painted so convincingly that one seems to hear him. Gari Melchers is, indeed, a sincere and quiet observer, and approaches nature with energy, though he looks into the world with the cold objectivity of a camera. His figures are heavy and motionless, his

DANNAT. SPANISH WOMEN.

pictures arid and wanting in poetry ; they are all flooded with the same hard Northern daylight. In the presence of his picture " The Lord's Supper," painted, as it is, in such a staid and matter-of-fact style, one almost feels compassion for people whose religion is so entirely devoid of any sort of mystical grace. The church itself is bald and monotonous ; and the dull blue, green, and grey colours of the dresses, which give the picture its peculiarly chill and arid tone, are in keeping with the church.

George Hitchcock, who also lives in Egmond, unites to the Dutch phlegm a certain delicate, English pre-Raphaelite *nuance*. One knows the Dutch spring, when towns like Haarlem and Egmond, famous for bulb-culture, are surrounded with a dazzling, variegated carpet of tulips, dark and bright red, violet and sky-blue, white and bordered with yellow, when the air is filled with intoxicating perfume and the nightingales warble in the green woods. A picture like this, an actual picture entitled " Tulip Growing," was the foundation of Hitchcock's reputation in the Salon of 1885. In one of his later works, a field of white lilies stretched along beside a green meadow. The flowers had shot up high and almost reached to the girdle of the young country girl who moved, grave and thoughtful, through the idyllic landscape. A faint circlet of beams hovered above her head ; it was Mary awaiting the joyous tidings of the angel. The dunes, too, with their tall grey-green grass and their damp and melancholy atmosphere, delighted him. Here stands a shepherdess—one with the name of Jeanne d'Arc—lost in thought beside

her flock, and here young peasant wives, accompanied by their children, wend their way home from their work in the fields.

While these Americans at work in Holland acquire a certain provincial character, a cordial and phlegmatic trait, in harmony with their place of resort, those in London are accomplished men of the world, who have travelled much and are graceful, subtle, and scintillating. In Paris they have absorbed everything that is to be learnt there, and they combine with their Parisian *chic* a fragrant Anglo-Saxon aroma.

At their head stands *John Singer Sargent*, one of the most brilliant artists of the present day. Born in Florence in 1856, Sargent is still a young man. In Florence and in France he was brought up amid brilliant surroundings, and thus acquired as a boy what is wanting to many painters throughout their whole lives—refined and exquisite taste. Having copied portraits after the old Venetians, he began to study under Carolus Duran, and he is now what Carolus Duran once was—a painter of the most mundane elegance. Indeed, compared with Sargent's women, those of Duran are like village *belles*. Psychological analysis of character, it is true, is a thing as alien to him as it was to his teacher; but how thoroughly successful he is in reproducing the fragrant *odeur de femme*, and in catching the physiognomy, fashion, gesture, tone, and spirit of a dignified aristocracy! How vividly his women stand out in their exquisitely tasteful dresses! No one has painted those professional beauties who consecrate everything to self-adoration with a more complete understanding of what he was about. No one is so triumphant in arresting the haughty reserve of a woman, the delicate complexion of a girl, a flitting smile, an ironical or timid glance, a mien, a turn of the head, or a tremor of the lips. No one has such a comprehension of the eloquent grace of delicate, sensitive hands playing with a fan or quietly folded together. He is the painter of subtle and often strange and curious beauty, conscious of itself and displaying its charms in the best light—a fastidious artist of exquisite taste, the most refined painter of feminine portraits of the present day. His portrait of Mrs. Boit made an impression of power like a Velasquez, and those of Mrs. Henry White, Mrs. Comyns Carr, and the group of the Misses Vickers, one of very great distinction. In the year 1887 he painted the portrait of Mrs. Playfair, a lady with a majestic figure, standing in yellowish-white silk with a dark green mantle in front of a white and red background; that of Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth was painted in 1890.

But the smile of the modern sphinx is not his only theme, for he also renders the grace of high-bred children; and as a painter of children he is equalled by Renoir alone. The four little girls playing in a great dark hall in his "Portrait of the Misses F." were exquisite indeed, and painted with a veracity that was entirely naïve and novel; all the poses were natural, all the colours subtle, those of the furniture, the great Japanese vases, the bright vaporous dresses, the silk stockings. In a picture of 1891 a most enchanting young girl, seen full-face, sat bolt-upright upon a plain high wooden chair in

SOLITUDE.

HARRISON.

GAY. *D. Appleton & Co.* AN ASYLUM.

front of dark wainscoting, looking dreamily and unsuspectingly before her, out of widely opened brown eyes, like those of a gazelle ; while in the charming picture " Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose," which now hangs in the South Kensington Museum, a fine effect of light *à la* Besnard is united with delicate observation of child-life. The scene takes place at the hour of dusk in a pretty garden nook belonging to an English country place. Amid green leaves and rosy flowers, growing thickly, two little girls, with the gravest faces in the world, are intent on lighting great Japanese lanterns, the light of which struggles with the twilight, casting tremulous reddish beams upon the foliage and the children's dresses.

Sargent is French in his entire manner, and, above everything, a painter for painters. Of poetry and inward absorption he has no trace. Like Besnard, he is a subtle virtuoso, though undoubtedly an artist who challenges the admiration of his fellows, while the great public stand in perplexity before his pictures. His *métier* interests him, and therefore he interests others. His pictures, moreover, always show the work of the hand. Every stroke can be followed. Everything lives and breathes and moves and quivers. Some scenes from Venice and from Spanish *cafés chantants*, perhaps, show the full degree of his ability. Needless to state, he has not represented the Grand

Canal nor the Palace of St. Mark, for anything so banal and threadbare would hardly suit his taste. On the contrary, his views from Venice only contain scenes from dark holes and corners of the town, or from low halls where a sunbeam is coyly falling; or a pair of girls, wrapped in dirty greenish-yellow shawls, are flitting through the streets in their little wooden shoes like lizards. In 1882 he painted a gipsy dance with a gallant *maestria* which would have delighted Goya. Degas alone would have rendered the movement of the dancing-girl, in all her melting lines, with such astonishing sureness of hand, and Manet alone would have rendered the *guitarero* with so much naturalness. One of his later masterpieces, "Carmencita," a portrait of the Spanish dancer, dressed in orange and advancing to the footlights with her hand resting upon her hip, has come into the possession of the Musée Luxembourg.

Together with Sargent amongst the London Americans, *Henry Muhrmann* has specially come to the front at recent exhibitions. Trained at Munich, he now works by preference in Hastings, and amid the dark cliffs of this old seaside town he has painted landscapes of a dim, melancholy, and earnest depth. With their fine instinct for novelty, their presage of the tendency of the future, the Americans are well able to estimate the value of European schools of art. For this reason they seek neither Berlin nor Düsseldorf amongst German centres of art, but only Munich, nor did they come even here until Munich had decisively joined in the great modern movement.

In Munich *Carl Marr* has acquired the reputation of being an artist of uncommon soundness. He cannot be called particularly spirited nor particularly intimate in feeling; and many young painters shake their heads with indifference when they behold his pictures—wearisome and sound, sound and wearisome. Marr is no stormy revolutionary; he is a worker, a born professor for an academy, whose talent is made up of the elements of will, work, study, and patience. He is possessed of an arid precision, to which it is not difficult to do justice, and through this quiet, sure-footed Naturalism, free from all extravagances, he has won many admirers—not indeed amongst epicures, but at any rate amongst the conservatives in art.

Photo, Bassano.
GEORGE HITCHCOCK.

His large "Procession of Flagellants," by which he introduced himself to the artistic world in 1889, was a good, serious, historical picture, which had no false vehemence. One could not go

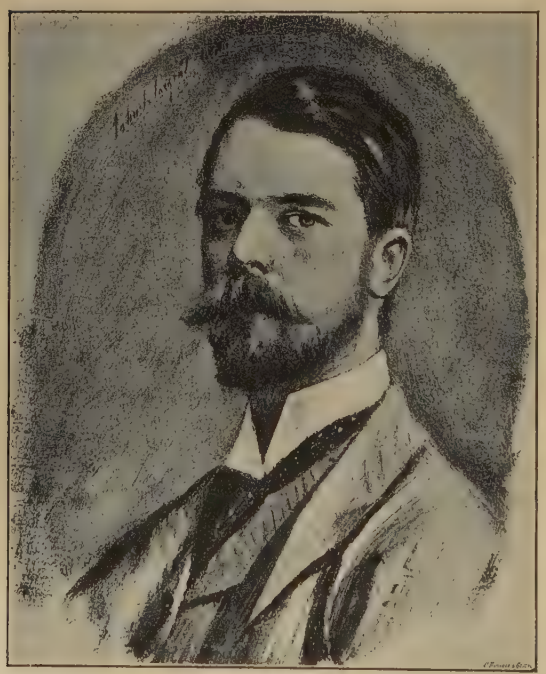
Hanfstaengl.
MELCHERS. THE SERMON.

into great raptures at seeing a bright historical painting taking the place of one which was brown, but it was impossible not to recognise the draughtsmanlike qualities and the courage and endurance requisite for illustrating so big a canvas. His next picture, "Germany in 1806," was more intimate and sensitive in feeling: in subject, indeed, it was not entirely free from features savouring of German *genre* and *Die Gartenlaube*; but from a technical standpoint it had interest, since it bore witness, for the first time, to the observation of twilight in an interior, after a period in which brightness of painting had been insisted on in a one-sided fashion. Even in his "Summer Day" of 1892 he showed that he had the art of producing a *genre* picture intelligible to the great public with the resources of modern *plein-air* painting. The girls, and mothers and children, sitting under the leaves in the garden, were pretty enough to delight the Sunday crowd of sightseers, while the brilliancy of the sun rippling through the foliage, and the motes of light playing upon the ground and the human figures, were interpreted with consummate ability. In fact, Marr has the capacity of satisfying every one. His pictures attract the most incompetent judges because they tell a story, and yet the soundness of their technique is so great that they cannot offend the most exacting.

Charles Frederick Ulrich, who was born in New York, and afterwards

became a pupil of Löfftz and Lindenschmit, has found much that is pretty to paint in Italy. In fact, he takes a place in the group represented by Ludwig Pasini, Zezzos, Nono, Tito, Cecil van Haanen, Franz Ruben, Eugene Blaas, William Logsdail, Henry Woods, and others. The richly coloured city of the lagunes is his domain—not romantic Venice, but the Venice of the day, with its narrow ways and pretty girls, Venice with its glittering effects of light and picturesque figures in the streets. Laundresses and women making bouquets sit laughing and jesting over their work—the same coquettish girls with black or red hair, pearly white teeth, and neat little slippers who are found also in the works of Tito. What distinguishes Ulrich from the Italians is merely that he loves refinement and softness in making transitions, mild lustre of colour, and distinction and sobriety in general tone, after the fashion of the English water-colour artists, in contradistinction to the pyrotechnics of Fortuny.

Mention should be made also of the portraits and unpretentious sketches from street life in Munich by *Robert Koehler* of Milwaukee, and of good landscapes and etchings by *Sion Wenban*. *Orrin Peck* attracted attention in 1889 by a picture named "From Him," a thoughtful piece of Düsseldorfian work with modern technique. And *Hermann Hartwich*, a pupil of Löfftz, chiefly finds his subjects in South Tyrol and the North of Italy: interiors with grandmothers and children, laundresses upon sunny meadows, or winter landscapes with cattle-dealers and shivering animals.



Mag. of Art.

SARGENT PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

(*By permission of the Artist.*)

True it is that all these painters reveal nothing American. They are, indeed, hardly to be distinguished from their French, English, and German colleagues. But the swiftness and ability with which America came to support herself upon European crutches in the matter of technique is all the more admirable. All these men have become good soldiers in the armies of foreign leaders. They have learnt to stand firmly on their feet in Europe, and that in itself is a great achievement. Even as late as the year 1878 Mr. G. W. Sheldon was able to write in an article upon American art published in *Harper's*

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.

SARGENT. (*By permission of the Artist.*) EL JALEO.

Magazine: "The great defect of American art—to speak in the spirit of self-examination and soberness—is ignorance. American artists, with a few conspicuous exceptions, have not mastered the science of their profession. They did not learn early enough how to draw; they have not practised drawing persistently enough or long enough. . . . They have not clear ideas of what art is and of what art demands."

But after less than twenty years exactly the opposite came to pass. What is striking in all American pictures is their eminent technical ability. There is displayed in these pictures a strenuous discipline of talent, an effort to probe the subject as artistically as possible, a thoroughness seldom equalled even by the "thoroughness" of the Germans. And technique being the basis of every art, the groundwork for the growth of a specially American school has been thus created.

It is, of course, impossible for one who is not an American to make for himself any clear sketch of transatlantic art. But according to the accounts which reach us from the United States, a powerful artistic movement, expressing itself by the foundation of numerous galleries, art schools, and art unions, must have passed through the country during the last twenty years. In every really large town there are industrial museums and picture galleries, and sometimes these are of great importance; the modern section of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, in particular, is one of the best of its kind. Academies of Art have sprung up in all directions, the most dis-

Hanfstaengl.
SARGENT. CARNATION, LILY, LILY, ROSE.

tinguished being those of Boston, New York, New-haven, and Philadelphia, beside which there are comprehensive private collections. Their illustrated magazines are supported by a most extensive circle of readers, and are sometimes periodicals of such high artistic character that Europe has nothing similar that can be placed beside them. *The Century* and *Harper's Magazine*, for instance, count amongst their illustrators men whose names are held in esteem in both hemispheres, such as *Edwin A. Abbey*, *Charles S. Reinhart*, *Howard Pyle*, *Joseph Pennell*, and *Alfred Parsons*. Moreover, a new school for the art of woodcut engraving has come into being, with Frederick Jüngling, Closson, and Timothy Cole at its head, and these men stand to their European colleagues as a spirited etcher to a neat line-engraver in copper. And even as regards painting, the Paris Exhibition of 1889 and the Munich Exhibition of 1892 bore witness that an individual movement was already stirring in America, and that American art was no longer an appanage of European, but an independent growth, an organism which had set itself free from Europe. In the Paris Exhibition of 1855 the Americans had no section to themselves. In 1867, it is true, they had three sides of a small inner gallery, but only excited interest amongst their compatriots. In 1878 they were represented by pictures more in number and better in quality. But in 1889 the American section was one of the most admirable in the World Exhibition. Not only were there painters who, after they had become known in Europe, had continued to work energetically according to the principles acquired in the Old World, but there were likewise young artists who had completed their schooling across the ocean, and boldly went their own way, untouched by European influences. Moreover, older artists were discovered, men whose relationship to our own schools it was by no means easy to establish, though they took a place beside the most individual masters in Europe.

And yet one is not brought into the "Wild West" by these American masters. Hordes of Indians, grazing buffaloes, burning prairies, and virgin

forests, gold-diggers, fur-traders, and Romanticism of the "Leather Stocking" order may be sought in their works in vain. The many-sided *Winslow Homer*, the painter of Uncle Tom's Cabin, is striking as the only one of them who represents in his subjects what we should understand as peculiarly American. He took an interest in the coloured population, and had the secret of kindling an interest for them in Europeans also. His negro studies, his representations of the land and the people, his pictures of the American soil with the race of men whose home it is, are often rather naïve in painting, but they are honest and sincere, baptized in American water. He was a vigorous realist who went straight to the mark and painted his open-air scenes in sunlight fluently from nature. Thus he was the first energetic representative of open-air painting in America.

Alfred Kappes, as well, has sometimes given felicitous renderings of negro life. *G. Brush*, on the other hand, borrows his subjects from the life of the Indians, while *Robert Blum* paints Japanese street scenes full of sunlight and lustrous colour. For the rest, American art is a résumé of the art of Europe, just as the race itself is a medley of the civilised peoples of the Old World. Of the peculiarity of life in the West it has nothing so original and unexpected to reveal as the things which Mark Twain and Bret Harte have told in literature. Yet it is

Studio.

ABBEY. CRUSADERS SIGHTING JERUSALEM.

D. Appleton & Co.

HOMER. SUNDAY MORNING IN OLD VIRGINIA.

an exceedingly tasteful résumé, and if America still counts as a convenient market for the commercial wares of Europe, this does not mean that there are no painters in the country, but merely that American painters are too proud to satisfy the demands of picture dealers. This reaction found its weightiest expression in 1878, in the foundation of the Society of American Artists, the first article in whose statutes was that they did not accept Cabanel, Bouguereau, and Meyer of Bremen as their leaders, but Millet, Corot, and Rousseau. The founders of this society were *Walter Shirlaw*, who had come home from Munich; *George Fuller*, who had lived upon his farm in quiet retirement, far from the artistic life of capitals; *George Inness*, *Wyatt Eaton*, *Morris Hunt*, and *Thomas Moran*. It redounds to the credit of these men that they made the noble art of the Fontainebleau colony the basis of artistic effort in America.

George Inness made himself known in Germany for the first time in 1892 by three landscapes. "Sunset," painted in 1888, displayed a few withered trees upon a lonely heath, and a blue-black sky, with a deep red sun breaking forth from the rent clouds. The second picture, "Winter Morning," represented a season which is dear to English painters likewise—the verge of spring before nature grows verdant, when the trees and shrubs show their earliest

buds, and a suggestion of coming blossom peeps through the last of the snow which still covers the fields with a dirty brownish-grey. The third picture, "A Calm Day," displayed a few trees on the border of a lake in the dusk: the forms of nature here were merely a medium by which the painter represented the play of finely balanced tones.

It then became known that George Inness, a master whom his contemporaries had not known how to value, and who first received his laurels from the younger generation, was born as early as 1st May 1825, in Newburgh (Orange County), near the romantic banks of the Hudson, where simple, rustic, and idyllic landscapes stretch hard by the virgin-forest scenery of America. When he began to paint, R. Gignoux, who had come from France and held the masters of Barbizon in great veneration, had just entered into the full possession of his powers. At his studio Inness beheld the first landscapes of the Fontainebleau school, and became more familiarly acquainted with their works through a residence in Europe extending from 1871 to 1875. In these later years he worked upon his most important creations. His life, like that of Corot, was a constant renovation of artistic power. Like Corot, he began with views from Italy. Simple pictures from the Roman Campagna alternated with straightforward representations of the Gulf of Naples. Then, for a time, he became a Romanticist, embellishing the wild woods of America with angels and pilgrims, monks and crucifixes. But in the sixties the marvels of light became his field of study, and some of the pictures which he painted

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INNESS. PEACE AND PLENTY.

at that time—for example, the large work "Light Triumphant"—might have been signed by Turner. Grey clouds float across the firmament, and behind them stands the shining globe of the sun; all the sky quivers like fluid gold; shining yellow is the stream which flows through the meadow; and sunbeams ripple through the branches of the trees and glance upon the brown glistening hide of the cattle and the white horses of the cowboys. Sad and sombre, and covered with thick darkness, was "The Valley of the Shadow of Death," with the distant cross upon which the body of the Saviour hung shining. But in later days this same Romanticist has purged himself and become quiet in manner, classic, like a painter of the Fontainebleau school whose name one cannot recall. He loves the world when it lies in a solemn dusk, rolling country, with leafless boughs and withered bushes; though he also delights in the red, glowing splendours of sunset and the dark thunderstorm. At times he is broad and powerful like Rousseau, at times delicate with the Elysian sentiment of Corot, here idyllically rustic like Daubigny, and here full of vehement lament like Dupré. All his pictures are tone-symphonies, broadly painted, deeply harmonised, and in perfect concord; and the history of art must hold him in honour as one of the most delicate and many-sided landscapists of the century.

Wyatt Eaton became the American Millet. Having been first a pupil of Leutze in Düsseldorf and then for many years in Barbizon, he began to paint reapers, wood-choppers, and peasants resting from their work—in fact, all those country motives naturalised in art by the poetic genius of Jean François. Wyatt Eaton's talent, however, has not the robust largeness or the complete rusticity of the master of Gruchy; nevertheless it holds itself aloof from the

VONNOH. A POPPY FIELD.

DEWING. AT THE PIANO.

manufactured elegance by which Jules Breton obtained admission into the drawing-room for Millet's peasants. His representation of country life is sincere and honest, though his painting, like Millet's, has a certain laboured heaviness. Men, trees, and haystacks are touched by the same oily light.

A younger artist, *Dwight William Tryon*, who has been since 1885 the Director of the Hartford School of Art, had his eye disciplined under Daubigny. There may be seen in his pictures, as in Daubigny's, a silvery grey atmosphere against which the tracery of young foliage stands out in relief, green shining meadows and softly rippling streams, corn-fields, apple-trees, and fruit-gardens. In his delicate little picture "The Rising Moon," exhibited in the Munich Exhibition of 1892, the parting flush of evening plays over a bluish-green haystack with a dusky yellow light. His second picture, "Daybreak," displayed a lake and a sleeping town, over which the grey dawn cast its hesitating beams. In his third picture, "December," he rendered a strip of sedge and a grey fallow-ground over which there rested, sad and chill, a grey heavy stratum of atmosphere, pierced by yellowish streaks of light.

J. Appleton Brown, whose works made a stir in the Salon as early as the seventies, is compared with Dupré by American critics. His favourite key of colour is that of dun-coloured sunset, and against it a gnarled oak or the

CHASE. IN THE PARK.

yellow sail of a small craft stretches like a dark phantom. That admirable painter of animals, *Peter Moran*, turned early from Landseer to Rosa Bonheur and Troyon. One of his brothers, *Thomas Moran*, gave himself up to the study of landscape, and the other, Edward, to that of the sea and life upon the strand. They are in every sense American artists, men who borrow their subjects from American scenery only, depicting it under a peculiarly brilliant light. In *Thomas Moran's* pictures from the virgin forests of the South all objects are enveloped in the golden haze of Turner. Waterfalls and glowing red, blue, and violet masses of cliff are bathed in sunny mist, in orange, tender blue, or light green atmosphere. *Edward Moran* painted fishermen and fisherwomen at their toil or returning home : water and shore, people and vessels, vanish into a blue haze which decomposes all outlines. *L. C. Tiffany* established himself in the port of New York, and painted charming things which yield in nothing to those of Vollon : in the foreground are ships and men at work, and in the background the piquant outline of New York rising out of the mist, and reflected in the clear water, gilded by the dawn. The works of *John Francis Murphy* are full of intimate feeling, and although his dark regions of wood, sedge-grown pools, and peasant cabins were painted on the Hudson, they have been seen, in their delicately toned poetry of nature, entirely with the eyes of a Fontainebleau painter.

The younger men passed from beauty recalling the old masters, and that radiant clearness which Turner loved, to the study of more complicated

effects of light. Fire, lamplight, and sunlight strive for the mastery upon their canvases. *Childe Hassam*, who returned some years ago from Paris to America, has rendered the street life of New York in fresh and fleeting sketches : snow, smoke, and flaring gaslight pouring through the shop windows, quivering out into the night, and reflected in an intense blaze upon the faces of men and women. *Julian Alden Weir*, son of Robert Walter Weir, the American Piloty, worked in Paris under Gérôme, though he would seem to have made a far more frequent study of Cazin. His simple little pictures—footpaths leading between meadows, narrow rivulets rippling by the side of dusty roads—have that softly meditative and tenderly dreamy trait which is the note of Cazin's landscapes. Another of these painters, *H. W. Ranger*, loves the quiet hour when the lighted gas-lamps contend against the fading day, and the electric light pierces, with its keen rays, the sea of smoke and mist that hangs over the streets. As befits his Dutch origin, *Alexander van Laer* has in his sea-pieces more of a leaning towards Mesdag's grey tones. *Bisbing* paints large landscapes, saturated by light and air, with cows somnolently resting in the sun ; while *Davis* has the secret of interpreting the greyish-blue effects of morning with great delicacy. And the younger *Inness* has a fondness for departing thunder-showers, rainbows, and misty red sunbeams penetrating like wedges through a sea of mist, and resting upon wide stony fields.

Unhackneyed, desperately unhackneyed, unhackneyed to exaggeration, are the figure painters also. That enlivening artist *J. G. Brown*, indefatigable in portraying the street arabs of New York ; *J. M. C. Hamilton*, who based himself upon Alfred Stevens ; the miniature painter *Ignaz Marcel Gaugengigl* ; and even *J. Ridgway Knight*, of Philadelphia, a Bastien-Lepage transposed into the key of feminine prettiness—these, with their smooth, neat, conscientious painting, no longer fit into the general plan of American art. The younger men do not waste their time over such work of detail done with a fine brush, in addition to which the ordinary grey painting is too simple for them. Some of them, like *Elihu Vedder* and *Frederick S. Church*, move in a grotesquely fantastic world of ideas. Others attempt the most hazardous schemes of colour, and often excite the impression that their pictures have not been painted with the brush at all. In this respect that bold colourist *Robert William Vonnoh* reached the extreme limit at the Munich Exhibition of 1892. His gleaming and flaming picture of a field of poppies, where a girl was playing, while the glowing July sun glanced over it, is less like an oil-painting than a relief in oils. The unmixed red had been directly pressed on to the canvas from the tube in broad masses, and stood flickering against the blue air ; and the bluish-green leaves were placed beside them by the same direct method, white lights being attained by judiciously managed fragments of blank canvas. Never yet was war so boldly declared against all the conventional usages of the studio ; never yet were such barbaric means employed to attain an astounding effect of light. Even with portrait painting the most subtle studies of light were combined : the persons sit before the hearth or beneath a lamp,

irradiated with the light of the fire ; hands, face, and clothes are covered with reflections of the flame. And *Charles Edmund Tarbell*, who, like Besnard, regards the human brain merely as a medium for perceiving effects of light, is in the habit of briefly naming his broadly executed pictures of girls " An Opal " or " An Amethyst," to suit the tone of the prevailing illumination.

But as the Americans were the first to follow Manet's painting of light, so were they also the first to adopt that lyricism of colour originated by Watts and Whistler, and now extending over European painting in wider and wider circles. *Kenyon Cox*, a pupil of Gérôme and Carolus Duran, who in earlier days painted large mythological pictures in the manner of French Classicism, had in the Munich Exhibition of 1892 a marvellous nude figure of a woman in front of a deep Titianesque group of trees—a work which might have been painted by a modern Scotchman, so full in tones were the chords of colour which he struck on it.

A pupil of Boulanger and Lefébure, *W. Thomas Dewing*, like Whistler, paints pale, slender women resting in the twilight, and one of his pictures—a young lady in black silk sitting at the piano before a silvery grey wall—had in its refined grey and black tones something of the brilliant, knightly verve which is elsewhere only to be found in Orchardson. *Julius Rolshoven*, who now lives in Cincinnati, after having long painted in Italy, exhibited pictures from Venice—girls kneeling before the image of the Virgin at the sound of the Ave Maria, views of the Doge's palace or of Chioggia—and in these pictures too there was nothing of the sunny play of light which modern Italians shed over such scenes ; on the contrary, powerful greenish-blue tones were spread out, with an effect of dark and solemn gravity.

William Merrit Chase has studied the symphonic harmonies of the great magician Whistler with the finest discrimination. In the seventies Chase counted as one of the most original amongst the younger pupils of Piloty, and works of his belonging to that period, such as " The Court Fool " and the picture of the street arabs smoking, were good *genre* pieces in the German style. But in 1883 he surprised every one by his vivid portrait of the painter Frank Duvenek, who was seated, with American nonchalance, facing the back of a chair, smoking a cigar, as also by his portrait of F. S. Church, and by some fine landscapes—Venetian canal pictures and desolate American cliffs. In the period which has passed since that time Velasquez, whom he copied in Spain, and Whistler, under whose influence he was in London, led him forwards from mere bright painting to that beauty of tone which is now sought in all quarters of Europe by the most advanced men of the age.

So America has an art of her own. Yet even those Americans who work in their native-land betray an accent less national than the Danes, for example, or the Dutch ; and national accent they cannot have, because the entire civilisation of America, far more than that of other countries, is exposed to international influences.

CHAPTER XLVI

GERMANY

GERMANY was longest in putting off the old Adam and joining in the great tendency which was flooding Europe; and yet the old Adam had been neither thoroughly French nor thoroughly German. As late as 1878 the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*—the journal best qualified to form an estimate upon works of art—in its article upon the World Exhibition, was able to summarise its judgment of the German galleries in these words: "There are one or two artists of the first rank and many men of talent, but in other respects German painting is still upon the level of the schools which had their day amongst us thirty years ago; this is the solitary school of painting which does not seem to perceive that the age of railways and World Exhibitions needs an art different from that of the age of philosophy and provincial isolation." The pigtail, which in earlier days had been the mode in other countries, had been worn so long that it was now piously represented to be "the German national style." It had vanished out of all recollection that historical painting had been imported in 1842 from Belgium, whither it was brought from Paris in 1830. In the course of years it had become so dear to the Germans that they clung to it as to a national banner, and founded Art Unions to foster in Germany a thing which had been buried everywhere else. It was forgotten that the anecdotic *genre* had been borrowed from England in the beginning of the century, and had been in England, as in France, a mere cloak for artistic weaknesses, or a sop to the public not yet trained to appreciate art. But when this phase of the anecdote told in colours had been overcome elsewhere, it was a pleasant delusion to be able to praise humour and geniality as the peculiar portion of the Germans.

The Munich painters of costume, belonging to the close of the seventies, had taken an important step for Germany in setting painting, pure and simple, in the place occupied by painted history and painted anecdote; and their pictures met with the best reception in Paris. But the critic of the *Gazette* pointed out with perfect justice that they merely represented a stage of transition towards modernity. An ardent study of the old masters had assisted artists in learning once more how to paint, at a time when narrative subject, not painting, was held of chief account. But the mischief was that everything was hopelessly well painted in a way which did not further the historical development of art by one single step. Artists understood how to

adapt the garment of the old painters in a masterly fashion, to let it fall in graceful folds, to trim it with joyous colours; but it was, none the less, an old garment, which, in spite of artificial renovation, was not rendered more beautiful than it had been when it was new.

The representation of genuine modern humanity began with Menzel. During those years he held sway over an isolated domain of his own. Positive in spirit and keen of eye, he found material that he could turn to account wherever he was—in drawing-rooms, upon public promenades, in menageries and manufactories. He had no stories to tell, and introduced nothing humorous into his work, but simply kept his eyes open. And yet even in his method there was a certain narrative element, something with a savour of *genre*, an inclination to be discursive.

With Leibl, German painting made an advance upon Menzel's piquant *feuilleton* style, and one which was in the direction of simplicity. Its method of interpretation was no longer that of scoring points: Leibl observes and paints; moreover, he paints exceedingly well, paints human bodies and articles of clothing so accurately as to create an illusion, paints all things tangible with such a fidelity to nature that one is prompted to lay one's hand upon them. All his technical resources have a masterly sureness in their effect. One cannot but admire such handiwork, and nevertheless one understands why it was that later painters aimed at something different.

Nor had landscape, any more than figure painting, reached the ideal which had floated before the younger generation ever since the masters of Barbizon became more accurately known in Germany. A great advance was made when *Adolf Lier*, going back to Schleich, set up the Munich painting expressing the mood of nature in place of the painted Baedeker, dear to the older generation. Lier had been in Barbizon. The forceful figure of Jules Dupré had been near him, and his first pictures were a revelation for Germany. And when art which was purely objective and geographical gave way before the impulse to represent native scenery in the intimate charm of its moods of light and air, there came of necessity an increasing and proportionate power of artistic absorption. Simple scenes from the neighbourhood of Munich, Schleissheim, and Dachau, in moonshine, rain, or evening light, in spring or in autumn, were Lier's favourite motives. The rays of the setting sun in his landscapes are reflected in brown morasses surrounded by trees, or the evening clearness gleams over snow and ice, or the light of the noonday sun battles with the dust rising from a road along which a flock of sheep are leisurely passing. *Adolf Staebli*, who was a Swiss, worked on the shores of the Starnbergersee and the Ammersee, attracted by their mighty clumps of trees, majestically grave in outline. His compatriot the late *Otto Fröhlicher*, who was most decisively impressed by Theodore Rousseau, painted in the neighbourhood of Dachau and Peissenberg wide plains in gloomy moods of rain, and gnarled oaks rising like phantoms against the sky; and, false and mediocre as he is in his studio pictures, he has left strong and virile studies

breathing of the fresh and delicious fragrance of the forest. *Josef Wenglein* rendered the broad, flat, sandy bed of the Isar near Toelz, the sun struggling against the vapours rising from moor and meadow, the wooded spines of the hills fringing the river's bed, and the delicate outlines of the Upper Bavarian ranges, emerging out of the distance in shining silvery vapour. Poor *Louis Neubert*, who was buried alive, delighted in the lyricism of desolate places: silent coasts where the weary waves subside, black autumn nights when the dark pastures slumber and the murmuring waters sing them a lullaby. *Carl Heffner* found congenial motives in the soft park-like scenery of England: quiet country houses pleasantly hidden amongst trees, and lonely pools in which are mirrored slow-moving banks of cloud.

But neither Lier himself in his later years nor any of his followers had the reverence for nature necessary for drawing full advantage from the doctrines of the Fontainebleau school. It was only in the beginning, at the first acquaintanceship with *paysage intime*, that the German painters found refreshment from this new source. In later times its waters were adulterated with unseasonable spices. In the days when the gallery tone, reminiscent of old masters, dominated figure painting, landscape was likewise subjected to this influence. The warm golden light of Lier became a formula with the Munich school. "Beautiful" views were followed by a necessity for "beauty" of tone. Nature was still regarded with preconceived notions, and its simple poetry, which inspired the French, was gradually transformed into something the very opposite.

Things were in this condition when the Parisian Impressionists raised the cry after light and sun, and more accurate knowledge of their innovations was acquired through the French making such an imposing display as they did at the Munich Exhibition of 1879. Courbet had risen above the horizon in Germany in 1869, and now the French exhibitors of 1879 pointed out the way which led from Courbet to Millet, Manet, and Bastien-Lepage.

Soon after, a certain change might have been noticed in German exhibitions. Amid the great historical pictures, costume pieces modelled on the old masters, and antiquated *genre* scenes, there hung, scattered here and there, exceedingly unassuming pictures which rendered neither pompous dramatic scenes nor amusing pranks, but simple and unpretentious subjects which had been directly observed. They represented toiling humanity: shepherds, peasants, cobblers, women mending nets, men stitching sails or binding wire; or people at their recreation in the beer-garden or in the enforced inactivity of old age. And the persons thus painted carried on no by-play with the public as in earlier *genre* pictures; on the contrary, they were absorbed in their occupation, and everything suggestive of a relation between the model and the artist, the figure and the spectator, was scrupulously eradicated. Moreover, the inanimate, petrified element which vitiated the productions of the realists was also avoided. The wind was felt to be blowing strong around

the figures; and the beholder not only saw peasants and blouses, but fancied that he could breathe the very odour of the forest and the earth.

Just as at this time it was the aim of modern drama to represent its personages, by all the resources in its power, as under the sway of their physical and moral surroundings, their real and habitual atmosphere; so atmospheric effect—air and light—had now become the chief field of study in painting. Here and there in the galleries of exhibitions there emerged little landscapes, the most unpretentious that could have been painted: monotonous plains, poor flat lands, vegetable gardens and weedy fields, straight tulip-beds cut into broad stripes; and with great frequency the peculiarly iridescent bluish-red tones of certain species of cabbage-heads were to be remarked. As the figure painters scorned to arouse an interest for art in those who had no real feeling for it by making points and painting anecdote, the landscape painters disdained to stimulate a topographical interest by representing the scenery beloved of tourists, and were above creating the sentiment of landscape for their pictures by false sentiment. They devoted themselves to nature with complete reverence, turning their eyes only to the charm of atmosphere—the spiritual charm—which rests over quiet and unmolested nooks. German painting had grown more ideal and more elevated in taste since artists had given up working frankly for the picture buyer; although it busied itself only with toiling and heavily laden humanity, with potato-fields, or cabbage-fields, it had become more exclusive and refined, for now it touched only tones that were discreet and low, and had no regard for those who did not care to listen to them.

As a matter of fact, however, the battle that had to be fought in Germany was almost severer than in France. Since Oswald Achenbach and Eduard Grützner the public had seen so many views of Vesuvius and the Bay of Naples, and so many humorous *genre* episodes, that it was almost impossible to imagine simple regions and serious men after these showy landscapes and laughing faces. In addition to this an uncompromising study of nature offended eyes which could only tolerate her when trimmed and set in order. The fresh rendering of personal impressions seemed brutal after that more glittering painting which made a dexterous use of the articulation of form and colour found in the old masters, adapting them for the expression of its own aims. The effort to express the values of tone with a renunciation of all narrative intention was looked upon as want of spirit, because the interest in subject, even the very rudest that has any relation to art, obstructed the growth of the sense for absolute painting.

But the science of æsthetics—which had hitherto been almost always obliged to take up a deprecatory attitude towards modern art—had now occasion to follow the nature and history of the opposition party with interest, and from the very commencement. For it had to establish that their programme attacked the validity of those elements in the ascendant art by which it was fundamentally distinguished from genuine old painting. The

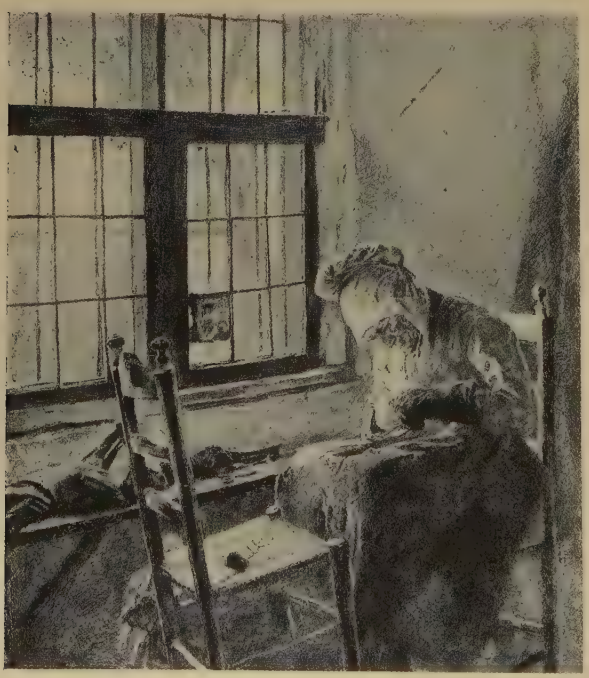
MAX LIEBERMANN. *Graphische Künste.*

new art aroused confidence because it no longer formed for itself a style out of other styles, but, like every genuine form of art, aimed at being the chronicle and mirror of its own age. It aroused confidence because, after a prolonged period of mongrel narrative art, it set forth a true style of painting, which stood in need of no interesting title in a catalogue, but carried in itself the justification of its own existence. And although the roots of the new tree were embedded in France, it almost seemed as if German painting, after so long deviating into romantic lines, was about to begin once more, with modern refinement of colour, at the point where Dürer and the "little masters" had left off. To those reviewing the past it was as though a bridge had been thrown across from the present to that old art of the Germans, Dutch, and English which in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries pressed ever onwards, in the struggle against Romantic Eclecticism. The finest spirits occupied with the science of æsthetics began to champion the new ideas, after having sceptically held aloof from all modern art. They were joined by a large number of the younger men. In 1888, twenty years after Manet had arranged that private exhibition at Durand-Ruel's which was so momentous in its results, the "New Art"—against which the doors of the Art Union had been closed even in Munich—was triumphantly established in the Crystal Palace, and at that time I began my articles on the great International Exhibition with the heading "*Max Liebermann.*"

He was the Prometheus who brought the divine fire from Barbizon, the initiator of the movement in Germany corresponding with that which had taken place in Fontainebleau. Whilst others who had been before him in Barbizon received no enduring impressions, Liebermann was the first to bring the unvarnished programme of the new style to his native-land, and thus became one of those pioneers whose place is assured in the history of art.

When he appeared he fared as badly as the French painters who had quickened his talent: he was decried as an apostle of hideousness. But now it is a different matter, and his works show that he has not altered himself, but has made a change in us. He went a step further than Menzel, adopting a style of simplicity and endeavouring to lose himself in nature, where Menzel had been content to hover over the surface of things in his brilliant way. He went a step further than Leibl in no longer regarding it as the highest aim of art to paint pictures which should be a wide and broad illustration of sheer downright perspicuity; on the contrary, he attempted to grasp the very nature of things, their pulsating life and their fragrant essence. That art is an affair of feeling, knowledge, and discovery rather than of calculation, combination, and tortured effort was the revelation which he was the first to make to German painters.

Max Liebermann was born in Berlin on 20th July 1847. Here he passed his childhood, went to the "gymnasium" (advanced school), and at his father's wish had himself entered at the university in the "faculty of philosophy." At the same time he studied in Steffeck's studio, where he made so much progress that at the end of eighteen months he was allowed to assist the master in his large picture "Sadowa." He painted guns, sabres, uniforms, and hands to the complete satisfaction of his teacher, but he was himself so thoroughly convinced of the inadequacy of his studies that in 1869 he made the experiment of entering the School of Art in Weimar. There he worked for three years under Thumann and Pauwels, beginning pictures in their style, though finishing none of them; and in 1872 he exhibited his first work, "Women plucking Geese."



Graphische Künste.
LIEBERMANN. THE SEAMSTRESS.

Weimar was still the stronghold of Classicism, in spite of Lenbach having been there for some time. Genelli was fresh in the memory of all, and Preller was still alive. Upon such consecrated ground "Women plucking Geese" must have made a very plebeian impression, and one which was the more brutal as even this first picture had the naturalness and simplicity which were characteristic of Liebermann's style. Here there was already shown a man who

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LIEBERMANN. THE COBBLER'S SHOP.

approached nature with resolution and impartiality. It was only the technique that was still heavy and material: at the beginning of his career, indeed, Liebermann was under the influence of Courbet, and he remained faithful to this sooty bituminous painting when he visited Paris at the end of 1872. Munkacsy, himself at the time under the influence of Ribot, confirmed him in his preference for heavy Bolognese shadows, so that one who afterwards became a "bright painter" was named by the Berlin critics "the son of darkness." It was only when he came to know the works of Troyon, Daubigny, and Corot that he liberated himself from the influence of the school of Courbet. The "Women preserving Vegetables," exhibited in the Salon of 1873—a number of women on barrels and wooden benches, preparing cabbage, artichokes, and asparagus for preserving—already showed greater lightness and clarity of treatment. The summer of 1873 he spent in Barbizon, and though he made no personal acquaintance with Millet, who died the following year, the works of the latter left a profound impression upon him. Under Millet's influence he produced "The Labourers in the Turnip Field," his first master-

piece, and " Brother and Sister," which appeared in the Paris Salon of 1876. Whereas his works of the Weimar period were dull and heavy (without having, however, the character of the *genre* picture at that time habitual in Germany), his taste now became purer and more refined. When Millet died Liebermann repaired to Millet's follower, Israels ; and in Holland he did not study the old masters in the museums, but living men in the fishing villages ; not the tone of the galleries, but the moist, bluish haze around the sun, and habituated himself still more to look at nature with a clear eye. Back in Germany once more, he remained from 1878 for a time in Munich, and made himself highly unpopular by his " Christ in the Temple," a belated result of his earlier studies of Menzel. The Bavarian Diet called him a rhyparographer, and the clergy complained of his picture as profaning religious sentiment. Yet a mere lover of art will admire its incisive painting and its penetrative force of characterisation, though, upon the whole, he will not regret that this work has remained Liebermann's only attempt at painting biblical subjects.

In the same year, however, he found once more where his real talent lay, and never forgot it : he painted " The Children's Nursery in Amsterdam," and in 1881 " An Asylum for Old Men," which won a medal at the Paris Salon,

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.

LIEBERMANN. THE NET-MENDERS.

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LIEBERMANN. WOMAN WITH GOATS.

In a leafy garden quiet, meditative old men are sitting beneath the trees lost in their memories and leisurely reverie. One would fancy that the painter had lived amongst them himself, and found pleasure in sitting on the bench, when the leaves rustled and the sunshine gleamed. There is not one of them whom he has sought to beautify, though, at the same time, he indulges in no pointed epigram upon their dulness; he has simply painted them all as if he were one of themselves, without even hinting at anything better or more lofty. For the first time the spirit of Millet had crossed the German border.

After this he produced, one after another in rapid succession, "The Shoemaker's Workshop," "The Bleaching-yard," and "The Beer Concert in Munich." Through these pictures he confirmed his reputation in Paris. He became a member of the "Cercle des Quinze," at the head of which were Alfred Stevens and Bastien-Lepage, and from that time exhibited annually in the Salon Petit, though as yet he was in a measure excluded from German exhibitions. In 1884 he settled once more in Berlin, where he still lives when not residing in Holland. For Holland, with its soft mist effacing the abruptness of contrasts, has become a second home for Liebermann; he has an affection for the country, and passes every summer in Zandvoort, the little village near Hilversum where Israels went through the complete renovation of his impressions upon art. Here he places himself in the direct presence of nature, studying it in its elemental simplicity, and transforming into colour

its odour of earth. Here he does not paint stormy seas, old harbour buildings, and vast masses of cloud, like Andreas Achenbach, but the view of the dunes and the straight, monotonous distance; not what is merely objective, but light, the mist about the sun, and the silvery tone of the sea air charged with moisture. Here he produces the pictures with which he gives us fresh delight with every year: old women brooding in solitude, in bare rooms, with whitish-green landscapes seen through the great window-panes; the workrooms of artisans, weavers and shoemakers, spare, raw-boned men devoted to their work without a thought for anything beyond it, and plunged in it with that air of absorption which is the most special and one of the most excellent features in Liebermann's paintings; hospital gardens, with old men lost in the contemplative inaction of the aged; fishermen by the sea; women gathered together beneath the moist sky of the Dutch coasts, mending nets or at the potato harvest; peasant families saying their homely grace at table; women sewing at the window in their wretched lodging, or women ironing and spreading large white sheets upon the greensward.

One of his finest pictures was "The Courtyard of the Orphanage in Amsterdam," painted in 1881. A *genre* painter of the earlier period would not have neglected to introduce some narrative episode, and would thus have robbed the scene of the simplicity, cordiality, and tender intimacy of feeling which it has in Liebermann. The sun stands high in the heaven, and the orphan girls, in a black and red costume with white caps, are passing to and fro, chatting together and doing work. They talk and move with such an unconscious air that they seem to have no suspicion of being painted. The soft light plays upon their pretty, expressive faces. There is, in truth, something sad and resigned in these children, who pass their life like nuns, without family, and strictly according to regulation: life has made them so staid and earnest within these walls.

His "Ropeyard," again, is an idyll of quiet work. If an earlier artist had painted this scene, the people in the picture would have been laughing, or whistling, or telling each other stories. In Liebermann they do nothing to excite laughter, but merely move backwards, working at the rope; its finely tempered reality is what gives the scene its quiet magic.

In his "Net-Menders," in the Hamburg Kunsthalle, he attempted a higher flight, and this work showed the full weight and energy of his personality. The vibrating light was heavily painted in "The Asylum for Old Men" and in the "Ropeyard." Looking at them one fancies the painter at his easel ardently toiling to arrive at truth. But here he has taken in a large scene at a single glance, and placed it palpitating with life upon the canvas with a bold hand: it is a hymn of toil and labour, of the struggle for life, of adverse winds and dark grey days of rain. There stretches a Northern plain, meagre and barren, of a green passing into grey, and shut in to the right by the dunes, which imperceptibly melt away at the horizon. Grey clouds are in the sky, which is swept by the storm. In this landscape, blown through by so strong a

wind, and itself so grandiose in its vacancy, women old and young are seen, standing, sitting, or upon their knees, unfolding nets and mending them : the one most in the foreground is life-size and painted in full light, whilst of those who are farther away only the grey clothes and white caps are but faintly

Studio.

LIEBERMANN. AMONG THE DUNES.

visible. Three of the women are erect, their broad outlines standing out against the horizon; the perspective seems wide and limitless. One feels the sea wind blowing over the landscape, and fancies that one breathes the salt sea air. One woman, laden with nets, steps towards the depth of the picture, bending backwards; she is tall and blond, and the gusty wind is blowing through her skirts. All these movements have been boldly seized and

set down with a powerful hand. Everything is strong and healthy, and some of the figures have a youthful grace and freshness such as Liebermann has seldom depicted.

The Munich Pinakothek possesses a similar picture, "The Woman with Goats." In a grey, deserted region, upon a wild and lonely down, an old peasant woman is leading two goats upon a sandy, wind-swept slope. Here, too, the figures are composed in the expanse in such a large and impressive way that the picture does not seem a mere fragment of nature but an entire reach, presented, as it were, in a condensed form. The old woman, the goats, the sand, and the parched grass are not separate objects, but only one. The painter has seized the soul of this wide landscape, and placed it upon canvas. There is no need of another stroke, for everything has been expressed.

As he painted here the scanty grass of a scorched soil, so in his "Village Street in Holland" of 1888 he rendered the virgin charm of nature refreshed by rain. On her way to the meadow a dairymaid has stopped in the village street to talk to a peasant woman. A fertilising summer rain has refreshed the land, the wind shakes the last drops from the boughs, everything sparkles with moisture; ducks are splashing in the puddles, hens picking up worms in the grass, and the cow is dragging her keeper impatiently forwards, in longing expectation of the joys which await her on the soft green pasture.

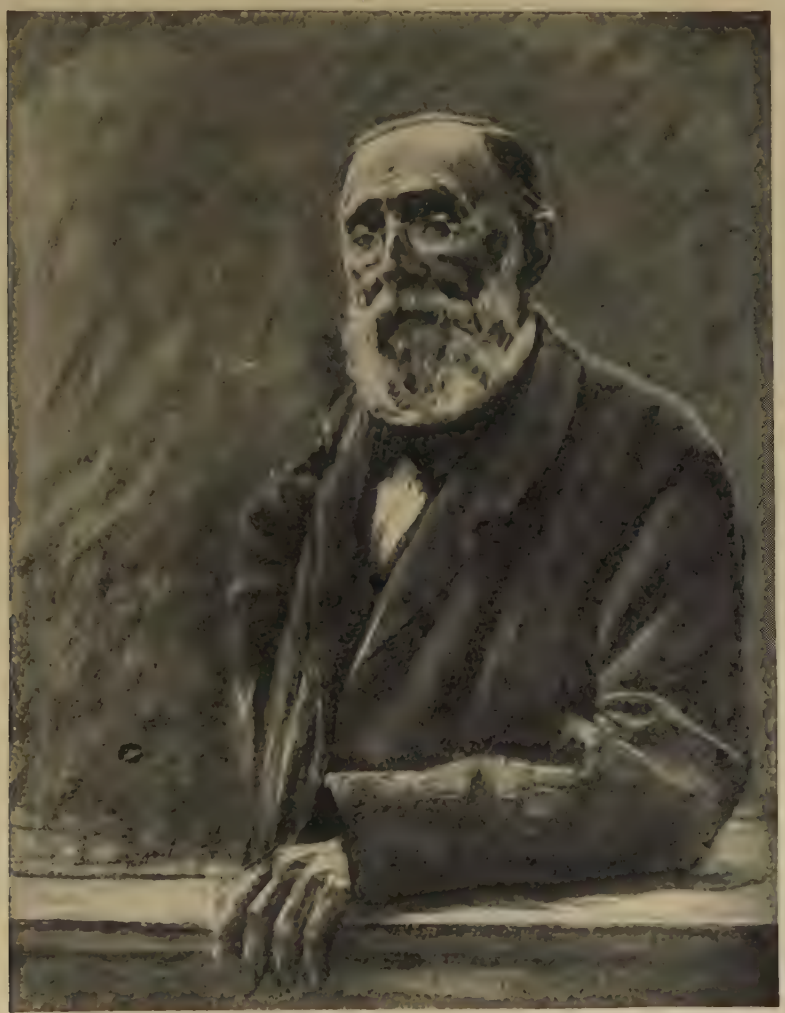
Among his interiors, "The Flax-Spinners," in the Berlin National Gallery, is probably one of the best. Such astonishing effect was produced by the simplest means that the spectator hardly thought about the artistic workmanship, imagining himself to hear the hum and whiz of the wheels in the still workplace.

Recently he has painted portraits, of which those of his wife in a rocking-chair, and of Herr Petersen, the Burgomaster of Hamburg, may be mentioned with special praise. The former is captivating through the fine feeling for the life and moods of the spirit which is shown in it, while the latter is large in its very plainness, like a modern Velasquez.

But his drawings, etchings, and pastels form the most important supplement to his big pictures. In his oil-pictures Liebermann is by no means what one understands by a dexterous master of technique. The world will never say, in speaking of his pictures, "What deftness!" but rather, "What insight!" He struggles with colour like Millet. There is a want of ease in his works. They are sometimes clumsy and laboured, harsh and crude, deadened and oily. And this makes itself felt in a specially unpleasant way in the smaller pictures with many figures—"The Commemoration of the Emperor Frederick in the Wood near Kösen," the "Dutch Market Scene" of 1891, the "Munich Beer Concert," and others—where he encroached upon the province of Menzel. Although a brilliant conversationalist and a man of mobile and highly strung nature, he never reaches the pungency and sparkle of Menzel in the works where he attempts to paint the behaviour of an agitated crowd or the dallying play of sunbeams rippling through foliage. A certain

unyielding heaviness and ungainliness are at odds with the flexible character of the subject represented.

Liebermann's salient feature is not pictorial piquancy, but monumental amplitude, a trace of something epical, the endeavour to embody what he has



Studio.

LIEBERMANN. PROFESSOR R. VIRCHOW.

seen in large forms. As he himself writes: "I do not seek for what is called the pictorial, but I would grasp nature in her simplicity and grandeur—the simplest thing and the hardest." For this reason his pictures of interiors are seldom felicitous. Instead of being subtle and expressive, they often seem to be rough, lifeless, and chalky. It is as if his broad technique were cribbed and confined in a closed space. He works most freely when he strikes

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LIEBERMANN. THE FLAX-SPINNERS.

the great chords of simple landscapes, seen in a large way, whence the outlines of toilers rise here and there into view. Where a medley may be found in Menzel, there is in Liebermann a powerful impression of nature, a noble simplicity. These sober plains of his, touching the horizon in the far distance, these figures standing with such astonishing naturalness in the midst—these are really "great art," monumental in their effect. And this sense for space, reminding one of Millet, is felt in his drawings and pastels with far more elemental force. Heavy and laboured in his oil-pictures, he produces here an astonishing softness of light; the figures stand out boldly from the background, and the space is filled with light air, giving the eye a vision of boundless distance. His etchings have nothing like them except those of Israels. Israels alone has the secret of producing such a notable suggestion of colour, tone, and space by a simple combination of lines and strokes, disregarding all scholastic routine.

Finally, Liebermann, like Israels, possesses that other quality which in art stands higher than the utmost virtuosity: he has honesty and the courage of his convictions. Looking at his works, it is impossible to imagine that he could or would have painted anything different from what, as a matter of fact, he has painted. His "Women plucking Geese" was executed over thirty years ago, and since then a cultivated Impressionism would seem to have outstripped him. Many an artist was overcome by a home-sickness for the realm of beautifully moulded forms; others were tempted to set what was pleasing, even what was coquettish, in the place of austere art. Many were the tentative, conciliatory experiments to put the new technique in the service

of their old hankering after *genre* and melodrama. Many, also, began to pay homage in a style which was frequently extravagant to the modern yearning for unearthly paradises. But Liebermann always remained the same. As in earlier days his pictures embodied the fearless creed of a man in the face of the old tendency, they do so now in the face of the very newest: "Here I stand, and I can do nothing else; God help me. Amen." "Of a truth, art is held firm in nature's grasp, only he who can wrest it from her can possess it." In these words of Albrecht Dürer is contained the creed of Liebermann also; and since he is continually looking at nature from some new point of vantage, his art continues to grow more varied and more all-embracing. For long he was known as a grey painter, now he works in the strongest, brightest colours. His "Net-Menders" and "Woman with a Goat" and the like have that statuesque calm which pervades Millet's works. Then, too, like Degas, he understands how to catch the most fleeting effects. "The Rider on the Shore" "The Papageien-allee in Amsterdam," "An Inn in Lazen," are the titles of some of his latest works; and each was a masterpiece, in each was expressed another side of his knowledge and his intense feeling for nature. He is a clearly defined personality—as Goethe would say, "a nature." And the history of art delights in such bold spirits. Men of character it loves, but not men of compromise. And so the name of Liebermann will survive when many of his famous contemporaries are forgotten. A few years ago, when Paris held her Centenary Exhibition, Liebermann saved the honour of German art by his "Net-Menders." And I believe that a hundred years hence, when the air-ship or the electric railway is carrying people from all parts of the world to a new Centenary Exhibition, the picture will be hanging there again, only it will be venerable then instead of being, as it is now, in the freshness of its youth. For Max Liebermann will be an old master then, and by no means one of the worst.

The fact that he is now so prominent in German art is all the more important because in him we have such a happy combination of Progress with Art. He may well be described as the motive power of every true artistic effort in Berlin to-day: the commander-in-chief whose very nod is a word of command to the younger generation.

While Liebermann was the same from the beginning, *Skarbina*, the second representative of the new art amongst the painters living in Berlin, has gone through very many changes. Born in Berlin on 24th February 1849, he began with pictures from

Seemann, Leipzig.
FRANZ SKARBINA.

the life of Frederick the Great, in which he proceeded rigorously upon the path struck by Menzel. In 1878 he horrified the world by his "Awakening of One supposed to be Dead," a show piece painted with great anatomical ability, and in 1885 in Paris he passed from costume painting and rude Naturalism directly to Impressionism. There he produced many pictures, both large and small, representing life upon the boulevards, glances at Paris from the studio, life behind the scenes, and the like. He painted the coquettish grace of the *Parisienne*, the unwieldiness of Norman peasant women, chimney-sweeps coming from their work, ballet girls dressing, old men in blouses and wooden shoes with baskets slung upon their backs, going to their daily labour. His earlier pictures are oily, but in these later works —"The Fish-Market at Blankenberge," "The Sailor's Sorrow," etc.—he succeeded in seizing the silvery, vaporous tone of the atmosphere in a masterly fashion. But when French painting turned from *plein air* to the study of the effects of artificial illumination, Skarbina addressed himself to more difficult tasks in the rendering of light. The original studies of half-light with which Besnard had been attracting attention for some years past, in particular, incited him to produce delightful little pictures, in which he painted with fine pictorial feeling the effect of lamps with coloured shades. He made the technique of water-colours a flexible medium of expression; and, indeed, it is more suited to record changing and fleeting effects than oil-painting, since the latter medium is less spontaneous.

Skarbina is as various as modern life—one of those artists of virtuosity produced by the culture of great towns. His works have, perhaps, a less personal accent, less inward force of conviction, than those of Liebermann, and one has a sense that, if the current of art should set to-morrow in an opposite direction, he would be splashing in the new stream as gaily as ever, and with the same success. He supplements Liebermann by his eminent dexterity of hand, his great gift for quickness of grasp and luxuriance in execution. His technique, for the most part, shows brilliant ability; the *chic* which he displays in his pictures of women is entirely Parisian in taste; and his skill in rendering atmospheric effect has an aptitude which equals De Nittis.

Friedrich Stahl is also an adroit virtuoso who has made modern society his domain without penetrating too deeply below the surface, and has the secret of giving artistic treatment to modern costume, the mastery of which was in earlier times such a source of difficulty to German painters. His seaside pictures are particularly amusing, and have been seen with a fine feeling for colour and executed with spirited effect.

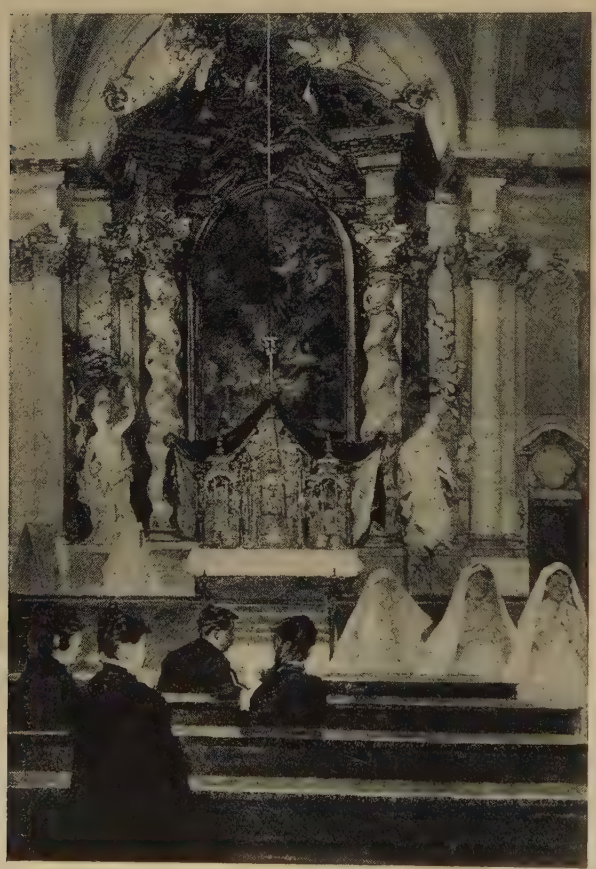
Then there is *Hans Herrmann*, who has painted the quays and market squares, peopling them with figures and taking advantage of everything which the scenes afford to give them animation. He is specially fond of damp autumn days, when a mellow, light grey tone spreads over town and country, and the trees stretch their branches amid clouds of mist.

SKARBINA. THE FISHMARKET AT BLANKENBERGE.

Walter Leistikow is the painter of the greenwood; in his landscapes he combines a fine decorative effect with intimate knowledge of nature. *Reinhold Lepsius* is attractive in his portraits owing to his refinement, which evidences a close study of the old masters.

Louis Corinth possessed a strong-handed bravura, *Max Slevogt* an innate feeling for colour. *Kurt Hermann* and *Paul Baum* are ingenious in their efforts to follow the Neo-Impressionists. *Von Kardorff, Von König, Ulrich,* and *Heinrich Hübner* are strongly influenced by the French. An eyeglass imported from Paris allows them to see everywhere Manet's beauty of tone and Cezanne's colour harmonies; or else Monet and Van Gogh stand at their elbows and put their still-life to rights for them and teach them how to observe a telling landscape, so that it shall look as fine in the picture as real French. When Courbet came to Munich in 1869 and saw the German landscapes, scenes from France, England, Italy, Norway, Palestine, America, every country in fact but Germany, he couldn't help remarking with a smile: "What, weren't these good people born anywhere in particular?" It is just the same to-day in Berlin; they are all torn up by the roots, they seem to have no connection at all with their native soil. However, taking into consideration the fact that the good foreign schools have given them most of the good taste they possess, it would be obviously unfair to find fault with the lack of Germanic qualities in their works.

If we go from Berlin to Dresden we come across *Gotthard Kuehl*, whose works date back to the eighties. He took his origin from Fortuny. His earliest piquant *rococo* pictures had the same dazzling virtuosity as the works of the Spaniard, and this artistic descent from Fortuny is to be seen in him always. In Kuehl's pictures there is something sparkling and coquettish in the way in which sunbeams fall upon blond hair and metal and the crucifixes and altars of old *rococo* churches. The Dutch purity of Liebermann is united with a certain *esprit* recalling Menzel—with a love of all that sparkles and flickers, of splendour and of ornament. "Lübeck Orphan Girls," painted in 1884, was the name of the first picture in which he followed Liebermann. Four young and pretty seamstresses are seated in their workroom with soft light playing over their figures. Clear, cold tones are here in the ascendant, and it is only the red of the clothes and of the tiles of a roof seen through the open window which gives animation to the light harmony of colours. In other pictures there sit men stitching sails, or old women at work; while through the slits of the jalousies the light falls broadly, flashing and dazzling upon the polished boards. But the gay *rococo* churches which remain intact in Munich, Bruchsal, Lübeck, or Hamburg continued to be his favourite study. Girls in white dresses play upon the organ. Choristers in red and black move in front of the bright plaster walls. Or perhaps the church is empty; the light glances upon splendid altars with spiral marble pillars, upon the curved gable ceiling, where the eye of God glows in golden rays upon the gorgeous reliquaries sparkling in precious tabernacles. In the sportive and pointed treatment of such matters Kuehl displays a peculiar adroitness. He has also painted with felicitous effect views over chimneys, and red roofs bathed in the full glow of the sunshine.



KUEHL. *Hanjstaengl.* A CHURCH INTERIOR.

Graphische Künste.
KUEHL. LÜBECK ORPHAN GIRLS.

Thomas Herbst lives in Hamburg, known by few, though one of the most refined landscape and animal painters of the present age. The idyllic nooks about the old Hanseatic town and the green meadows near Blankenese have been painted by him with a tender gift of absorption and a delicacy expressive of the artist's temperament.

In the eighties Carlsruhe came to the front with astonishing vigour. *Gustav Schönleber*, a pupil of Lier, painted in Holland, rendering those delicate charms of flat landscape which even three hundred years ago quickened the feeling of the Dutch painters. Still streams, rippled by a light breeze, glide through fertile plains. Church towers rise in the yellow evening sky. Moist vapour trembles in the atmosphere, and envelops the old red and grey roofs. *Herrmann Baisch*, who worked for a time under Rousseau in Paris, discovered felicitous motives in the level land by the North Sea and in the wide plains bordering the Dutch coast. Grazing herds move in the rich pastures, where a windmill or a clump of trees rises ; here and there herdsmen stand leaning upon their staffs, or dairymaids come to milk their cows upon the meadow. The sky is clouded, and the sea-mist hangs in the greyish-green tree-tops. Deriving his impulse from Schönleber and Baisch, *Kall-morgen* usually enlivens his landscapes with dramatically painted scenes of *genre*. A crockery market is thrown into commotion by a frightened horse,

or a dashing rider passes through a village in the Black Forest. Or perhaps the place is visited by a flood: ruined hedges, flower-beds, and vegetable gardens smothered in mud emerge from the subsiding water; children and women in the damp spring wind stand by in dull despair. Besides, Carlsruhe has been for some years the resting-place of *Hans Thoma*. He has now reached the age of sixty-seven, so that we need not be surprised that his pictures are but the echo of what in his youth he announced with such invigorating freshness. Then too he never was an imposing genius; one must not be misled into thinking that. He was over-estimated beyond a doubt when, in the rapture of having discovered this misunderstood painter, people placed him beside Boecklin. The mind of Boecklin, who beholds the wonders of the world with large and clear eyes, embodying the most daring visions of his poetic spirit with deliberate and confident power, is so stupendous in its sovereign calm that it would be a crying injustice to measure Thoma by the same standard. He is merely naïve and genial, and in no case large and lofty; none the less is he an artist whom it is possible to love.

Kühl, Frankfort.

THOMA. FLORA.

Thoma, the pupil of Albrecht Altdorfer, was born in Bernau, in the Black Forest, close to Hochkopf. As a boy he was surrounded by the homely poetry of nature. He lived in an old wooden house roofed with shingle, lay upon the green pastures on the mountain slope of his village, and played amid the little glistening trout streams which wind like silver ribbons through the soft meadows of the Black Forest. Up to his twentieth year he lived his life as if in a quiet forest idyll, and then worked, in the winter at any rate, for some time under Schirmer. But he was too old to learn the A B C of art. Neither his residence in Düsseldorf in 1867, nor his stay in Paris in 1868, nor a journey to Italy in 1874, nor a sojourn in

HANS THOMA

LONGING

Hanfstaengl.

THOMA. TWILIGHT IN THE BEECHES.

1875 in Munich, left any permanent impressions behind them. Victor Müller alone seems to have had a quickening influence upon him through some of his fairy pictures. Having acquired a simple method of painting, with which he appears to have been content, and a faculty for giving full expression to what he profoundly felt, he settled in Frankfort, and led a lonely, industrious life in his studio, which was overgrown with ivy, troubling himself little over his want of success or the derision of the public. So long as the Piloty school was in the ascendant his unpretentious pictures were not understood. They represented no great historical dramas, and did not obtrude themselves through flaunting bituminous painting or pompous gestures. Even in the matter of colour there were some of them which seemed too green and blue, and others had too little grace in their hard outlines. It was only in 1889, when he exhibited in the Munich Art Union, that Germany began to understand Thoma's fresh and childlike tones.

His works will certainly not stand minute criticism. They are full of inequalities, weaknesses, and errors of drawing. Every one of them might be pulled to pieces on the score of technical blemishes. And yet one would not wish them different; one would be afraid of the personal note being lost in them. As they are, they have something so profoundly German in their strange dreaminess that they recall Friedrich Schlegel's assertion, that

the German artist has either no character whatever, or he is forced to accept that of the old German masters and be true-hearted, *bourgeois*, and a trifle clumsy.

If Boecklin belongs neither to the past nor the present, and Marées is only at home in the Italian Quattrocento, Thoma's art is rooted in the old German wood engraving. In place of the opulent imagination of the master of Zürich, who with the wide eyes of a creature of the sea gazes fixedly into life like the Hellenic sphinx, there is something rustic and provincial in Thoma, something naïvely childlike which directly suggests the masters of the age of Dürer, more particularly Altdorfer. A fresh breath of ozone, a fragrant poetry of fable, and the rustling of German woodlands are felt from his pictures, and the memory of Schwind and Ludwig Richter is awakened in his rustic idylls.

There are landscapes: grassy hills, sown with flowers, in the distance, mountains, and little brooks in the foreground, and heavy blue air above; little paths which wind over the hills, and men playing the guitar as they wend their way; dark green slopes of forest, with lowering rain-clouds and dark blue horizon, and in the foreground moist fields and solitary peasants following the plough. Here he paints the luxuriant, green valleys of the Black Forest, traversed by glittering and rippling waters, with warm sunshine sleeping upon the clumps of trees; there a landscape in the Taunus country viewed by a traveller who is lying upon a shady slope. Or he paints children dancing, or peasant lads sitting upon the stump of a tree in the garden playing the fiddle. The golden moon rises in the deep blue sky behind them, and scarlet flowers glimmer through the dusk, while the soft notes of the instrument softly and tremulously die away amid the mysterious peace of evening.

In these still landscapes the fabulous being of old legends finds a congenial haunt, the spirits of the forest and the fountain. Sometimes there is a nymph seated by the brawling stream, whilst farther back upon the ground starred with flowers little angels are circling in the dance. Sometimes he reveals a goat-footed fellow in the thick of the wood blowing his syrinx, and at the verge of the forest a passing horseman listening in wonder to the ghostly tones. Or he represents a gigantic man with a lion at his side, standing as sentinel before the Garden of Love, where finely outlined figures of women and nude striplings are roaming. Or beneath a dazzling blue sky in front of the shadowy gloom of a forest, whence a cool stream is flowing, the Madonna is seated, bending over the Child with maternal love, while little blond baby angels, shining like dragon-flies, wild children of the sky, bow with droll gravity. His "Paradise" is a marvellous landscape with fair mountains and slender trees, green meadows, blue waters, and wise animals living in peaceful harmony with Adam and Eve. Lucas Kranach might have painted the picture, which strikes one as a belated echo of the sixteenth century.

Ludwig Dill is as modern in feeling as Thoma is antiquated. He has been long famous as the painter of Venice, the lagunes and Chioggia, and his appreciation of the Scotch artists was the starting-point of a new development. He has

THOMA. *Hanfstaengl.*
A TAUNUS LANDSCAPE.

spent many a pleasant summer in Dachau, near Munich, and there has painted a goodly number of fine toned landscapes in the manner of the Scotch: little strips of shore where the waves subside, familiar garden nooks with flowers growing in gay confusion, lonely moonlight nights, dimly blue, and filled with a silvery, tremulous starlight. As to the third of the Carlsruhe artists, *Wilhelm Trübner*, one is justified in describing him as one of the strongest personalities that Germany has ever produced.

In person he was a short, thick-set, and strongly built man, and he had a tough, steadfast nature which was imperturbably phlegmatic. And thanks to this phlegmatic temperament he was never taken captive by the mighty past. In an age when all the other young artists were copying old pictures in the Pinakothek and composing new ones on the same model, Trübner also loved the old masters, but it was in a Platonic fashion, and their works did not lead him astray. When others racked their brains, devising humorous or narrative episodes, he was too easy-going to hunt after ingenious ideas. He wanted to be a painter, and recognised that the real task of a painter consisted in painting. Muralt said that one had to strip scholars of their scholarship "*avant que de pouvoir les faire revenir à l'état de nature où se doit trouver l'homme.*" Trübner was a painter with a healthy human understanding. A good deal of heavy blood flowed in his veins, his broad-browed

head was firmly set upon massive shoulders, and his eyes, like Courbet's, were open for everything that can be seen and handled. He seemed purely come into the world to prove that a painter has only need of five senses to paint the whole universe. He felt a revulsion from everything that was not of the earth beneath his feet, never dreamt of making things more beautiful than they are, nor of forcing them into combinations which in reality they have not got. On the contrary, he found that the creation was a very great success. In this way his qualities and his defects are both intelligible. His phlegmatic temperament had hindered him from acquiring firm groundwork as a draughtsman, but the capacity for painting was in his blood, while his healthy sentiment and his obstinate independence saved him from all mannerism, from extravagant painting of costume, and from the humours of *genre*. He did not know much, but what he knew he had learnt for himself. Thus there came into his pictures a curious mixture of uncompromising truth and salient weaknesses, refreshing health and strange ignorance.

He is as congenial as he is open to censure, and as self-secure as he is unequal. The sins he committed in the field of mythological painting are without importance in a summary of his general characteristics. It was a delight for this healthy painter, with his joy in the flesh, to represent the naked throng of bodies mingled in the battles of the giants. He has painted crucifixions, Prometheus with the Oceanides, and much of the same sort ; but in spite of his peculiar and independent power of conception, he was too weak in drawing to achieve results that are worth mentioning. On the other hand, he was a very great portrait-painter. His likenesses—though, like those of Courbet, they have no psychological importance—are to be reckoned with the best painting produced by any Munich artist at that time. His little figure-pictures, in which he painted admirably and with a liquid brush the intimate charm of interiors in *chiaroscuro*, rivet attention by their stubborn, incorruptible sincerity. When they were exhibited thirty years ago, they were overlooked, because they were too simple, and made no concessions to the ruling taste. But fifteen years afterwards, when German art as a whole had entered other lines, it was remembered that Trübner had belonged to the advance-guard. Liebl alone had such full and rich colouring, such a broad, energetic stroke, such a deep and beautiful, enamel-like brilliancy of hues. Even his " Christ in the Sepulchre," by which he had most offended the average public, had, as a study in the style of Ribera, a truth and impressiveness such as only great artists can command.

But this uncompromising apostle of truth is in particular a landscape-painter of high gifts and exquisite taste. Strength, simplicity, and a fine sense for the great forms and tone-values in nature distinguish him in this field. Forest depths with a splendid clarity of *chiaroscuro*, glimpses upon still waters which lie cool and grey in the vapours of the dusk, moss-grown rocks, and white glimmering birches alternate with views of the Castle of Heidelberg, with far distances over the plain of the Main, with potato-fields

in bloom, with picturesque prospects of Seeon, and the most varied sketches of the Island of Herrenchiemsee, which he specially loved, and which revealed to him new beauties, new moods, and new charms of colour at every fresh study.

There is a general inclination in Germany to appraise our artists according to their possession of qualities, such as fancy and temperament, which are after all not purely painter-like qualities. Still, if what we learn from the history of art is true, that the only lasting works are those that have innate vitality, then surely Trübner's pictures are amongst those that in their vigorous naturalism will rise superior to all changes of taste.

Max Klinger, in Leipzig, is as opposite as pole from pole. If we reckon Trübner, with his spirited bravura, a *maître peintre*, we must admit that Klinger, gifted as he is with a creative imagination, was not endowed by nature with any real painter-like talent. He is nevertheless worthy of a place in the history of painting, for he sowed broadcast germs of developments that are far-reaching in their effects. All artists that likewise possess creative power are fond of the graving tool; the irksome brush fails to satisfy them; they want a medium that enables them to give immediate and direct form to their thoughts, and so it is in drawings and etchings that Klinger finds an outlet for his activity. It was in 1878 that a young pupil of Güssow first exhibited at the Berlin Academy Exhibition two series of pen sketches, a "Series upon the Theme of Christ" and "Fantasies upon the Finding of a Glove." Klinger began his career as an etcher with an "experience," a love affair, which had lacerated his spirit. Being a man of excitable, sensitive temperament, he emancipated himself from a passion, like Goethe, by giving it artistic form. The first work of the series brings the spectator to the Berlin skating-rink. The two leading figures are the artist, a tall military figure with thick curling hair, and a young lady, a Brazilian. The lady loses a

KLINGER. *Hanfstaengl.*
TO BEAUTY.

long six-buttoned glove as she skims along; and the young artist stoops in his course to pick it up. What is more serious, he falls in love with her. After returning home he sits with his face buried in his hands, and dreams of the glove and its wearer—dreams of the history of his love: the highest happiness, doubt, despair, and happiness again. Then he beholds the glove upon a ship reeling in a terrible storm; and then the sea subsides, and the glove is borne to the shore, where the foam is transformed into shining roses, in a shell drawn by creatures of the sea. The glove is in his possession, and makes him happy. They pass the night together, but in the morning it goes from him as though forced to flee. Klinger stretches out his arms imploringly to hold it, as it is being borne from him by an angry monster. Then there is once more tempest and dismay. The waves beat against the very bed of the sleeper, and all manner of prodigies of the deep draw near. At last he awakes to find the glove lying upon the table beside his bed, where he had laid it upon the previous evening; while a little Cupid, mocking the dreamer, keeps watch over the soft and fragrant treasure, upon which rose-leaves are showered.

The originality of these things, executed when he was one-and-twenty, was so *baroque* that no one knew whether it was the result of genius or insanity. But most people were content with disposing of "The Glove" as an example of lunacy, while they broke out in tones of the greatest indignation over the treatment of the religious themes. It was Levin alone who championed Klinger, writing in *Die Gegenwart* that it would be said in after-times of the Berlin Exhibition of 1878: "Max Klinger first exhibited there."

Nearly thirty years have passed since then, and Klinger has gone his lonely way, disregarding praise and blame. He is a man of inventive, speculative talent, and by a mixture of the manner of aquatint and pure work of the needle he brought the capacity for expression in etching to such an astonishing height that certain exemplars of his work are to be ranked even in technique with the best that the history of art has to show.

And what a world of ideas is contained in these etchings. All that limitless range extending from what is lovely to what is terrible, and from the realistic element to the imaginative, is spanned by Klinger's art as it was by that of the old German masters. At times he is as one preaching repentance, laying bare the evils of the age without mercy, revealing the shady side of life with a hand of power, and lifting the curtain upon the brutal tragedies of the gutter and the hovel. And at times, intoxicated with beauty and filled with the joy of life, he summons into existence an Hellenic world as bright as crystal, peopling marvellous Grecian landscapes with glorious nude figures which seem to have sprung direct from the enchanting forms delineated upon Grecian vases. Naturalism of the school of Zola and Socialistic tendencies of thought are united with Goya's demoniacal fantasy. The inward emotion and profound worship of beauty of Franz Schubert, whose music he plays and loves, are combined with the metaphysical fantasticality of Jean Paul

Richter and the wild fevered dreams of T. A. Hoffmann. Like the visionary Blake, he finds his inspiration everywhere : forms take shape before him in everything—in the smoke of a taper, in the waves of the sea, in the scudding fleeces of the clouds ; beautiful women and deformed dwarfs, winged figures wailing as they float towards heaven, and gnomes with long beards smiling as they move in mystic dances.

The works which immediately followed " The Glove " dealt with ancient legends ; and over his representations for " Cupid and Psyche " there rested a blithe joy in existence which was genuinely antique, an Ionic amenity, a noble simplicity, and a largeness and calm such as was attained by no other artist of the century. Long before he ever set his foot upon Roman soil he had dreamed in his " Deliverances of Sacrificial Victims told in Ovid " of classical landscapes, noble and rich in form, and simple and pristine in sentiment. And in his series of illustrations to *Simplicissimus* he gave expression in a fashion that was fresh and aboriginally Teutonic to the witchery of the German forests with their mysterious gloom, their desolate glens, and their enchanting glimpses into the distance.

But he once more struck a path leading to the present age in " Eve and the Future." Eve is standing before the fatal tree, and the gaping mouth of the serpent looking down upon her is a mirror. The knowledge of her beauty is to be her ruin. Standing enchanted upon tiptoe, she beholds her own charm. Then the die is cast. Before the gate of rock at the verge of Paradise there crouches a huge tiger resting upon his forepaws in majestic quietude. Abrupt walls of insurmountable rock enclose the Garden of Eden, now for ever lost to men. " The wages of sin is death," and in the final plate " Death as the Pavior " stamps together a pyramid of skulls.

" A Life " gives a new version of that old Hogarthian theme, the career of a harlot. There is a young woman, passionate and dreamy, and surrounded by luring faces like those of a Fata Morgana. For a time she lives in a wild intoxication of love, and is then deserted. After that comes need, and the seductive chink of gold. Then there is seen a coquette looking on composedly while two rivals are killing one another for her sake. The next scene is that of a dancing-girl whirling round upon the stage in mad bounds and displaying her charms. And the end of all takes place in a gutter under the gloom of night. She is judged : she is saved. In his pictures too he has remained an artist of inventive and speculative talent. In his first great painting, his " Judgment of Paris," he extolled the creed of the Hellenic age, that knew nothing loftier than the cult of beauty.

In his next works he steeped himself in the mysteries of Christianity, whose message to mankind was no longer " Enjoy ! " but " Learn to Suffer ! " He painted in " The Crucifixion " the martyred Galilean, who offered up Himself for men : in the " Pietà," the still hour when Mary and John gaze in pensive sorrow on the body of the Saviour after the descent from the Cross ; and in his fourth great picture " Christ in Olympus," he portrayed that

dramatic moment when the two worlds, the Heathen and the Christian, met and clashed. The old gods are yet alive; there you see them in nude, animal beauty, in untroubled Olympian happiness. Suddenly there appears amongst them the Nazarene, followed by the forms of the cardinal virtues, and clad in a long, flowing robe. Flowers spring into bloom where His feet have trod, and Psyche, pale Psyche, sinks down before Him, grasping at His hand.

One cannot class these works for their true painter-like qualities, it is true, with those that stand highest amongst European attainments of the present day, but in after years they will never fail to be interesting as a record of the thoughts of a clever man at the end of the nineteenth century on certain serious and philosophical questions. It is pleasant, indeed, to linger in this realm of thought, so like Albrecht Dürer's world, save that he dealt with actualities and never reached romance. Thus is brought to a close a survey of the art of Munich at the present day. The seed sown long ago by Ludwig I has borne an abundant harvest.

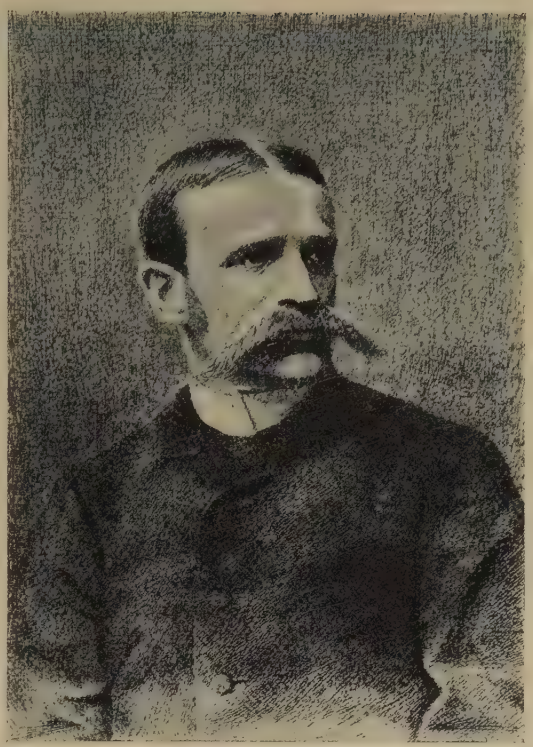
Among those who took up a firm position on the territory of Naturalism in order to push their lines of conquest in other directions, *Fritz von Uhde* was the one who took the most independent course. As early as 1884, when other young artists regarded everything transcending reality as a lure of the devil, Uhde rode forth into the unknown land as the first to start upon a reconnoitring venture: he was the first who, standing upon the soil of Naturalism, was not satisfied with merely reproducing what he had seen with his own eyes; on the contrary, he approached metaphysical tasks by the route of Naturalism itself. "Art has decisively broken with religion." It is a curious coincidence that Fritz von Uhde was born in the very year when old F. T. Vischer demonstrated this thesis throughout so many pages of his *Æsthetic*, because it was Von Uhde who was destined to take up a new phase of religious painting and devote himself to giving it new life with the zeal of an apostle.

In the nineteenth century its history had been one of great misfortunes. As a heritage derived from the classic periods of art it had come at once under the curse of discipleship. An age wanting in independence, such as the first half of the nineteenth century, of course never got beyond the imitation of classical forms, and confined itself to a lukewarm repetition of figures borrowed from the Cinquecento, which became so diluted that they gradually assumed a Byzantine pattern. "All biblical pieces have been robbed of their truth and simplicity, and spoilt for sympathetic minds by frigid exaltation and austere ecclesiasticism. By stately mantles falling into folds an effort is made to conceal the empty dignity of the supernatural persons." Thus it was that Goethe wrote of this Idealism of a period of decay.

In the age when the Oriental picture dominated art, religious painting also took part in this journey to the East. On the tour which he made to Syria and Palestine in 1839–40, Horace Vernet had recognised to his horror how much the Bible had been misconceived up to this time. Jerusalem, Damascus, and

Seemann, Leipzig.
GEBHARDT.

R. BONA. X. 1.
THE LAST SUPPER.



FRITZ VON UHDE.

Nazareth—in reality they were all very different from what the pictures of the old masters would have led one to suppose. From the atmospheric effects to the agrarian, geological, and architectural details there was nothing that tallied. Even the costume in which biblical personages had been represented was apocryphal. Joseph—the East is conservative in its fashions—wore a white shirt and a machlah when he was espoused to Mary, and they had never thought of enveloping themselves in red and blue drapery in the interests of the future Cinquecentisti. The "Sposalizio" of Perugino and Raphael, after this was recognised, had the effect of a veritable masquerade. Vernet hastened to submit his new discovery to the judgment of the Institute. Modern painting, he contended, would attain its greatest triumphs through it. It could begin by reclothing the persons of the Old and New Testaments, and restoring to them those proper local associations which they had been forced to do without in the Renaissance. But as a matter of fact, through this historical and ethnographical meddling to which it was submitted in the thirties and forties, religious painting was no loftier than it had been in the days of Fra Angelico and Rembrandt. The spirit was dead, but the letter was alive. In strictly copying their architecture from Egyptian, Persian, Assyrian, or Roman remains, and their costumes from those of the modern Bedouins, painters were certainly able to attain local truth in externals, but the more essential truth of subject retreated further into the background. The character of the majority of these pictures might be described as an arid and Philistine Realism, in which every trace of taste disappeared before the fatal consciousness at last arose that the Jews in the time of Christ most certainly did not wear burnouses and turbans.

Afterwards, when belief in historical painting was the first requisite of the æsthetic catechism, the Oriental *genre* picture was followed by the religious spectacular piece, the gala representation before God the Father. As all the secular heroes of the Piloty and the Delaroche school declaimed, gesticulated,

and upset stools, the heroes of sacred history strode by with an empty desire of admiration with all the exaggerated bearing of stage princes. *Munkacsy's* "Christ before Pilate" is probably the best known and most important of these operatic scenes. If one were to think of any one of those figures from the populace which surround the Saviour in Rembrandt's etchings, any one of those simple folk who have no premeditated aim, who are just there, though they take part in the action with all their might and main, and do not in the least concern themselves about the spectator—if one were to think of such a figure beside the noisy, shrieking figurants so well trained to fill their place in these pictures, all the ostentatious creations of this period would sink into nothing; and beside Rembrandt's natural and unforced composition the same fate would befall the adroitly designed arrangement by which these painters sought to conceal the hollowness of their work.

The reaction against this spurious art began with *Wilhelm Steinhausen*—a master who has been but little honoured, though he had both force and depth of expression—and more particularly with *Eduard von Gebhardt*. Nothing more was to be gained from banal idealism of form; dominated by the effort to obtain beautiful folds of drapery, it left no room for the development of characterisation. Weary of pseudo-idealistic pomp, and, like Leys, basing the whole spirit of his art upon the mediæval Germans, Gebhardt endeavoured to paint the men and women of the Bible in the costume of the fifteenth century. The Van Eycks, Dürer, Holbein, and, above all, Roger van der Weyden, the great dramatist amongst the Northern painters of the Quattrocento, were his models, and he imitated them with such judgment that it seemed as if a good Dutch painter of the Reformation period were risen from the grave. For this reason he marks no period of progress in the history of art. What he painted had been already painted quite as well. On the other hand, his appearance was a matter of importance to the religious painting of the nineteenth century. For though the costumes are taken from the wardrobe of the fifteenth century, the heads are for the most part studied from nature. In the tough and raw population of his Esthland home he found a race of men as sinewy as Roger van der Weyden could have desired. In spite of their garb his apostles have a certain likeness to modern artisans; they do not pose and are not taken up with themselves. His antiquarian, old-world, ascetic tendency is not merely more full-blooded, but it has also greater spiritual distinction than that of the earlier artists, because he laid stress in the first place upon the action of the soul, the idealism of thought.

In this sense Gebhardt forms a link between the past and the present. When once the modern picture of the age had been substituted in the hands of the Realists for the historical painting, and the modern artisan had usurped the place of the Renaissance damsel and the mercenary soldier, it followed quite naturally that certain painters were prompted to treat the history of Christ as if they had taken part in it themselves that day or the day before. It was only by this transposition to the present that it was held possible to

FRITZ VON UHDE

CHRISTMAS NIGHT

Hanfstaengl.

VON UHDE. SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN.

give sacred painting that inner relationship to the age which it had in the older periods of art. And the sympathy with which the liberals at this time followed the struggle for the emancipation of the Jews was so eager, that artists felt they were on the right way in representing Christ as a specially wise and benevolent Jew. At the head of the group is Menzel, who in a brilliant lithograph of 1851 introduced the boy Jesus as an intelligent young Israelite, delighting a number of Polish Jews by His wise replies. As further experiments, two pictures by *Ernst Zimmermann* and *Max Liebermann* made a sensation in 1879; they were suggestive even from the purely pictorial point of view, though they were too much in opposition with the conceptions of our age to have successors on the same lines: as circumstances are, it is impossible to make the Western Jew of the nineteenth century a leading actor in sacred history without pictures becoming comic or producing an irreverent satirical effect.

Fritz von Uhde felt this, and set modern Christians in the place of modern Jews. When he came forward in 1884 with the first picture of this type he had already concerned himself with a great variety of matters. His father was an ecclesiastical functionary, and he was born in Wolkenburg in Saxony on 22nd May 1848, and entered the Saxon Horse Guards in 1867. He went through the French campaign as an officer, and remained in the army until 1877, when he had attained the grade of captain. After that he betook himself to Munich to become a painter, did his duty by the painting of knights and

harness, and revelled in colouring after the fashion of Makart. In 1879 he stood in Paris at Munkacsy's easel. A " Chanteuse " and a " Family Concert " exhibited in 1880 in the Paris Salon were the fruits of his residence in that city. It was only after his return, when he was incited to go to Holland through Max Liebermann, that his views underwent a revolution. " The Seamstresses " and " The Organ-Grinder " were exceedingly pleasing works from Dutch life, which avoided every hint of *genre*, and, next to those of Liebermann, they were the first pictures which familiarised Munich painters with the results of French Naturalism.

Since that time Uhde has frequently painted such representations from modern life, and he is altogether one of the most versatile masters of the present—one of the most capable in making transitions. In 1884 he sent " The Drum Practice " to the Munich Exhibition; in 1888 " A Children's Procession," which in its sparkling vivacity made a close approach to Menzel; in 1889 " A Nursery," and " A Little Princess of the Heath " such as Bastien-Lepage would have painted in Dachau. And he placed himself at the side of the most eminent Munich portraitists by the portrait of a lady in black painted in 1890, and in 1893 by " The Actor." He grew richer in the means of expression, and his palette became more powerful. Gifted with a tenacious faculty for work, he has ability enough to approach all subjects; and it is to be expected that he will continue to take the public by surprise with many eminent pictures treating of the most varied themes.

But it is as a biblical painter that he has achieved his most lasting successes, associated as they are with those violent attacks upon him which assisted in making his works more familiar. The first of these same works—a picture entitled " Suffer Little Children to come unto Me," which is now in the Leipzig Museum—represented a schoolroom. It had a Dutch-tiled floor, and was filled with those straw mats, cane-bottomed chairs, and flower-pots which Munich painters were so fond of turning to account at a later time; it was provided with those broad windows in the back wall which have since become part of the inventory of the Munich school. Within it the most charming peasant children are standing in their large wooden shoes with a delightful awkwardness, some of them wearing an air of attentive curiosity, others bashful and embarrassed. The pretty child in front, with a delightful air of confidence, reaches out her hand to the pale stranger who has entered during the lesson in religion and seated Himself upon a Dutch cane-bottomed chair. And this stranger is Christ.

At the exhibition of 1884 the picture became the object of embittered attacks on account of this figure. But Uhde did not allow himself to be diverted from his purpose, and went calmly his own way. " Come, Lord Jesus, be our Guest " was the second strophe of his biblical epic. The family has just assembled for dinner in the dwelling of a poor artisan, and grace is about to be said, when Christ enters, a thin figure in a long robe falling into folds and with a faint halo round His head. The workman takes off his cap,

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VON UHDE. THE LAST SUPPER.

welcoming the Son of God with a reverent gesture. The rest look up to Him with unfeigned and quiet love. Through a narrow window behind, the light streams in, falling upon the group. " The Last Supper," which first appeared in the Paris Salon of 1886, was effective in its grave composition. A quiet sorrow is expressed in the countenance of Jesus ; and the furrowed, weather-beaten faces of the apostles—simple fishermen and artisans, such as the Gospels describe them—are inspired with deep feeling. The dusk of evening, the weak light of the dying day, falls like a grey veil over this sad scene of parting. In " The Sermon on the Mount " he produced his first biblical picture with a scene in the open air. The sun has almost set, and its last rays cast a glow upon the field. A peaceful village, of which the red roofs may be descried, lies in the dusky background. Tired and covered with dust by His journey, Christ has seated Himself upon a bench in the open field, and is preaching to the " poor in spirit " who have gathered round Him. Women and children are kneeling at His feet. And troops of people are descending from the mountain slope, the women—by nature more capable of enthusiasm—being followed by the more tranquilly minded men, who lean upon their scythes while they listen to the words of the Preacher.

" The Holy Night " is an altar triptych. In the central picture, which represents a bare stable, Mary is regarding with quiet reverence the Child who is lying upon her lap. In the left-hand picture the shepherds are drawing near, upon a steep mountain road in awe and veneration, while their rude forms, emerging from the gloom, are illumined here and there by the radiance

of a lantern. In the picture on the right hand there are little angels descending from heaven : these are no naked Loves painted in the fashion of the Italians, but the departed innocents in white robes and with flowers in their hair. " The Annunciation " and the " Journey to Bethlehem " were further strophes of his biblical epic.

In all these pictures Uhde shows himself an eminent painter as well as a great psychologist. It is marvellous, in his picture " Suffer Little Children to come unto Me," how the light gently ripples into the room, touching the blond heads of the little ones with a golden brightness and glancing over the straw mats upon the floor. The whole atmosphere is tremulously clear, and everything is steeped in fine silvery grey harmonies. An august poetry of light plays round the figures in the picture treating of the adoration of the Child Jesus. The faint brightness of a crisp, sparkling, mid-winter night is streaming in, while in the foreground a lantern is flickering and casts, here at one moment and there at another, a reddish beam through the mysterious gloom. In the " Journey to Bethlehem " loose snow has fallen on the ground, and night has descended upon the wanderers ; the wind plays with the blond hair of the young woman and ruffles her meagre robe, while the lights of the village are twinkling in the distance, and the poetry of Christmastide, fragrant of the pine, rests upon the landscape. And how rich is every one of his works in delicate spiritual observation ! A trace of tenderness, inward depth, and cordial idyllicism runs through the art of Uhde. His Christ—that quiet Being laying His hand so softly down and moving with such spiritual calm—is the impersonation of benevolence, the embodiment of brotherly love. In " The Holy Night " Mary is not a beautiful woman, but she is glorified by the consciousness of her motherhood. As Millet wrote, " When I paint a mother I try to render her beautiful by the mere look she gives her child." And in " The Sermon on the Mount " the varied gestures of naïve humility, pious devotion, edification, and sincere uplifting of the heart are masterly in expression. A nameless yearning, an ardent desire fully to understand the words spoken, is expressed in the dilated blue eyes of the two women as in the sunburnt faces of the men. The charming angel in " The Annunciation," raising his robe somewhat awkwardly and uttering the glad tidings with uplifted hand, is altogether delightful. But it is especially as a painter of children that von Uhde may be ranked amongst the greatest painters that the century has produced. I should be unable to name any previous artist who could have painted with such delightful charm the prattling lips and shining eyes of children, their shy trust, their bashful curiosity and awkward attempts at friendliness, and all the simple naïveté of child-life. In later days there is no doubt that this will be felt with greater candour than is at present possible.

" ' Tell me yourself, Reverend Sir : Could you imagine a sacred story with modern costume, a St. Joseph in a coat of pilot cloth, a Virgin in a dress with a Turkish shawl thrown round her shoulders ? Would it not seem to you

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VON UHDE. THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

an undignified, nay, a horrible profanation of the loftiest theme? And yet the old painters, more especially the Germans, represented all biblical and sacred stories with the costume of their own time, and it would be quite false to maintain that those costumes were better adapted to pictorial representation than the present. Many of the fashions of old time were exaggerated, I might say monstrous; just fancy those pointed shoes bent upwards an ell in height, those bulging trunk-hose, those slashed jerkins and sleeves.' 'Well,' replied the Abbot, 'well, my dear Johannes, in a few words I can put before you thoroughly the difference between the old pious age and the more corrupt era of the present. Consider this: in olden times the sacred stories had so entered into human life, I might even say they were so much a condition of life, that every one believed the miraculous to have taken place before his very eyes, and that everlasting Omnipotence might allow it to happen every day. And to the devout painter sacred history, to which he turned his attention, was identified with the present; amongst men surrounding him in life he saw the grace of God accomplished, and because he perceived it so vividly it was what he represented in pictures. But, my dear Johannes, just because the present age is too profane not to stand in hideous contrast with those pious legends, just because no one is in a condition to imagine those miracles taking place amongst us, the representation of them with our modern costume must necessarily appear preposterous, absurd, and even irreverent. If the Eternal Power were to permit a miracle actually to take place before the eyes of us all, we might then tolerate the costume of our own age in the picture; but so long as this is not the case, young painters, if they would have any standpoint, must take care to note with accuracy in old events the costume of the actual period, to meet the requirements of the case. *Si duo idem faciunt non est idem*, and it is quite possible that what fills me in an old master with a devout and holy thrill would seem a profanation to me in a modern painter.' "

This passage occurs in T. A. Hoffmann's *Lebensansichten des Kater's Murr*, published in 1820, and it possibly explains why it is that Uhde's pictures, in spite of all their wealth of spiritual feeling, produce an effect upon the majority of the public which is rather strange than convincing. The naïveté and naturalness quite unconsciously produced, according to the general supposition, by the old masters, is in Uhde a logical conclusion,—in other words, the result of a complicated sequence of ideas. When he introduced into his pictures certain symbolical ideas, represented things which mirrored, as it were, the eternal continuance of Christian doctrine, it was easier to follow him. Not once alone does Jesus console those who are crying for faith, not once alone does He approach the table of the poor, not once alone does He break bread with His disciples: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." But when the painter came to represent historical events which could only be imagined as having happened once, when he began not merely to introduce modern peasants into biblical pictures, but to clothe biblical personages in the dress of modern peasants, the effect of his pictures

was seriously prejudiced in the opinion of most spectators, because the historical consciousness rebelled. After a long period of erudite rationalistic art, there are few immediately capable of regarding pictures through any medium except that of the understanding. But Uhde's historical position does not suffer by this. In sentiment and ability his pictures are amongst the best produced in Germany during the last twenty years. Indefatigably wrestling to obtain a personal solution of ancient problems, he has merely chosen modern costume to avoid all the medley of historical costume, and divert no one from the psychical character of the motive by an external, antiquarian equipment, while to justify his conception he may cite as his accomplices all the old masters of Teutonic origin, and even the Italians of periods other than that of Raphael. In his creations, with as little constraint as in theirs, is the poetic joy in the ever-enduring sentiment of devout legends interwoven with true artistic pleasure in faithfully representing life as it is around us, and, if any inference from the past be permissible in reference to the future, later generations will view Uhde's pictures with as little prejudice as we do the works of the old masters.

It scarcely seems likely that Uhde would find followers. With the exception of the Swede, Skredsvig, and the Parisian, Jean Berand, no one has followed him in representing New Testament scenes in the costume of the present time; though in Munich *Fink* and *Hermann Newhaus* made a few more or less successful attempts. The other sacred painters worked with exquisite delicacy, avoiding every Naturalistic adaptation of biblical events, and merely endeavouring to create an effect akin to devotional feeling through the medium of a fragrant atmosphere of fairy legend, overpowering the spectator like mesmerism. This peculiarity, for instance, helped in 1888 to achieve the success gained by the "Madonna" of *Wilhelm Dürr*. The shades of evening have fallen, enveloping the earth in dreamy silence. The meadow-grass and the foliage of the bushes rise almost black against the dusky sky, and the outlines of the figures melt into hazy vapour; the air only vibrates with the notes of a viola with which a blond-headed angel is greeting the Blessed Virgin, whilst another, lost in devout reverie, gazes up in rapture to the Child Christ. A Madonna of *Wilhelm Veit* attained in the following year a similar if less enduring effect. It is a Sunday forenoon in spring. The bells of the little church in the distance are chiming, the gnats humming, and the leaves rustling. Mary, a delicate, girlish figure in a white dress and with a white kerchief on her head, has seated herself upon a bench in an open field. No angel draws near to announce to her the glad tidings. But her spirit is vividly moved. She hears the chime of the bells, the hum of the gnats, and the rustling of the leaves. In her heart, as in nature, it is spring. The whole picture is composed with few tones of colour, and through this very simplicity of white on green it produces a delicate effect of fragrant innocence, veiled and coloured as it were by an old-world story. If we pass on from these painters of Bible pictures to those who give their fancy free play, we must

tarry awhile with Exter and Stuck.

Julius Exter was prompted in the most fruitful manner by Besnard. His very first picture, "The Playground" of 1890, was an interesting study in the manner of the French luminists. The bright colours of the dresses have a piquant coquettish effect between the sunlight and the shade of the avenue; and the delicate figures of the girls running about in their play are detached in a fragrant and charming way from the soft colouring of the background. Later he became more courageous in the tasks he set himself to accomplish. His "Wave" was a marvellous picture of dusk. In the blue haze of evening, which is just drawing on, a beautiful siren rises from the gleaming violet turmoil of the waves, while at no great distance the form of another woman emerges like a shadow from the water. Glittering pearls fall from her hair, and magical hues repose upon the sea. "Paradise Lost" is a symphony in yellow. Two naked figures are cowering on the earth, while the soft sunlight falls upon them. In another picture naked boys are lying upon the strand; and the warm sea-air plays over their lithe forms stretched upon the sand. At times Exter also stands in other people's shoes, but he will acquire a manner of his own; the bold confidence with which he worked from the very first day gives assurance of that.

FRANZ STUCK. *Hanfstaengl.*

Franz Stuck, beside this painter with his nervously vibrating sense of colour, has the effect of being a draughtsman; beside this man of calculated refinement he is like a primitive artist. And primitive are the subjects he represents, primitive his simplification of colour, primitive his style in form. In the former painter everything is colour and flowing light, and in him everything is line, firmness of contour, and plastic calm. His starting-point was industrial art. When he took the world by storm in 1889 with his first

picture, " The Warder of Paradise," a year after Rochegrosse's " Tannhäuser " had been exhibited in Munich, he was already known by his spirited illustrations for *Fliegende Blätter* and his graceful designs for cards and vignettes. Since then he has developed in an extraordinary way. With a many-sidedness and a fertility which are unequalled he has the secret of approaching legends from all sides, seizing their joyous grace and their demoniacal horror. Here he paints the form of Satan rising like a spectre from a dim grey background. There he revels with Boecklin in the wild company of those demigods who carry on their grotesque gambols in old scenes of fable. To take shelter from the heat a faun has clambered up a tree with broad leaves, and there takes his noonday slumber lying astride upon a bough. Or upon a cliff over the sea-coast, amid a classical evening landscape, a shepherd is playing the flute, while a nixie, tempted by curiosity, has crept out to listen. Pairs of centaurs bound across the field at a thundering gallop, and faun children seek glow-worms in the late evening twilight. In his " Wild Hunt " figures with glowing eyes, heads thrown back, mouths agape, and arms flung up in raving madness, issue from the thick grey atmosphere. The spirits of the night are riding upon the skeletons of animals. In front of all these glimmers the bare skull of a horse, and above it is seen, distorted with hellish rage, the visage of the devil, as he plies his whip and lashes his steed to a frenzied gallop. Yet Stuck gave his attention also to the tender German legends with their lime-blossoms and enchanted princes. The evening sky shines as though with liquid gold. In the dim meadow stands a princess looking down with curiosity at a frog which bears a tiny crown upon its head and

STUCK. *Hanfstaengl.*
FAUNS FIGHTING.

Hanfstaengl.

STUCK. THE CRUCIFIXION.

is a prince bewitched. Such pictures as "Orpheus making Music," the "Samson" painted grey upon grey, the "Head of Pallas Athene," and that picture representing the figure of a muscular young athlete bearing a statue of Nike and a laurel in his hands, have an entirely ornamental effect in the style of a *baroque* antique. His "Sin" is a luxuriant woman with a pale amber visage framed in raven locks, a woman whose shining eyes are animated with a smile at once startled and sick with longing, while the cold body of a serpent presses round her form in heavy coils. He represents Medusa staring into vacancy with a dull, distorted gaze. In the exhibition of 1890 he had a Pietà, classical and cold as stone. The body of the Saviour lay upon a marble socle, while the Mother was standing beside it, upright and rigid as a statue, hiding her face with her hands. His "Crucifixion" of 1891 was a deep symphony upon the theme of Golgotha, with full chromatic figures. There was a Venetian bloom and a Scotch sombre tinge in the strong austere colours of the waving black and crimson mantles of the priests, something

brutal and Herculean in the rigid drawing of the nude body, and something distorted to caricature in the yelling and howling Jews breathing fury and indignation as they shout, " Crucify Him ! crucify Him ! "

But, in spite of their great variety of subject, one sharply defined trait runs through the pictures of Stuck—a trait, as it were, of the creative capacity for industrial art. Every work takes the spectator by surprise through its strange individuality of colour, which has, however, always the mark of taste, and through a skill in draughtsmanship sometimes suggesting the Greeks and sometimes the Japanese. He is always captivating by his ease and dexterity in technique, and by his strong sense of decorative effect. There lies the great difference between him and Klinger; while Klinger's works are frequently overloaded with ideas, Stuck's, even when they treat of subjects which are apparently full of them, are purely pictorial, and express his delight in mere painting and form. He might almost be classed among those gifted workers of the past who, like Holbein, were skilled in every bent, and knew how to handle the most diverse subjects in the same masterly style.

But where shall I begin, where leave off? A vigorous pictorial talent animates the work of *Ludwig Herterich*, who moves with facility in the most various fields, without any marked tendency to brooding speculation; and he is, at the same time, an excellent teacher, who has opened the eyes of many a younger artist. In *Leo Samberger* a new Lenbach seems to have risen in the Munich school, though one with less piquancy and a largeness which is more austere. *Hans von Bartels* is a luxuriant water-colour artist, who represents almost with too much routine the pictorial charm of the Northern sea, the gleaming floor of the waters with the damp atmosphere above, the restless throng of human beings in the port of Hamburg, and the interior of smoky taverns where seamen gather. And *Wilhelm Keller-Reutlingen* has the art of reproducing in a masterly fashion the charm of a level landscape with its subtle gradations of colour and all the plenitude of light shed through the great vault of the sky. The Dachau plain was a special source of inspiration for his beautiful summer landscapes. The names of other painters who would demand more detailed consideration if they lived in any town less rich in artists than Munich are *Fritz Baer, Benno Becker, Hans Borchardt, Alois Erdtelt, Georg Flad, Alois Hanisch, Karl Haider, Hans von Hayek, Hubert von Heyden, Otto Hierl-Deronko, Adolf Hoelzel, Philipp Klein, Heinrich Knirr, Christian Landenberger, Guido von Maffei, Paul Neuenborn, Ernst Opler, Richard Pietzsch,* and *Schramm-Zittau.* Mention must be made, too, of the new periodicals that are elbowing aside the *Fliegende Blätter,* of *Simplicissimus,* and *Jugend,* in which such talented spirits as Thomas Theodor Heine, Munzer, Weissgerber, Wilke, etc. jostle against each other. And to this long list there might be joined a whole series of young men of talent. But as yet they are too much in a state of development for the historian

Seemann, Leipzig.

THE WARDER OF PARADISE.

STUCK.

BARTELS. THE POTATO DIGGERS.

to dwell upon them, though they are of all the more importance to the lover of painting; for in art, to speak candidly, the younger generation are of prime significance, since they alone assure the future, and without a worthy future the past itself must speedily decay.

Vienna, though the capital of Austria, may likewise be placed under the heading of Germany. A peculiar state of things followed on the death of Makart. After the revel comes the reaction, and exhaustion after excess. This must be the explanation of the otherwise inexplicable fact that for many years after 1885 Austria withdrew from the theatre of art. The period of Makart was so prodigal of its strength that enervation was bound to follow. It was in the eighties that the struggle was taking place all over Europe; art was searching for its new style, independent of the past; and during these years Austria was a blank on the map of art. In the exhibitions, when one reached the Austrian rooms, the only pictures that excited any deep interest were Emil Schindler's landscapes. The fact that *Theodor von Hoermann* also took part in the rejuvenescence of art was not appreciated outside his immediate circle until after that master's death. As for the rest, in spite of all their prettiness, they were unimportant. There has been a want of everything indicating distinction or spontaneity; petrified types in *genre* and historical work, vulgar patch-works of colour or the imitation of the tones of old pictures, rules of composition learnt by rote, tame and banal drawing, and systematic indifference to the frank poetry of nature—those were usually the characteristics of Austrian painting. For the first time since the year of the secession life entered again into their introspective world. Famous

foreign artists were invited to the country, and inasmuch as the Austrians learnt a lesson from them, they sought to find once more a place in the European movement.

Artists, such as *Olbrick*, *Josef Hoffmann*, and *Kolo Moser*, guided applied art along new lines. *Otto Wagner*, the Oberbaurat, set about giving Vienna's architectonic pictures the stamp of modernity. Painting, too, reached again its proper eminence. *Karl Moll* and *Josef Engelhart*, *Jettmar*, *Siegmundt*, and *Roller* are perhaps of no great consequence, *sub specie æternitatis*, but, all the same, they produce very fine and very modern work. One, at least, *Gustav Klimt*, can claim to be named among the best of European artists. Whether he paints decorative pictures, portraits, or landscapes there is distinction in all his works, almost too refined and bloodless for those who are fond of vigour and strength, but in its very refinement truly Viennese. Klimt has given the Viennese a new sensation, a new thrill. What novel delicacy of flavour there is in the *haut-goût* of his portraits of ladies. The archaic brilliance of his landscapes and nude figures heightened with touches of gold produce an effect like Lalique's precious jewels. And even if one subscribes, as I do, to Théo Gautier's dictum, " L'art robuste seule a l'éternité," if one places Courbet high above Khnopff, and consequently Klimt far below Trübner, yet one cannot but admit that Austria possesses in Klimt a marvel of immense fascination and charm.

At one of the last Berlin exhibitions there was a room which was given up to the works of Klimt, and next to it another set apart for the Swiss, Ferdinand Hodler. In the Klimt room one breathed the close atmosphere of a Viennese salon, or, to me at least, of a harem pervaded by an intoxicating, sensuous odour of Oriental perfumes and bare shoulders. There spoke an artist, who from the treasure-houses of by-gone culture chose out the most precious, the most unique forms he could find, in order to build up with these fragments, of a long-past age of beauty and refinement, a world of his own, artificial, faded, falling into decay, but still a fascinating world. Passing to the Hodler room, one inhaled the sharp, ice-cold air of the Alps. There one met a veritable child of nature in all his untamed, almost brutal strength. As we shall not have an opportunity elsewhere for an appreciation of Hodler, a few words here may not be out of place. In a work which deals with the history of art it is practically impossible to devote a separate chapter to the consideration of Switzerland, that tiny country that has opened its doors on all sides to foreign culture.

A Coryphée, like Boecklin, may with justice be classed as German, an artist like Robert or Gleyre as French. But it was astonishing, at the Paris Centennial of 1900, to find that artists like *Luise Breslau*, *Eugène Birnand*, *Carlos Schwabe*, *Charles Giron*, or *Robert Welti*, whom every one supposed to hail from either Paris or Munich, were really Swiss. It was evident, too, that *Sandreuter*, Boecklin's successor, should have been more highly esteemed than he commonly appeared to be. All these artists have won renown in

Ueber Land und Meer.

PIGLHEIN. FROM THE PANORAMA "THE CRUCIFIXION OF CHRIST."

foreign exhibitions, especially in Germany, but they may just as well be recorded here. *Ferdinand Hodler*, whom I mentioned before, is an artist of extraordinarily pungent power. His works are striking in their bold masculinity; they contain figures which are full of concentrated life. His earlier pictures, such as "Die Enttäuschten," "Die Nacht," "Eurhythmie," were, in addition, splendidly painted. This early style, which combined plastic strength with a painter-like method, Hodler exchanged later on for the stylistic line, and sought, almost invariably, to gain his effect by means of telling contours. For example, he tries to obtain a solemn, stately effect by parallelism of movement, in the same way as a composer does, or a writer, when he opens and closes his theme with exactly the same words. But does he actually obtain his effect? I cannot help it, but of Hodler's later works his landscapes alone please me, and in these he arrives at a purposeful, plastic effect by means of harmonious contours and clearly contrasted groupings of forms. I cannot follow him when he places nude or blue-draped females in these landscapes. My eye is so organised as regards colour that such combinations pain me. It is said that Hodler has passed through Impressionism and come out on the other side, that he never lost himself in petty details, but grasped the impression as a whole. Good; but what use is simplification if it results only in crudity? Of course, it must not be forgotten that his pictures have never yet been exhibited in rooms such as they really need. One must place oneself before Hodler's works, and be able to look at them in somewhat the same way as one views Giotto, Signorelli, or Michael Angelo in Italian churches, that is to say, as far away as one can, and, if possible, through a pair of opera-glasses. Under such circumstances these pictures, so cramped for room, composed of such clear harmonies, both of colour and form, create an effect far in advance of modern examples of mural painting. One may take them as an earnest, as the surety of a man who wants to show his contemporaries that he has in him the stuff that makes a monumental painter. But surely the great periods did not deem such an experiment, such a confusion of style, necessary. A man like Tiepolo produced not only boldly treated frescoes, but, at the same time, easel pictures, as delicate and subtle as one could wish for; and if Hodler told in his easel pictures what he might have well said as a monumental painter, if he divested his easel picture of all refinement to show thereby that when placed before a mighty wall he knew how to work in the lapidary style of an al-fresco artist, that does not in the least alter the fact that his works in the exhibitions look crude and unsatisfactory. Hodler's mishandling of colour spoils even the composition of his pictures. He has, for instance, in the picture, "Youth admired by Women," taken the greatest care to put in a blue-draped woman, exactly balancing the figure of the youth. Then the yellowish flesh-tint of the young man melts into the yellowish background, and the picture, seen from a distance, loses its composition and looks disjointed. Hodler seems to have forgotten that it is just as necessary to balance colour as line. Furthermore, he has not

yet reached the solution of a very significant problem, one, indeed, that plays a very important part in modern painting. In his picture "Der Tag" one cannot but admire the melodious lines of the figures, they affect one like music; but are they not exactly the same as those that delight us in the lunettes of the Italian school of the Cinquecento? Standing before his picture "Die Wahrheit," I look at the six men turning away from Truth. They do not remind me of the present, but they certainly do remind me of Laocoon. The same with his picture, "Die Empfindung"; were not his anatomy at fault in the drawing of the women's legs I should be reminded of Guido Reni's "Aurora." In other words, Hodler still borrows from the storehouse of ancient art in his way of getting style into the gestures, while the moderns strive to express themselves in the language of their own time. Add to this the fact that the gesture, as a means of expression, is not a constant. The Italians, so Goethe writes, speak with their hands; the German, Bismarck said, is pathetic only when he is not telling the truth. Rembrandt van Rÿn clearly appreciated the significance of this problem, and among the English pre-Raphaelites Madox Brown conveys the idea most distinctly. The Impressionists would have only half accomplished their great work of reformation if the reform had been limited to colour. So, as Rembrandt became Rembrandt for the first time when he freed himself from the style of Caravaggio's gestures, Hodler will become modern when he succeeds in treating the gestures of our own time in such a simple and significant way that they will render what he wishes to express. That he will yet attain to this goal seems to me to be scarcely doubtful; he is still in the prime of life, and one who mounted the platform of art with such a decisive tread will surely not stop half-way.

To come back to the Germans, we must give a passing glance at the Worpsweders. Worpswede, the Ultima Thule of German art, owes its fame principally to the fact that it is still extremely romantic for a painter of our day to flee the town and settle down in an out-of-the-world nook. Worpswede is, in fact, a small village in the neighbourhood of Bremen. Until the twentieth century it was as little known as was Barbizon before Millet discovered it. Since then many books have been written about the Worpsweders. *Fritz Mackensen* is lauded as the forceful painter of the sturdy, rugged Frieslanders who still inhabit there. *Otto Modersohn* and *Fritz Overbeck*, as original landscapists, who devote themselves entirely to painting the sternness and the glamour of the forests of the north and the atmospheric moods of the North Sea coast. *Heinrich Vogeler* is praised as a belated shoot, springing from the days of Biedermeier, as an artist who revels, like Eichendorff, in painting the beauty of the homely flowers in little country gardens. But, after all, there are no bold, daring spirits among them, and in a large city, rich in artists, they would be swallowed up in the crowd.

The more Berlin has become the centre of actual life, the great city which levels all things, the more has Munich assumed the leadership in art. It would seem that there are currents from the sources of the Isar which neither

PIGLHEIN. *Hanfstaengl.* LA DIVA.

the decrees of Ministers nor the power of gold can guide into the Spree. The Munich colony of artists have always admitted honourably how much there was to be learnt from foreign countries ; they have never complacently rested upon their attainments, but have answered to all noble impulses with a delight in learning and fine comprehension. This gives the Munich school its great predominance ; and this has rendered Munich the home of progress, the guiding centre of artistic creation in Germany. Of course, it is impossible to pass final judgment upon these contemporaries, the more exact classification of whom must be the work of time alone. It is even difficult to make a just selection of artists, for the greatness of Munich art is that it does not rest upon individual masters towering over the others, but upon the vigorous strength and efficient drill of the whole band : the higher the general level rises, the more do the separate peaks seem to vanish.

In the first rank must be placed one who, though dead, must not be forgotten, *Bruno Piglhein*. He was a painter who did not join in affecting the outward symptoms of the new movement, and yet he could not grow old-fashioned, having always been of a modern spirit. A man of facile, improvising talent, Piglhein has painted the most various subjects and such as lie beyond the boundaries of the most obvious reality, and yet he has never done so as an imitator of the old masters nor as a *genre* painter. In all his work expression is given to personal taste which has been subjected to superior training. A pictorial and not an anecdotic idea guided him in everything. Attention was first drawn to him in 1879 by a picture of the Crucifixion, " Moritur in Deo." The angel floating down to the Saviour and receiving His spirit from His pale lips in a kiss was bold and magnificent in effect. Afterwards he acquired a certain reputation as the painter of Paganism and beautiful sin. His piquant pastels—his " Pierrette," his

"Pschütt," his "Dancing Girl," or the idyll of "The Girl with the Dog"—might be taken for the works of a Frenchman, with such an audacious *bravura* and Parisian *esprit* were they painted. But while they were making his name in England and America, Piglhein himself returned to far greater tasks. Panoramas are, as a rule, matters of indifference to art. A work of art is as different from those rough-and-ready representations of patriotic events, which have hitherto been almost exclusively adapted for panoramic pictures, as a poem is different from the report of a battle. But in his "Crucifixion of Christ" of 1888 Piglhein opened a new course to panoramic painting. It was only a man of such eminent ability, such great imagination and refined feeling, who could have compassed an effect so thoroughly artistic in the form of a panoramic picture. Indescribable was the impression made by the landscape fringed with hills and groves of olive, a landscape which in some places revealed scenes which had been finely felt and which were grandiose in their effect. But the best of Piglhein was his unpainted pictures.

In science there are proud and lonely spirits, who never feel the need of expressing their thoughts through the medium of printer's ink—spirits to whom the diligent handicraftsman in the things of the mind is fain to look up to with a reverent awe, acknowledging that what he brings to light himself is a poor fragmentary result compared with the rich store of ideas hidden in the minds of those great silent men. It was with similar feelings that one regarded Piglhein. He was accorded high honours by the younger generation. Various as the opinions held about older men may be, in regard to Piglhein there was no difference of judgment. He was looked upon as one of those rare artists who could do all they wish, had they but occasion to display the full measure of their endowment. His centaur pictures, "The Burial of Christ," with its grave and solemn landscape, the picture of the blind woman stepping through the field of poppies feeling her way with a stick—all these are amongst the most effective pictures produced in Germany during the last two decades; and yet, exhibited by Piglhein, they seem merely the minor investments of a vast capital, which would yield proceeds of a very different kind were it but rightly laid out. Of his decorative works every one was whimsical, imaginative, buoyant, and strange. They bore no trace of academical sobriety, but were everywhere full of life, pictorial inspiration, and irrepressible joy of the senses. Everything showed that in his imagination were latent powers which only needed a summons to reveal themselves in the most delightful manner. The history of German art in the nineteenth century is frequently a history of wasted opportunities. So was it with Piglhein; his significance was not recognised till too late.

Albert Keller, also, was a pure painter, at a time when only historical and *genre* painters were otherwise to be found in Munich. He never gave himself up to making coarse broth, and on that account he had to renounce popular fame; but, on the other hand, he never ceased to be interesting in artistic circles, and in this restlessly progressive age of ours it is a rarity in

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KELLER. THE SLEEP OF A WITCH.

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HABERMANN. A CHILD OF MISFORTUNE.

itself that a man of sixty should be of interest still. Keller's range of subject is limited in only one point: he has a vast contempt of banality, and the reproduction of other men's work or of his own. Every subject must give the opportunity for introducing special models, and such as have not as yet been used, pictorial experiments and new problems of colour. In all that he does he expresses an original artistic physiognomy, something boldly subjective in conception, and he possesses temperament to his very finger-tips. White satin dresses, vases with lilac or elder flowers, spirited arrangements of colours, and heavy silks, cushions, and bearskins—such are the accessories in Albert Keller's portraits of women. There is no one else in Germany who can render pale, delicate faces and finely shaped lids with so much comprehension, no one who can drape rustling dresses with such perfect taste or place them upon canvas with such capricious grace. The fragrance of *salon* and *boudoir* escapes from those pictures of his which have the mistress of the *salon* as their subject.

Sometimes these likenesses are groups giving rise to such works as his charming "Supper," which he had in the exhibition of 1890. In Johansen's works, which hung there at the same time, the subdued radiance of the lamp was seen to shine, but in Keller's there were candles gleaming like faint bright spots in an atmosphere thick with cigarette smoke. In Johansen the men

had old-fashioned coats, and the women were over-dressed in a provincial way; but Keller painted a fashionable scene of smart life with the most refined *chic*.

Sometimes his sensibility to colour is combined with an interest in hypnotism and spiritualism giving rise to such pictures as "The Raising of a Dead Woman" and "The Sleep of a Witch." In the picture of the Raising he found occasion to utilise as a background antiquity with its delicately graduated hues and the East with its delight in colour. His theme "The Sleep of a Witch" allowed him to gather into a beautiful bouquet the motley and richly coloured costumes of the Middle Ages, over which there rose the lustrous mother-of-pearl tone of a nude woman's body. In each case, however, a modern psychological problem was united with the scheme of colour. The earnest and absorbed portrayal of the girl whose spirit falters dreamily back into life out of the night of death, and the enthusiastic ecstasy of the witch suffering a death of fire with a smile of rapture would never have been painted if Charcot and Richer had not about that time created an interest in hypnotic researches.

But a temperament rejoicing in colour, like Keller's, is not seen at its best in finished pictures, but rather in sketches; in the latter the original, creative, and individual element is displayed with greater force than is the case in works where it too easily evaporates in the course of elaboration. The privilege of the *gourmet* is to have a palate so fine that in contact with dainties it gives him sensations which escape others. Keller works for artistic *gourmets* whose eyes are similarly sensitive to the pleasures of colour. What he represents is a matter of indifference—pleasant interiors with children, girls seated at the piano or reading or occupied with their toilette, religious subjects or mythological; in each case the figures and subjects are developed from the scheme of colour, and the chords which he strikes are voluptuously toned. Every sketch of his is a refined and coquettish jewel, a trinket of alluring charm. He saw the artists who delighted in grey or bituminous tones pass by his window, but he remained always the same: a *charmeur* in colour, a painter of sparkling grace belonging to the noble family of those spoken of in the eighteenth century as *peintres des fêtes galantes*—men like Alfred Stevens, Decamps, Isabey, and Watteau.

In *Baron von Habermann* this sensibility to colour is combined with a stronger leaning towards *décadent* art. He is an *esprit tourmenté*, a Sybarite, who has spoilt his taste for ordinary fare, and finds savour only in the strong spice of strange and unfamiliar matters. Standing at first beneath the influence of the Piloty school, and beneath the sway of ideals reminiscent of the old masters, he even then displayed an astonishing sureness and most notable taste. A tinge of melancholy and a bitter pessimistic view of the world entered into his later pictures, where medicine bottles, basins, and surgical instruments took the place of the settles and folios in the earlier historical pieces. At times he has moments when a general disgust of everything traditional moves him to the painting of regular *gamin* pictures of ladies, in

which he is most perverse ; but of late years stylistic work is what seems to have interested him chiefly. It is possible that the originality of Habermann may seem slightly wayward to later generations ; but for any one who would know the feelings of our own age he is one of the most captivating figures.

On the foundation of a healthy and strong naturalism Count Leopold Kalckreuth has placed himself in opposition to the leader of painting in Stuttgart. He, like Liebermann, was among those who took up a firm position on the territory of Naturalism in order to push their lines of conquest in other directions ; Fritz von Uhde was the one who took the most independent course.

It was in grey Holland that his eyes were opened, and melancholy, lowering, sunless phases of atmosphere predominated in his pictures. In 1888 he painted the old seaman on the strand watching the boats running out, and gazing sadly after them. The sky was grey, and grey the strand, and the form of the old man in his rough red frieze shirt and loose dark grey trousers rose boldly in the foreground amid the flat landscape of the coast. The exhibition of 1889 contained "Homewards," two great farm-horses, with a labourer seated upon one of them and talking with a sturdy country girl,—a picture which has nothing like it as a realistic study. A second picture was named "Summer."

VON HOFMANN. DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

In the sunny evening summer air, which none the less foretells a storm, a peasant woman, with one hand grasping a sickle and the other pressed against her pregnant body, is seen to pass along the ripening corn lost in dull brooding thoughts.

A gigantic energy, something at once athletic and monumental, is in Kalckreuth's austere and mercilessly realistic works. If he paints rustic life, the heavy odour of the earth streams from his pictures ; if he executes likenesses, they have a plainness

and force of expression such as only Leibl possessed amongst previous artists. Since then the peasant has taken possession of Kalckreuth's easel. He has treated, in a broad and concise style, of the work of the fields that tans the face and hardens the hands.

In *Otto Reiniger* Stuttgart possesses a powerful landscapist, who has a preference for large cultivated fields, and in essential simplicity of technique does the utmost that is possible in this province of work; and in *Robert Haug* it has a popular painter of soldiers, who unites sound ability with a homely *bourgeois* talent for narrative; also the landscape painters *Carlos Grethe* and *Robert Potzelberger* are to be mentioned as representatives of the art of Stuttgart.

Weimar presents the astonishing and remarkable phenomenon of an academy that for once exercises no retarding influence upon the efforts of a band of artists. Here through long years *Theodor Hagen* has fought for everything genuine and progressive, and, whether as a teacher or an artist, has opened the eyes of many a young painter. His pictures are homely and simple: cultivated fields and hills touched by the delicate bloom of the rising sun, or phases of evening when colours fade in the darkness and forms are veiled. Schiller's grandson, *Baron Gleichen-Russwurm*, was strengthened by Hagen to go with courage upon his solitary way. Even in the days when the geographical view was everywhere in the ascendant he roamed over his fields as a landlord, noting the billowing wind in the tops of the trees that were growing green, and the play of light upon the narrow grassy ridges separating field from field, and painted his unostentatious pictures: green cornfields with blossoming apple-trees shivering in the evening breeze, green meadows with washing spread out to bleach. Beside Hagen with his liking for discreet, subdued tones, Gleichen-Russwurm seems more direct and downright. His painting is full and healthy, decisive and broad. Everything is flooded with the brightest and most intense daylight. And lately some specially gifted talent has been attracted to Weimar. There lives van de Velde, to whom applied art owes so much; there lives Hans Olde, that stimulating teacher and talented landscape painter; there, too, the amiable Ludwig von Hofmann has for some years made his home.

New-Idealism is in a way rather dangerous ground. If the painter is not a poet he runs a risk of falling into a laborious, captious sort of art. *Ludwig von Hofmann* is undoubtedly a poet. There runs, one might say, through his art the modern yearning after Hellenic beauty, the struggle from darkness into light, the desire to escape from the prose of everyday to a distant world of fairy lore. He is abundant in the attractions of colour, placing red flowers, blue fields, and green skies in skilful combinations of hue. Deep blue clouds are resting over the far-off sea. The veils of mist above it are crossed by red and green lances of sunlight, pearls of dew are sparkling, and three young girls, in bright, flowing Grecian robes and with long auburn air, run laughing, arm-in-arm, into the clear waves of the sea. Another of his pictures is a

symphony in rose-colour. Heavy yellow roses are hanging from a bush, flowery woods girdle a large lake, and the water is tinged with glowing purple. Swans glide through the rushes, dark bluebells bend to and fro at the shore, and the solitary figure of a woman gazes thoughtfully into the murmuring waters. A third picture reveals a bluish-green thicket, where deep blue poison-flowers grow rife. Adam is asleep, and Eve drinks in with avidity the sibilant words of the serpent. Or between flowery bushes and tall palms, of which the fan-like leaves sway in the yellow light of the sky, there sleeps a sheltered pool, where a handsome boyish Daphnis, standing up to the knees in water, is gazed upon with yearning by his fair-haired Chloe. Besides his successful works Hofmann has naturally produced a good deal that is unsatisfactory. But the chords of colour which he touches have often a most soothing harmony; and in his conceptions, especially those of landscapes, a largeness and poetry only bestowed upon really talented men are at times clearly to be seen; while an unfailing sense of decorative effect is expressed in his designs for lacquer-work and the like.

In the pictures by which he first became known in 1883 *Paul Höcker*, another of the many artists inspired by Holland, usually represented kitchens in the homes of Dutch fishermen, kitchens with tiled fireplaces, painted delft plates, and bubbling kettles. The crackling fire throws its golden-reddish glow in all directions, chasing away the shades of dusk. Before the hearth sits the young *huisvrouw*, lost in still reverie, her eyes fixed on the blaze which tinges her cheeks with a warm flush, whilst a smart little white cap shades the upper part of her face. It is true that he does not reach an intimate effect transcending the mere impression of a picture, like Johansen, but it is none the

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HÖCKER. BEFORE THE HEARTH.

less true that his works have a fusion of colour which is soothing to the eye. In later days he painted sea-pieces, or meditative nuns, and when mysticism came into vogue he showed an eclectic taste in joining the movement.

In Heinrich Zügel and Victor Weishaupt the Munich school possesses two animal painters who compare with the great Frenchmen in inherent force. Indeed, *Heinrich Zügel*—who is full of genuinely pictorial talent, and touches nature as few others have done—is admirable in the painting of cattle of all kinds, and not less so in rendering light, air and landscape. As a rule there may be seen in his pictures sheep grazing upon blue and sunny summer days over fresh pastures clothed with tender green, while the sunbeams glance upon their fleecy backs. His most impressive picture of oxen was in the exhibition of 1892. With a mild and cool light the autumn sun fell upon the brown field turned up by the ploughshare. A magnificent pair of dappled oxen yoked to the plough stepped forwards, casting broad shadows upon the steaming clods. That powerful and energetic master *Victor Weishaupt* is usually more dramatic. His brutes engage in combat or rush wildly over the wide plain. But in his idyllic landscapes he renders the freshness and blithe serenity of rustic life.

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CHAPTER XLVI

Cornelius Gurlitt and Hermann Helferich have probably done most to create the basis of the new art-criticism in Germany. In addition to these the following writers have written upon the new movement with fine taste and comprehension: Hermann Bahr, Benno Becker, H. E. von Berlepsch, Max Bernstein, Oskar Bie, O. J. Bierbaum, G. Conrad, Julius Elias, Alfred Freihofer, Richard Graul, Franz Hermann, L. Kaemmerer, Julius Levin, H. A. Lier, L. Marholm, Alfred Gotthard Meyer, Karl Neumann, Momme Nissen, Karl von Perfall, H. Rosenhagen, Max Schmid, Paul Schumann, Franz Servaes, Clemens Sokal, Henry Thode, Carl Vinnen, Theodor Volbehr, G. Voss.

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